

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

To Business Men.
THE
MIDDLESEX JOURNAL
And Woburn Townsman,
Has a large and rapidly increasing Sub-
scription List, and finds its way into
nearly all the best families in Woburn.
It also has a large Circulation throughout
Middlesex County, and is one of the best
mediums for Advertising in this portion
of the State.
Those of our Readers who desire to
give a wide publicity to their Business
Notices, will please bear this fact in mind
when dispensing their favors to the Press.
All Advertisements will be well dis-
played and made attractive, so that
readers can see them at a glance.

"Quick Sales and Small Profits."

NEWELL STILES,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. W. HAMMOND,

LYCEUM BUILDING, WOBURN,
Dealer in CLOTHING for MEN
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Also a nice line of
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Cheap for the Times!!
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PETROLEUM!!
COLL J. TURNER,

118 WATER STREET,
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Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE
DIVIDEND PAYING
PETROLEUM
OIL COMPANIES.

Parties desirous of making investments in
These Money-making Schemes,
may rely upon his knowledge of the various
Companies, and for his integrity and business
qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Ed-
itor of this paper, and to

MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER,
107 & 109 STATE STREET,
Boston.

Castles in the Air.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Maidens, gentle maidens,
Blooming in your teens,
Listening to the beating heart,
Wondering what it means:
Gazing on the future,
Seeking visions rare,
Hope and Youth are busy
Building Castles in the Air.

Maidens, happy maidens,
While you smile and look,
Let Experience read a lesson
From her ever-open book.
She says, that though the onward path
Seem short, and smooth, and fair,
'Tis very seldom mortals reach
Their Castles in the Air.

Oh! cold of heart and dull of brain,
Each power that God has given,
So it be rightly used on earth,
Will go with us to heaven.
If the toiling gnome informs us
Where the mine of gold to seek,
'Tis the Sybil's fanning wing that cools
The labor-heated cheek.

Yet, fair though Fancy's masonry,
She builds upon the sand,
And when Misfortune's storms come on,
Her castles will not stand;
And those who crave Life's treasures,
(It has many rich, and rare,)
Must not spend too many hours
Building Castles in the Air.

Maidens, dearest maidens,
While Youth and Hope endure,
Let Faith lay for your spirit homes
Foundations that are sure;
So, when you leave the house of clay,
You'll find a mansion fair,
'Eternal in the Heavens,
Not a Castle in the Air.

CHRISTLIKE.—Christlike is a plain and
simple word, but full of meaning to the
thoughtful mind, for it is the sum of all
that man ought to be. It is the burden
of many a secret heart-sigh and longing
aspiration known but to God alone.
Those professing religion bear it indelibly
impressed upon their very name of *Christi-
an*. But what is it to be Christlike?
who can be called such? Is our so-called
Christianity real *Christlikeness*? These
are practical questions, that it behooves
each, Bible in hand, to settle candidly for
himself. Christ, we are told, prayed;
but he did not cease there; action ac-
companied his prayers. He preached,
but that was not all; he practiced. He
contributed his portion into the treasury,
but he also gave more than money—him-
self. His life was given. He reproved
the Scribes and Pharisees for their sins
and hypocrites, but he was not guilty
himself of like sin. And he had other
language than that of denunciation; these
were blest, winning voices of peace and
pardon, forgiveness and love. His was
no censure-loving spirit, that always
chillingly, haughtily said, "stand back,
for I am holier than thou," though if any
may, he most surely might use this lan-
guage. He blazoned not abroad his
many deeds of mercy. He did not op-
press or pass by in scornful neglect the
afflicted, sorrow-stricken, and poor, but
delighted to raise the bruised reed. His
wonted place of preaching was not be-
tween frescoed walls, nor his preaching
opiate words to an opulent, sin-flattering
charge. His was the grandly arched
skydom, and his pulpit carpet the flowing
grass, and his most attentive audience
were the poor. "They heard him gladly."
His life was an overflowing of his divine
love welling up in a sympathetic human
heart. No weekly charity-donation
measured that. He was content with
nothing less than constant sacrifice, self-
denial, and bestowal of his all. His life
was one incessant personal mission of
humanity. He shared not the tenderest
of all sensibilities, nor shrank from the
contact of suffering in its most revolting
forms. The sick, diseased, and afflicted
of all classes flocked to him, and he
healed them all. It was his meat and
drink to do his Heavenly Father's will.
Having loved, he loved unto the end.
He forgave the deadliest enemies, for
them was his last prayer uttered; reviled,
he reviled not again. Christ with his
disciples, teaching, healing at Jerusalem,
Gethsemane, and Calvary, these all
preach to us. Like Christ in kind, for
we cannot in degree, must each become
ere ready for entrance into the world of
bliss.

ARMY NOTES—No. 14.

FIELD HOSPITAL, 25th Army Corps, }
Chapin's Farm, Va., Christmas, '64.

Dear Editor:—After a brief, but pleas-
ant sojourn among familiar scenes in
New England, your correspondent once
more finds himself upon the great battle-
field of Virginia, and within daily and
nightly hearing of the grim and terrible
engines of war.

To a person who, now-a-days, leaves
the quiet and peaceful scenes of the
North and pays a visit to this great thea-
tre of active military operations, the
vast contrast exhibited between the two
sections of the country is striking in the
extreme. At the North the great tide of
business continues to flow on unabated;
the streets of cities are crowded, as usual,
with gay promenaders; places of public
amusement are filled to overflowing with
pleasure-seeking multitudes; and nothing
is seen by the superficial observer, to in-
dicate that war, stern and terrible, is rag-
ing with unexampled fury within the bor-
ders of the land. Here, the picture pre-
sented is exactly the reverse. Instead of
the quiet and happy scenes of civil life,
the sad desolations of ruthless war every-
where meet the eye, impressing the be-
holder with its terrible realities. Instead
of smiling cottages and busy manufacto-
ries, nothing is here left to indicate the
former existence of such works of archi-
tectural skill, but desolate stacks of brick
and charred ruins.

In my passage down the James river,
I am somewhat surprised to witness the
changes that have been made along the
banks of that stream since our fleet first
ascended it on the first of last May. Then,
all along the river, on either bank, many
large and fine looking plantation houses
were seen; but now hardly a building is
left standing. All have either been de-
stroyed by the devouring element, or de-
molished for the purpose of affording ma-
terial for the construction of quarters for
our troops.

City Point has also experienced much
change in its general appearance since its
occupation by the Union troops, and is
now a place of considerable business ac-
tivity.

Bermuda Hundred, too, instead of ex-
hibiting but one or two miserable hovels,
as formerly, now presents the appearance
of comparative respectability, in a geo-
graphical sense, and would be considered
by Southerners as every way meriting
the distinguished title of city. The at-
ter fraternity "vegetate" here in consid-
erable profusion—a class always ready
to receive "greenback" deposits in the
way of trade exchange. "Greenback on
the brain" appears to be the chief malady,
and scruples of conscience as regards
prices and profits, do not seem to effect,
in any perceptible degree, their mental
equilibrium.

On my return to this point I found that
great changes had taken place in the
Army of the James during my brief ab-
sence. The old 10th and 18th Corps have
been consolidated, and are now known as
the 24th Corps, and commanded by Gen.
Ord; while all the colored troops of both
Corps have been consolidated, and now
constitute the 25th Corps, under com-
mand of Gen. Weitzel. The colored
Corps is quite large, embracing twenty-
six regiments, some of which are nearly,
or quite up to the maximum standard of
men. Two divisions—one from each
Corps—have recently gone with General
Butler, on what is considered the Wil-
lington expedition, and their loss has
been counterbalanced by the arrival from
Sheridan's army of the 8th Corps, now
greatly reduced in numerical strength.

The Army of the James may now be
considered as fairly settled in winter
quarters, although it must be understood
by this, that active operations here are
actually suspended for the winter; for an
order to advance against the enemy may
be issued at any time. Good, comfort-
able quarters of logs have been construct-
ed for the troops; well provided with log
fireplaces and stick chimneys, built "cob-
house" fashion, and so plastered with
the "sacred soil" as to render them fire-
proof.

No demonstrations of any importance
have occurred on either side for some
time; and all the noise that greets our
ears now-a-days, in the way of exploding
gunpowder, is the occasional boom of the
"war dogs" at the Howlett House Bat-
tery over the river, which still keep up
their old game of throwing shell at the
laborers engaged at the Dutch Gap Canal.

In company with two friends, the writ-
ter paid this celebrated work of General
Butler a visit yesterday afternoon. The

Canal is now nearly finished, the whole
laboring force at present employed on it,
being but thirty or forty colored men.
The wall of earth remaining is but thirty
feet, or thereabouts, in thickness; and
this is to be removed by the agency of
gunpowder. A dredging machine is in
operation, affording very material aid in
deepening the channel. One of the ma-
chines was sunk recently by a shell,
which by an unusual chance fell directly
into the Canal. The ground in the vicini-
ty is well ploughed up by these shells,
but the casualties are very few. Lt.-Col.
Strong, of the 16th N. Y. Heavy Artillery,
was brought to this hospital on
Friday, having had his left foot badly
smashed by a piece of shell. It was
found necessary to amputate the foot
near the ankle.

It is questionable in the minds of some
whether this work will ever prove to be
of that importance to the country which
the great projector had in view at its
commencement. The bank of the river
above the Gap is well lined with rebel
batteries, and even if our fleet succeeds
in getting safely through the channel it
certainly cannot get far up the river—under
the fire of so many guns, with the river
obstructed, as it no doubt is, in various
ways. But time will determine.

Military executions occasionally take
place here, affording a kind of unpleasant
diversification to the scenes of life in the
army. Five were shot on Wednesday,
for desertion, it being necessary to ex-
ecute the extreme penalty of the law in such
cases. Those men were not provided
with coffins, but were unceremoniously
tumbled into the ground where they fell.
H. T. P.

For the Journal.

CHARITY.

Charity, the noblest and best of the
"Christian Graces," and the one in the
possession of which we most nearly ap-
proach the Divine likeness, seems to be
sadly wanting in the little world around
us, not only among the careless and in-
different, but those who profess to be fol-
lowers of Christ, and who should be, as
Paul directed Timothy, "an example of
the believers in word, conversation, chari-
ty, spirit, faith and purity."

I do not mean by this that they with-
hold their gifts from the poor, or hear
unmoved the cry of distress. So far from
this being the case, the indication of pov-
erty or distress is ever an "open sesame"
to the well filled purses of those who have
received the smiles of Fortune, and the
moan of sorrow is a magic key that un-
locks the portals of the heart, and dis-
closes the ready sympathy and warm
feelings that nestle there. Fortunately,
there are very few in our town who fasten
their eyes on the text that "*Charity
begins at home*," and persistently refuse
to look farther. By far the greater num-
ber are free. The poor are well provid-
ed for, and our noble volunteers who
have gone from our midst to battle for
our country, are cheered and encouraged
by the gifts from ready hands and warm
hearts. Many a poor, wounded soldier
has had reason to bless us for the soft
bandages, cooling draughts, and clean
garments, that have helped to make his
illness endurable.

Of the charity which giveth, we cer-
tainly have much; but, it has been said,
that "charity both giveth and forgiveth."
We all know how much easier the one is
than the other, how much more readily
we can extend the hand to succor, than
we can stretch it forth with the words of
forgiveness. Charity for the faults of
others! How few of us possess it. There
are too many among the persons around
us, who, so far from striving to obtain
this grace, seem not a little disposed to
seize upon every flaw in a persons char-
acter (whether real or imaginary) and as
a single shock of the earthquake may
level to the ground that which has been
the work of a life time, may cause the
loftiest temples to fall, and may lay a
mighty city in ruin, so they, with that
deadliest of all weapons, the tongue, will
cause a character which may have been
shaped in the finest proportions, to be
but as stubble before the whirlwind.
They seem to be forever on the lookout
"seeking who they may devour."

Vague rumors derogatory to the rep-
utation of an individual, assume for them
the form of reality, and they seem to
gloat over the discovery as a beast over
its bloody prey. It seems strange and
almost incredible, that persons can be-
come so deadened to every feeling of
humanity, that their consciences can have
become so seared, their hearts so harden-
ed as to render them capable of circula-

ting reports about others which will lower
them in the estimation of others, and
perhaps cast a blight over their whole
lives; and this too, when the calumniators
know that every word they utter is as
false as it is possible to conceive. I
verily believe that nine-tenths (I had al-
most said ninety-nine hundredths) of all
the evil adroit in society, if traced to the
point from which it started, would be
found utterly groundless, and to have
come from one of these banes of humani-
ty. Such persons are like filthy pools,
whose stagnant waters are covered with
loathsome slime and fill the air with dead-
liest poison. Well would it be for
Woburn, if these living, breathing cor-
ruptions who exhale such noisome vapors,
could be removed from our midst. But
the evil exists and cannot be cured. We
must seek and obtain charity. We must
always carry it with us, as a saving
charm against the pestilence that pro-
ceeds from the mouth of the slanderer.

If we resolve to listen to no word
spoken to the disparagement of another,
but are ever ready to hear of whatever
is good, noble, or praiseworthy, life will
be all the pleasanter to us. We shall
then behold it through no distorted me-
dium, and the eye will not be pained at
the sight of deformed and shapeless im-
ages. A person who prefers hearing ill,
to good, spoken of another, is like one
who takes more pleasure in harsh discord,
than in the sweet subduing strains of
harmony. Seek for the beauties, not the
deformities in the characters and dispo-
sitions of your associates. If you are
pained at the defects which you notice, a
word of advice spoken in kindness may
remedy the fault, but it can never be done
by holding it up to the observation of
others. Let us earnestly endeavor to be
charitable, remembering that "to err is
human, to forgive, divine."

THE BABY TOWERS OF CHINA.

Infanticide, so common in China, is
thus vividly depicted, in all its horrors,
by a recent traveler. Burying an infant
alive, is a horrible thing; yet how com-
mon it is among the Celestials:

The Pagodas, so often mentioned in ac-
counts of the Chinese empire, appear to
be more numerous in the mountainous
districts, where they add greatly to the
picturesque charm of the scenery and are
believed to be connected with the relig-
ious ceremonies of the people. In the
flat country around Shanghai they are
not to be met with—at least it was not
our fortune to see any during our brief
stay. The only structure like a tower,
if we except the turrets on the city
walls and watch towers erected within
the past few years, when the Tae-Pings
have threatened the city, is a tall, white
monument, rising to the height of twenty
feet, and without inscription or distin-
guishing mark of any kind. It looks like
a fine, white tomb, higher and more am-
bitious than usual, and truly it is a "white
sepulchre!" Baby tower, it is called by
the foreign residents, for it is filled with
the bones of infants—not such as have
died a natural death, as Bayard Taylor
asserts, but which have been thrust into
this horrid monument of heathen cruelty
when but a few hours old. Humanity
shudders at the thought! These dazzling
white baby towers, with their mockery
of purity, their object known to all men,
and openly inviting, as it were, the most
unnatural and heartless of murders, are
among the most hideous spectacles to be
met with in a heathen land. True, a
river or pond will be pointed out to you
in other parts of China, or India, where
babies are daily drowned like puppies or
kittens; but they do not affect the mind
with such horror as these palpable struc-
tures, erected with the best skill of their
architects, for this express purpose. The
water closes over the murdered infant,
and no trace of the crime remains; but
here is a tower—a high tower—with deep
foundations, filled with the bones of mur-
dered babes that have been accumulating
for generations.

The Paris Galliani has received a
letter from Hailon to the effect that the
Prince of Nagatto, having refused to pay
the war indemnity stipulated in the treaty
of peace signed by him, the criminal trib-
unal of Yeddo had decided that his two
palaces should be razed to the ground
and his servants put to death. This san-
guinary sentence was approved by the
Mikado and Tycoon, the temporal and
spiritual sovereigns of Japan. The num-
ber of servants killed in the execution of
the sentence was 420 men and 215 women
and children. The Prince himself had
besought the English, French, American
and Russian Ministers to intercede with
the Tycoon in his own behalf, he having
decided to pay all sums due.

SOUTH READING.

The condition of our schools is such as
to give pleasure to every friend of educa-
tion. Notwithstanding the blighting in-
fluence of war and accompanying evils,
our schools keep on "the even tenor of
of their way" with undiminished prosper-
ity. The recent exhibitions in the town
hall have proved their claim to high con-
sideration, and in the closing session pre-
sented a class of graduates from our high-
est school, who, in their interesting exer-
cises, exhibited their own attainments in
brilliant colors, and reflected equal lustre
on their devoted teacher, and, moreover,
showed themselves scholars and young
ladies, of whom any Seminary in the
state or country might well be proud.

The Public Library maintains its emi-
nent position among the institutions of
the town. The semi-weekly soirees of
the accomplished librarian are thronged
with knowledge-seekers,—rich and poor,
old and young, both great and small,—
while the good genius that presides, scat-
ters among her votaries, with a free and
impartial hand, the gems of ancient learn-
ing, and the cream of modern literature.

Our people, in the midst of other duties
do not forget the sacred call of Charity,
and our brave heroes in the field and
families at home, are encouraged and as-
sisted by the beneficent workings of two
Soldiers' Relief organizations,—one, the
old line, which operates by the direct ap-
plication of greenbacks, while the useful
contributions from the needles of the
Dorcas society, will be, certainly, not less
highly prized by the deserving objects
of its kind-hearted benevolence.

THE CAVALRY HORSE.—The cavalry
horse is quite as familiar with the long
lists of varying trumpet signals as the
rider himself; he stops instantly when
the signal for halting is sounded; passes
from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a
gallop, without requiring any reminder
from spur or rein. If his rider fall in
battle or lose his stirrups, he stops a mo-
ment, and waits for him; if he remain
lying on the ground, he stoops his head,
smells at him, and when he ascertains
that there is no hope of his remounting,
makes his way back to his troop, wedges
himself in his place in the ranks and
shares afterwards in the movements of
the rest. Music has an amazing influence
upon him. If an air be suddenly struck
up, you will see the wornout and mortally
tired horse raise his sick head, prick up
his ears, become animated, and move
briskly forward to the front.

During a halt, or when quartered for
the night, the cavalry division, stretched
out on the ground, lies sleeping confusedly
together, a jumbled mass, which it would
be impossible to disentangle; men and
horses side by side; the rider uses the
horse as a pillow, or rolling himself be-
side it to shield himself from the cold,
the faithful creature seldom changing the
position it has once taken. If it is so,
it is with the greatest precaution; first
it moves its head and legs, endeavoring
gently to free itself; then it raises or
turns itself very slowly and carefully, so
as not to trample upon or disturb those
who surround it. If the halt takes place
when the ground is wet or frozen, the
rider will gladly force his horse to one
side after it has lain down awhile, which
by that time is warm, if not dry.

The most affectionate relationship ex-
ists between man and horse, as the result
of their thus living together. The animal
seems to understand everything con-
nected with his rider; he knows his
master's step, his peculiar ways; knows
how to seek him out from among others;
is a faithful, disinterested companion and
friend to him, and has this advantage
over many another good comrade—that
he does not weary even of suffering for him.

The report of Chief Engineer King
upon the navy yards of Europe was sent
to the House on Thursday. He describes
at much length the vast depôts, docks,
and nautical constructions of England
and upon the continent, and concludes by
saying that we have no such dock yards
as are found in England or France, nor
such a collection of iron ship building
yards as there are in Great Britain. The
best of our private yards could not con-
struct one such vessel as the British frigate
Achilles within three or four years.
On account of our low tides, as compared
with those of Europe, we need wharf
room instead of basins, which are the
most expensive of all European dock
yard constructions. Of those there are
on the Mersey alone eight docks of up-
ward of 400 feet in length; seven of 500
and two of 750—the latter capable of
taking in two vessels at once. The in-
teresting fact to ship-building men is
stated that, in the estimation of British
engineers, fifty per cent, is saved over
what was expended in construction twelve
years ago by present improved systems
of building, separately and collectively—
the proper adaptation and distribution of
machinery, tools, and appliances, and the
conveniences within and without the
docks, building slips and buildings.

WOBBURN:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

The Beauties of Winter.

"Is winter hideous in a garb like this?"
[Corporer.]

Winter has its decorations, albeit they are unlike the other seasons. The snow, the favorite color for a bride, comes down from heaven in gentle flakes, and weaves a garment for the earth to protect it from the winter's cold. Stumps, cornstalks, shrubs and trees, are powdered over with it, and often look splendid in their apparel. The snow which fell on Saturday last was moist, and the snow crystals clung to the branches and twigs with a tenacious grasp, one piled upon another in great abundance, and the lamps of evening flashing their flame out of windows, and from street lamps, lit up the ornamental tracery of the trees with a brilliancy never surpassed in any of the festive entertainments of human taste and labor. All day on the Sabbath in the clouded atmosphere, with not a single crystal displaced, the loaded trees appeared like a vast forest of coral beneath the waves, as seen from some cave of the ocean.

Sleigh rides give an opportunity to see a wide and extensive landscape tinged with moonlight or colored by the sunbeams; and the snow, under such radiance is very beautiful to look upon. Piled up in drifts in the fields, or over the stone fences on the road, there is often seen fine and pointed chissellings like that of the workers in marble. On high mountain tops, cloudlike, the snow crinkles with the rays of the rising and setting sun, and gives the world an idea of the Great White Throne, which is to take its place in the heavens at the Judgment. Driving over the snow in light and airy sleighs drawn by fast horses, attired in the merry bells which chime so musically on the still air, and the occupants warmed with muffs and tippets and Buffalo robes, how rings out the song and laugh and the chit-chat of a pleasure party.

Nor does Winter forget to adorn our glass windows with her delicate drawings of frost work, and weave a peculiar beauty in the atmosphere on the clear, cold nights, making the stars to wear a more brilliant garment of light.

The children and ladies have rosy cheeks given unto them when riding or walking in the winter air, which adds very much to their attractions. No doubt health is promoted by the sharp air of winter visiting the human frame and exciting us to vigorous action. The miasma no longer rises from the earth to poison the atmosphere, and the winds, cold though they may be, blow only purity over the frozen landscape and into our doors and windows.

Winter drives man, as it were, into social intercourse, and creates pleasant festivals, like Christmas and New Years, and meetings like Lyceums and Social Parties, to beguile the hours and call out the beauty of mind and heart in conversation. Winter braces us for deep and prolonged studies, and touches the imagination with exhilarating and creative force. Religious meetings are more fully attended and are more interesting and profitable.

LYCEUM.—The fifth lecture of the course was delivered by Rev. J. S. Kennard, of Woburn. Subject, "Head, Heart and Hand." Mr. K. gave an excellent lecture vivifying with sharp illustrations, the necessity of united action with the three members named in order to accomplish any great work, with honor to ourselves; and although each member was a power of itself, nothing effective could be attained without a united effort of the head—the heart—the hand. The heart was the prompter, and gave confidence; the head, the great designer that planned, and the hand, the workman who wrought out that which had been planned for it to do. The thought to us was beautiful, clearly showing to our mind that every one of us is an army within himself—the heart acting as Director—the head as General, and the hand as rank and file. If the heart fails us we must fail in whatsoever we undertake; but if true and firm we can plan and execute all that is planned. The attendance was not so large as it had been on some previous occasions; but we have heard no lecture that merited a larger crowd than that of Tuesday evening last.

ROWDYISM.—A gang of drunken rowdies from Medford, visited Woburn on Monday last, and enjoyed themselves by driving their team on to the side walk and annoying the passers by. One of the young gents seemed very desirous to fight, but we guess he has forgotten there are plenty of fighting situations open for him down before Petersburg, where his services will be of some avail to the country, and might add some to his name, and more glory than though he was engaged in street-fighting.

LYCEUM LECTURES.—The next lecture will be given in Lyceum Hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 10th, by Rev. Dr. Bodwell. Subject—"Charles Dickens."

1865.—The New York Journal of Commerce thus greets the New Year:—

In the midst of trial and suffering, we have a thousand causes for hope and faith. We never believed, in old times, that we could bear what we have borne, or do what we have done. The ability of a people is never known until it is tried, and the trial has proved our ability to be of the stoutest and most enduring. There is no nation on earth that has borne so much and remained so firm and erect. Let us then take courage at the opening of the year. There are heavy trials before us. We must be prepared for them. God grant that the end of them may come in this year 1865, and that it be marked forever in American annals as the year of restoration.

THE OIL PRODUCT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—To those who are unacquainted with the facts in connection with the discovery and development of oil in Pennsylvania, an exhibit of the actual production of oil furnishes material for important reflection.

The business has already become so extensive that petroleum furnishes that medium of exchange with foreign countries, which was lost in the cotton kept out of market by the rebellion. In 1862, the entire exports amounted to 10,182,020 gallons; in ten months of 1863, to 29,070,569 gallons, and since the first of January, 1864, to 30,182,020 gallons. In its magnitude it already competes with the coal and iron interests of that State. The estimated value of the petroleum found in Pennsylvania during the last twelve months, is two millions of barrels, which at eleven dollars a barrel, a high average, was worth at the wells, twenty-two millions of dollars.

The pig-iron interest of Pennsylvania during the same time amounted to 700,000 tons, which at an average of \$50 per ton, produced \$37,500,000. The coal product for the same time is estimated at 12,000,000 tons. This at an average price of \$6.50 a ton, would make \$78,000,000. The grand total of coal, iron and oil would therefore reach the enormous sum of \$137,500,000.

These figures show that petroleum, which has been comparatively but a few months in development, promises in the course of the next year to take precedence of both iron and coal in the State of Pennsylvania.

Arrangements are being made for sinking a vast number of wells during the coming summer, so that in one year from this time the number of wells in operation will be three or four times those now pumping or flowing. In addition to this are the regions in Southern Ohio, Western Virginia and Eastern Kentucky, that promise to make vast additions to the amount of oil already produced. No one can form any adequate idea of what will be the results when the productions of oil reaches a point far beyond its present position. It will, if we are not much mistaken, attain during the coming year, a value four times the present annual aggregate, and thus materially aid in keeping down foreign exchange, beside adding immensely to the material interests of the country. As yet there have been no statistics that have shown the actual amount of oil produced. It is estimated at from four to five millions of barrels.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

Those of our readers who desire further information upon this subject with a view to making investments, are referred to the advertisement of C. J. TURNER, Esq., 118 Water street, New York. Mr. T. has had large experience in the business, and we know of no more honorable or competent broker in the city. Our friends can entrust their business in his hands with perfect confidence.

RUNNING AWAY.—We understand that within the past fortnight a young lad of some 16 years left his home in Woburn, with the intention of joining the army. We hardly know whether to term the spirit that led him to such rash conclusions "the spirit of '76," or "the spirit of the evil one;" as near the latter as anything, we guess. Boys have a mistaken idea in relation to a soldier's life, and being of rather a romantic frame of mind, desert home and friends, to enter the army; and like the prodigal son will bitterly repent their rash act, and return, should they be spared to do so, to their father's house in shame. The hardships and exposures of campaign life are enough to bear without the bitter pangs of a guilty conscience, and we would advise all other youngsters, if any there be who have premeditated a step like this, never to take it, but wait and go with a parent's blessing.

Soldiers who die in hospitals are buried without parade, but everything is done decently and in order. A plain coffin is procured, and the deceased placed in it, prepared as decently for its eternal rest as his habiliments will allow. In the coffin with him is put a bottle, and tightly corked within it is a scrap of paper, telling his name, rank, company and regiment, and date and cause of death. Every division hospital has its plot of ground for burial purposes, and in this the worn out soldier is put to rest. The ceremony is always simple, always brief, but always touching. A board, on which is inscribed the name of the deceased, is afterwards placed at the head of the grave.

A board of army officers is to meet at Springfield next week for the purpose of examining all new inventions in the way of rifles and muskets, and especially those that are loaded at the breech, with the view to discover and fix a model for a new breech-loading musket or rifle, to supersede the present "Springfield musket," as the arm for our infantry service. While the Springfield musket is equal to the best and superior to most European muskets, the breech-loading arms introduced in the army have convinced army officers that the time has come for a change, and that the breech-loader, with the fixed ammunition cartridge, including ball, powder and cap, in one metallic case, should supersede the present Springfield model rifle, with its loose paper cartridge and its separate cap.

The subscription to the testimonial to Vice-Admiral Farragut having reached the sum of \$50,000, the funds were converted into Seven thirty United States Bonds, and presented to the Admiral on Saturday.

There are forty-five periodical publications in San Francisco, consisting of ten dailies, one tri-weekly, one semi-weekly, eight monthlies, and two annuals.

A witty saying of M. Dumas the younger is amusing Paris. The Empress is said to have invited him to Compiegne, adding to her courtesy an assurance that all the guests were to enjoy full liberty in the chateau. "What a pity, then, Madame," said M. Dumas, "that all France has not been invited."

The receipts from Internal Revenue received on Wednesday at Washington, amounted to the large sum of one million eight hundred thousand dollars.

Josh Billings says: "Tew bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself." Solomon couldn't improve on that.

"Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

The St. Paul papers of the 23d ult. give the particulars of a most horrible tragedy, which occurred in that city on Thursday night. The wife of Charles Stelzer, a German tobaccoist, formerly of Chicago and Freeport, Ill., but residing at St. Paul for the past two years, in a fit of insanity, murdered her little son, aged four years, and her eldest daughter, aged eight years, by splitting their skulls with a hatchet, and very seriously wounding another of her children, a little girl two years of age, who is not expected to live. The mother then cut her own throat with the butcher-knife, and died.

The general impression in Mexico is said to be that Maximilian's rule cannot stand more than six months. He has set aside the church party, which was the means of his entering Mexico. His principal trouble is want of money and credit.

The losses by fire in the loyal States are estimated by the N. York Herald to reach the enormous sum of twenty eight millions five hundred and twenty two thousand dollars, without counting losses under twenty thousand or losses by the war, as at Chambersburg. This amount exceeds the losses for any previous year within the last decade. Take twenty eight millions five hundred thousand dollars, and add to that ten millions of dollars for the minor losses, and we have a grand total of nearly forty millions of dollars worth of property consumed by fire in a single year.

Capt. George Luce, of Nantucket, who died on the 18th ult., was supposed to be the last survivor of that little band of heroes, who, under the leadership of that daring sailor, Lieut., afterwards Com. Stephen Decatur, boarded the frigate Philadelphia, captured from us by the Turks after getting aground in the harbor of Tripoli, drove the Turks from her decks, set her on fire and escaped back to the fleet in the harbor, without the loss of a man. After the war he was engaged in the coasting business from Nantucket, until having acquired a competency, he retired.

It has been stated that the quota of this State is nearly full on the last call. But it is generally understood by those posted in military affairs, that soon, perhaps even during the present month, a call for several hundred thousand more will be made, indeed, such must be the case, as the time of a great many soldiers will expire in a short time, and as there is a prospect now of the occupation of Southern cities, it will require a large number of men to garrison them.

The Sultan Djemilly, one of the daughters of the late Sultan of Turkey, becoming jealous of one of her slaves, who she imagined was regarded with favor by her husband, had the girl's head cut off, and placed under a cover on the Pasha's dinner table. On removing the cover the Pasha was so affected that he fell back a corpse.

It is stated that the cotton taken at Savannah is to be sold for the Government, and if any one establishes a valid claim hereafter they will be reimbursed.

The real name of "Josh Billings," the humorous writer, is Henry G. Shaw of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He is an auctioneer.

During 1864, 3006 vessels arrived at Boston from foreign ports, and 3108 cleared for foreign ports.

Portrait Gallery at Readville.

STONEHAM.—The good people of this place have been very busy this week, preparing boxes and packages for the soldiers in the hospital and field, wherever located, some of which have already gone to the establishment of Mrs. Harrison G. Otis, for disabled soldiers, and for which Hon. John Hill, Mrs. Luther Hill, Mrs. Leander F. Lynde, Mrs. Geo. Dyke, Mrs. Wm. Tidd and Mrs. Charles Dyke, have received handsome diplomas, each for a box.

Great interest is taken in the Officers' Portrait Gallery, which is soon to be opened in connection with the New Hospital Library at Readville, which will be inaugurated by the Governor. A valuable painted portrait of the late Colonel Gould will be presented by Messrs. Rowe & Hadley. Another is now in progress, of the late Morton Dyke, presented by his father. Two very fine ones are already at the State House, of the late Sergeant Leonard Whittier and his lamented brother, presented by their father. A fine one is now being got up, of the late Surgeon Heath, 2d Mass. Reg. The above all belong to Stoneham.

Mrs. Harrison Parker, of Winchester, is getting up an excellent one of Captain Ford, U. S. N., and the Hon. Horace Conn and S. O. Pollard, Esq., of Woburn, are getting up a fine one of Major Burbanks.

Col. Kurtz and the police are getting a superior one of the late Col. Blaisdell, 11th Mass. Reg.

The portrait of Gen. Kearney, U.S.A., is on exhibition in New York, with several others of officers in that direction, and are said to be superior ones.

There is an interest taken in this affair throughout the whole country, and many applications are made to Count Schawbe by the many friends of deceased officers of the army and navy for a shelf for their friends; but although brave they have been, they are necessarily denied a shelf at present. This is a noble affair, and will be one of the grandest epochs of the country in future years, and for which the country will ever thank the Count.

WINCHESTER.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—A Social Assembly under the auspices of Parkman Lodge was held on Tuesday evening of this week in Masonic Hall. The company was as large as the capacity of the hall would admit of, numbering some one hundred, and composed the brethren, their wives and friends, with representative delegations from Woburn and Medford. Some of our most solid and substantial citizens were of the number, as well as some of the beauty and talent of the young, lady friends of the Order.

The time was pleasantly occupied in friendly greetings and social converse, interspersed with music from the organ by Mr. J. C. Johnson and singing of select pieces by Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Whitten and others. During the evening, the company repaired to the spacious ante-rooms of the hall, where a bountiful collation was partaken of. On returning to the hall most of those present united in singing America, Star Spangled Banner, Auld Lang Syne, and other well known songs, in a spirited manner. About 11 o'clock, after singing "Home, Sweet Home," the guests, and their entertainers, retired to their respective homes, feeling assured that these gatherings will meet a want which has been long felt by many in this town. The hall was adorned with choice bouquets of flowers and wreaths and evergreen crosses upon the walls of the ante-rooms, which gave them a fine appearance. The Committee of Arrangements deserve great credit for the admirable manner in which they performed their services.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—J. F. Stone, Esq., has sold the estate owned and occupied by him on Winthrop street, to John C. Mason, of the firm of Hill, Dwinell & Co., Boston a resident of Charlestown, for the sum of \$9,500. This is a very desirable estate and has been sought for by several parties.

Stephen Nichols has sold his house and land, on Washington street, to Thomas S. Holton, for \$3,000.

It is said that there are no houses to be rented in town, while there are some wanted. Would it not be well for our capitalists to invest some of their money in this way, which will no doubt be profitable and lead to the location of some worthy people here who are now debarrd from it.

EXCELSIOR.

EX.—A SOCIAL ASSEMBLY will be held at Lyceum Hall, Winchester, on Wednesday evening, January 11th, 1865. No pains has been spared to make it a first class dance, and it will give those who are fond of

Tripping a light fantastic toe, an opportunity to do so, on the grandest scale. Gates' full Quadrille Band will enliven the occasion with its sweetest strains. Tickets 3.00 dollars. Spectators admitted to the Gallery at 50 cents each. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock. A competent person will be present to take charge of clothing.

HOME MONTHLY.—This valuable periodical appears with the New Year, with a new design for the cover, and other improvements. Always a valuable work for the young, we have no doubt that it will continue to hold its place in public favor.

THE CONFEDERACY EXHAUSTED.

The Richmond papers are in despair over the impending fate of the Confederacy. A late Richmond Sentinel contains a very important editorial, believed to be from the pen of Jeff Davis, Secretary Seward is reported to have sent it to all the foreign ministers as showing the complete exhaustion of the rebellion, and that consequently the rebels are no longer entitled to consideration as belligerents.

It says: "Our late reverses have done much towards preparing our people for extreme sacrifices if subjugated. The question is simply whether we shall give for our own uses, or whether the Yankees shall take it for theirs? It would be more glorious to devote our means to success than lose them as spoils to the enemy. Our situation, stripped of our property but masters of our Government, would be infinitely better than if despoiled by the enemy and wearing his bond.

Subjugation is a horror that embraces all other horrors. Troublesome times are upon us. Great exigencies surround us. We need all our strength and wisdom. Let there be a conference of our wise men. Let there be a calm investigation of our wants. Then let all obstacles to the employment of all our resources be removed.

So long as we have a man or a dollar let the call for them be honored. It would be adding disgrace to our misery if we were overcome without exhausting every resource of defence. If the Government determines that it needs our lands, houses, negroes, horses, money, or ourselves, it must have them.

If Providence condemns us to a master, let it not be a Yankee. Of all people on earth, we have most reason to loathe and dread them. Any terms with any other nation would be preferable to subjugation by them. If statesmanship cannot save us, it can palliate our misery by saving us from the Yankees. Our people would infinitely prefer a favorable alliance with European nations."

A CLERGYMAN IN LUCK.—We learn from a friend, that the Rev. D. March, late of the Congregational Church in Woburn, but now settled in Philadelphia, has recently been the recipient of several very valuable presents from his congregation. Among them were \$1000, in cash, and seven large loaves of splendid cake. Truly, the Philadelphians are full of "brotherly love."

SUNDAY SERVICES.—Rev. Mr. Fay will preach upon the following subject next Sunday morning:—

"The continuance of our actual identity, a doctrine of scripture and reason; and the sole ground of lofty purpose and hope in this life, and of reward in the next."

INDIAN MEAL AND CORN BREAD.

A bushel of corn, says the Michigan Farmer, contains more nutriment than a bushel of wheat; but corn meal should not be ground fine, as it will not keep sweet. There is no grain that can be put to so many good uses, and served up in so many different ways as corn and corn meal. First we have green corn, roasted ears, and soup in the early, and dried corn soup and hominy the balance of the year. These dishes every good housekeeper knows how to prepare, being the most simple in the culinary art. And then by grinding it into meal, what visions of delicious eating float before the eyes. First we have the corn cake, made of meal and water and a little salt, if you are too poor to use eggs and milk, mixed into dough and baked on a griddle. Then corn bread or pone, which can only be made properly by about one housekeeper in ten. Then mush and milk, and fried mush.

We have never seen the individual that did not love one or the other. Many fail in making good mush by not boiling it enough. When it is merely scalded it has a raw taste. Then, there is a very good corn-meal pudding, made by stirring the meal into scalded skimmed milk till it is as thick as gruel, and when cool, add ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, and sweetening to suit the taste, and a little fine-cut suit, and some raisins or dried peaches and a fine-cut apple. It should bake an hour or more, according to size. This is a good pudding. And then see into how many dishes corn becomes a palatable and favorite mixture. It is the cheapest and most wholesome food that man can live on, and should be on the table of both rich and poor more frequently than it now is, in some of its many forms.

MINERAL WEALTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.

There are in Great Britain 3,088 collieries in operation, employing over a quarter of a million of persons, of whom 7,000 are women. The largest quantity of coal produced in one year was 82,635,214 tons, in 1861. Last year seven and a half millions of tons of iron were melted, valued at nearly \$50,000,000. In 1862 over 224,000 tons of copper ore were produced in the 230 copper mines in the kingdom. The aggregate product of the tin mines in 1862 was 14,127 tons of ore. Tin has been obtained in Cornwall and Devonshire for more than 2,000 years, and yet the mines are more fruitful than ever. The lead mines yield nearly 100 tons a year, and the silver extracted from the lead ore in one year amounted to 686,123 ounces. Gold is also found from time to time. Earthly minerals, as

barytes, lime, salt, and the valuable clays, produce annually over \$8,000,000. The annual value of all the mineral products is about \$225,000,000.

THE MORMON TEMPLE AND TABERNACLE.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Great Salt Lake City, gives the following description of the projected Mormon Temple and Tabernacle:

"That which strikes every observer of the temple is the very remarkable solidity of the stone work. It appears to be laid there to remain a thousand years, furnishing an unyielding support to the immense building that is to rest upon it. The foundation is deep, the stones large, well selected, properly jointed with immovable arches, upright and reversed. The stones comprising this foundation are large, square blocks of granite, brought fifteen miles, and it is of similar stone that the entire structure is to be built. It covers a large space, say two hundred by one hundred feet. The cost of these buildings must be immense. But it is all contributed by the members of the Mormon Church, in labor and money. There system of tithing is adequate to the work. When I asked, 'What is the estimate cost of the Temple and Tabernacle?' I was informed with a smile, 'We do not calculate things that way. When it is decided to do anything among us, it is done without a calculation of cost, each doing his part.' I am informed that President Young himself is the superintendent and actual architect of the buildings. Every stone in them he has inspected and measured with a tape-line and assigned to its place. I am also informed that it is the purpose of the President, with a view of facilitating the purposes of the enterprise, and lighten the heavy labor, to undertake the gigantic and costly business of turning a neighboring river from its course, carrying its water over to the mountain quarry whence the gigantic blocks are obtained, and thus supplying a large canal he intends constructing for floating the heavy stones up to the very door of the temple. The work already done under his direction shows that he is capable of doing this. He has energy of conception and strength of purpose sufficient for all such daring works."

FALLEN LEAVES.—How they are mixed up, of all species—oak and maple and chestnut and birch. But nature is not cluttered with them; she stores them all. Consider what a vast crop she sheds annually on this earth. This, more than other grain or seed, is the greatest harvest of the year. The trees are now repaying the earth with interest what they have taken from it. They are discounting. They are about to add a leaf's thickness to the depth of the soil. This is the beautiful way in which nature gets her muck, while I chaffer with this man and that, who talk to me about sulphur and the cost of carting. We are all the richer for the decay. I am more interested in this crop than in the English grass alone, or the corn. It prepares the virgin mould for the future corn-fields and forests, on which the earth fattens. It keeps our homesteads in good heart.

It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves; how gently they lay themselves down and turn to mould; painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering through the woods about it—some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves. They that sored so lustily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high.

When the leaves fall the whole earth is a cemetery to walk in. I love to wander and muse over them in their graves. Here are no lying nor vain epitaphs. What though you own no lot in Mount Auburn, your lot is surely cast somewhat in this vast cemetery, which has been consecrated from of old. You need attend no auctions to secure a place. There is room enough here. The loose-strife shall bloom, and the huckleberry bird shall sing over your bones. The woodman and hunter shall be your sextons, and the children shall tread upon the borders as much as they will. Let us walk in the cemetery of the leaves—this is your true Greenwood Cemetery.—Thoreau.

It is stated as a new discovery that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system beans will grow to nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savory taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted for this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there will impart to it all the necessary qualities for forcing vegetation as described.

Mr. Hunt, in his lecture on common law, remarked, "that a lady, when she married, lost personal identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-dew swallowed by a sunbeam." Snip says that thunder-cloud should be substituted for sunbeam in many instances.

Middlesex Journal.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

THE HOLY CHILD.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH. (Prof. Wilson)

This House of ours is a prison—this study of ours a cell. Time has laid his fetters on our feet—fethers fine as the gossamer, but strong as Samson's ribs, silken-soft to wise submission, but to vain impatience galling as cankered wound that "keeps ceaselessly eating into the bone." But while our bodily feet are thus bound by an inevitable and inexorable law, our mental wings are free as those of the lark, the dove, or the eagle—and they shall be expanded as of yore, in calm or tempest, now touching with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth, and now aspiring heavenwards, beyond the realm of mist and cloud, even unto the very core of the still heart of that otherwise unapproachable sky which graciously opens to receive us on our flight, when disencumbered of the burden of all groveling thoughts, and strong in spirituality, we exult to soar

"Beyond this visible diurnal sphere," nearing and nearing the native region of its own incomprehensible being.

Now touching, we said, with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth. How sweet that attraction to imagination's wings! How delightful in that lower flight to skim along the green ground, or as now along the soft-bosomed beauty of the virgin snow! We were asleep all night long—sound asleep as children—while the flakes were falling, "and soft as snow on snow" were all the descendants of our untroubled dreams. The moon and all her stars were willing that their lustre should be veiled by that peaceful shower, and now the sun peeped with the purity of the morning earth, all white as innocence, looks down from heaven with a meek unassuming light, and still leaves undissolved the stainless splendor. There is frost in the air—but he "does his spiriting gently," studding the ground-snow thickly with diamonds, and shaping the tree-snow according to the peculiar and characteristic beauty of the leaves and sprays, on which it has alighted almost as gently as the dew of the spring. You know every kind of tree still by its own spirit, showing itself through that fairy veil—momentarily disguised from recognition—but admired the more in the sweet surprise with which again your heart salutes its familiar branches, all fancifully ornamented with their snow foliage, that murmurs not like the green leaves of summer, that like the yellow leaves of autumn strews not the earth with decay, but often melts away into changes so invisible and inaudible, that you wonder to find that it is all vanished, and to see the old tree again standing in its own faint-green glossy bark, with its many million buds, which perch upon its suddenly expanded into a power of umbrage impenetrable to the sun in Scorpio.

A sudden burst of sunshine! bringing back the pensive spirit from the past to the present, and kindling it, till it dances like light reflected from a burning mirror. A cheerful sun-scene, though almost destitute of life. An undulating landscape, hilly and hilly, but not mountainous, and buried under the weight of a day and night's incessant and continuous snow-fall. The weather has not been windy—and now that the flakes have ceased falling, there is not a cloud to be seen, except some delicate braidings here and there along the calm of the Great Blue Sea of Heaven. Most luminous is the sun, yet you can look straight on his face, almost with unwinking eyes, so mild and mellow is his large light as it overflows the day. All inclosures have disappeared, and you distinctly ken the greater landmarks, such as a grove, a wood, a hall, a castle, a spire; a village, a town—the faint haze of a far off and smokeless city. Most intense is the silence; for all the streams are dumb, and the great river lies like a dead serpent in the strath. Not dead—for lo! yonder one of its folds glitters—and in the glitter you see him moving—while all the rest of his sullen length is palsied by frost, and looks livid and more livid at every distant and more distant winding. What blackens on that tower of snow? Crows roosting innumerable on a high tree—but they caw not in their hunger. Neither sheep nor cattle are to be seen or heard—but they are cared for;—the folds and the farm-yards are all full of life—and the ungathered stragglers are safe in their instincts. There has been a deep fall—but no storm—and the silence, though partly that of suffering, is not that of death. Therefore, to the imagination, unassisted by the heart, the scene is beautiful. The almost unbroken uniformity of the scene—

its simple and grand monotony—lulls all the thoughts and feelings into a calm, over which is breathed the gentle excitation of a novel charm, inspiring many fancies, all of a quiet character. Their range, perhaps, is not very extensive, but they all regard the homefelt and domestic charities of life. And the heart burns as here and there some human dwelling discovers itself by a wreath of smoke up the air, or as the robin redbreast, a creature that is ever at hand, comes flitting before your path with an almost pert flutter of his feather, bold from the acquaintance he has formed with you in severer weather at the threshold or window of the tenement, which for years may have been the winter sanctuary of the "bird who man loves best," and who bears a Christian name in every clime he inhabits. Meanwhile the sun waxes brighter and warmer in heaven—some insects are in the air, as if that moment called to life—and the mosses that may yet be visible here and there along the ridge of a wall or on the stem of a tree, in variegated lustre frost-brightened, seem to delight in the snow, and in no other season of the year to be so happy as in winter. Such gentle touches of pleasure animate one's whole being, and connect, by many a fine association, the emotions inspired by the objects of animate and of inanimate nature.

Ponder on the idea—the emotion of purity—and how faintly and dimly is the delight of imagination less in a bright bush of new-fallen snow! Some specks or stains—however slight—there always seem to be on the most perfect whiteness of any other substance—or "dim sulfurous veins" it with some faint discolor—witness even the leaf of the lily or the rose. Heaven forbid that we should ever breathe aught out of love and delight in the beauty of these consummate flowers! But feels not the heart, even when the midsummer morning sunshine is melting the dew on their fragrant bosoms, that their loveliness is "of the earth, earthy"—faintly tinged or streaked, when at the very fairest, with a foreboding languishment and decay? Not the less for its sake are those soulless flowers dear to us—thus owing kindred to them whose beauty is all soul incarnate for a short while on that perishable face. Do we not still regard the insensate flowers—so emblematic of what in human life, we do most passionately love and profoundly pity—with a pensive emotion, often deepening into melancholy that sometimes, ere the strong life subsides, blackens into despair! What pain doubtless was in the heart of the Elegiac Poet of old, when he sighed over the transitory beauty of flowers—

"Conqueritur natura brevis quam gratia Florum!" But over a perfectly pure expanse of night-fallen snow, when unaffected by the gentle sun, the first fine frost has incrustated it with small sparkling diamonds, the prevalent emotion is Joy. There is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the "old familiar faces" of nature are for a while out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy-world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles upon reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexed by the passionless repose. If we think of all of human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. "Pure as snow," are words then felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes—brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance further still in a world beyond the grave—the image of a virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood among her parents' prayers, or of some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert Thou—whose rising and whose setting—both most starlike—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left it in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as, when we are dreaming our way through some solitary place, without naming it, we bless the beauty of some sweet wild flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow.

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptized. Then comes a wavering glimmer of five years, that to Thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and, finally, that other Sabbath, on which at thy own dy-

ing request—between services thou wert buried.

How mysterious are all thy ways and workings, O gracious Nature! Thou who art but a name given by us to the Being in whom all things are and have life. Ere three years old, she, whose image is now with us, all over the small silvan world that beheld the evanescent revelation of her pure existence, was called the "Holy Child?" The taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed from her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantine tears. So pious people almost believed looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with a wondrous beauty at an age when on other infants is but faintly seen the dawn of reason, and their eyes look happy just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all other children—but unlike only because sooner than they she seems to have had given to her, even in the communion of the cradle, an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrouded immortal spirit, dawned the light of religion on the face of the "Holy Child."

Her lips language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indigent nature prompts; and her own parents wondered whence they came, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mid-week of vernal sunshine covers the brues with primroses, so she, with fair and fragrant feeling—unfolded, ere they knew, before her parents' eyes—the divine nature of her who for a season was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible—almost without any teaching—they knew not how—just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories that her father or her mother had read aloud in her hearing from the Book of life. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—how wept her parents, as these, the most affecting of our Saviour's words, drop silver-sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect daylight—with the "Holy Child." Many such miracles are set before us—but we recognize them not, or pass them by with a word or a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round its eyes a delighted smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply guide past our ears unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music till, like small geni, they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colors, and to imitate, with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been—are and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansions of soul, so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the "Holy Child?"

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies; and, as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morn with a new dream of thought that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech. Yet merry she was at times with the companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller, who might pause for a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in

its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy.

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes all the day long from morning till night. But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends—all the birds. The linnet ceased not his song from her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray for which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushet clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of such harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if, blown from heaven, descends round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild flowers—with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high overhead sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub, and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty; and she was loath to shake one dew drop from the sweet briar-rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or in rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. * * * * * All those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness. Thus early—ere yet but five years old—did she earn her mite for the sustenance of her own beautiful life. The russet grass she wore she herself had won—and thus Poverty, at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel, with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle taskwork self-imposed among her pastimes, and itself the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty that still brings with it its own delight, and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom—till the heart, insensible to the bonds of necessity sings aloud for joy. The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent, among the shadows and the sunshine of those silvan haunts, was passed—let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in one so very young—was passed in the worship of God; and her parents—though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world of one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrow—forebore, in an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible from her knee, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and at evening only, or all the Sabbath long as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week days, when, had she chosen to do so, there was nothing to hinder her from going up the hillside, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared—nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking in that Book, and the hallelujahs that, at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the "Holy Child" from white-robed saints all kneeling before His throne in Heaven.

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon shining in upon her little bed beside theirs, her parents leant over her face, diviner in dreams, and wept as she wept, her lips all the while murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But penitential tears—penitential in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed to those strange visitings to be haunting her as the shadows of sin—soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles. Waking, her voice in the kirk

was the sweetest among many sweet, as all the young singers, and she the youngest, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm unfolded a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole, even like angelic harmony blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the "Holy Child," and then, too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul composed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mysterious music—the tunes she loved best gliding into one another, without once ever marring the melody, with pathetic touches interposed never heard before, and never more to be renewed! For each dream had its own breathing, and many visioned did them seem to be the sinless creature's sleep.

The love that was borne for her all over the hill-region, and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven. Yet all who looked on her, saw that she, like herself, was mortal, and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from such lips; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus for the "Holy Child" was their love elevated by awe, and saddened by pity—and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eye that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept.

Not in vain for others—and for herself, oh! what great gain!—for those few years on earth did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God! Other children became pious from their delight in her piety—for she was simple as the simplest among them all, and walked with them hand in hand, nor declined companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her—and parents had but to whisper her name, and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed—the lowering brow lightened—and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the piety so far surpassing their thoughts; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the "Holy Child," knew the error of their ways, and returned to the right path as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer—the brightest, so the aged said, that had ever, in man's memory, shone over Scotland. One long, still, sunny, blue day followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dew kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had been always pale; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need—no fear—to tell her that she was about to die. Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep—and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done—and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love—and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared—nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared; for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small solitary kirkyard, a long mile off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed—for a while weeping bitterly—but soon comforted by a heavenly calm—that her sins might be forgiven her.

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn which from her lips they never heard without unendurable tears:

"The hour of my departure's come,
I here the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let troubles cease,
And let thy servant die in peace!"

They carried her fainting to her bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden but not unexpected, and they knew now that the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been

before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were all as white, and the quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold, as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those radiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spoke—and named the hour and day that she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss, and no more—a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes—the father listened for her breath—and then the mother took his place, and leant her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding herself with its life-like smile; but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sudden stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbellying hearts at last, that it was death.

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral—for none stayed away from the kirk that Sabbath—though many a voice was unable to join in the Psalm. The little grave was soon filled up—and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable—and, though an old gray-haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting, but no one looked at them—and when the congregation rose to go, they remained sitting—and an hour afterwards, came out again into the open air, and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessing of a thousand prayers.

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away disconsolately to their graves? Think not that they, who were Christians indeed, could be guilty of such ingratitude. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" were the first words they had spoke by the bed-side; during many, long years of wear or wo, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer—and many a thousand times besides, when they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill—neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore—and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sunshine their eyes were seen to overflow. Happy had they been—as we mortal beings ever can be happy—during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born. And happy were they—on to the verge of old age—long after she had here ceased to be. Their Bible had indeed been an idle book—the Bible that belonged to "the Holy Child,"—and idle all their kirk-going with the "Holy Child," through the Sabbath-calm—had those intermediate years not left a power of bliss behind them triumphant over death and the grave.

THE STORY OF A CROWN.—It is not every where that one can find a crown with a long history attached to it. There are some few such relics in the world, however, whose interest and value depend on the history attached to them. The crown of France and that of England are admired more for the jewels which adorn them than for any historical associations, or even for the sovereignty of which they are emblems. It is a curious fact that in a little Italian town, between Milan and Como, they keep in the cathedral an old crown, about which are scattered more grand associations than around any other royal relic perhaps in all the world. Offer a collector of interesting objects of vertu, or of antiquity, the golden and jeweled crowns of England, France, Russia, and Spain, and the iron crown of Monza, and he would choose the iron in preference to all the others, in spite of the jewels. This old crown is kept in a side chapel of the cathedral at Monza, and is known to history as the Iron Crown of Monza. The fact is, that it was worn by the early Lombard kings, and, as long ago as the crowning of Henry of Luxemburg, in A. D. 1311, it was used in the ceremony of coronation. Thereafter it was worn by a long succession of monarchs, but after the time of Charles V., it rested quiet, an undisturbed relic, in the old cathedral, until Napoleon seized it, placed it on his head with his own hands, refusing a bishop's office, and saying, "God has given it to me; he to whom it touches it." After that, perhaps to remove the stain of the usurpation, the Austrian emperor used it at his coronations, and it signified to them, on such occasions, the possession of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. But they will hardly use it again in Austria.

Thus much we know of a certainly concerning this crown. But there is a tradition connected with it which makes it one of the most interesting relics in the world. The iron band which encircles the head is said to be formed of one of the nails with which the Saviour of men was affixed to the cross. This tradition is of very early date, although it was not always or universally accepted. The people of Milan denied it. But they were rivals of Monza. The relic was pronounced authentic by the highest Catholic authority, many centuries ago. Nor is it wholly impossible that it is so. The historical facts known on the subject of the nails of the cross are these:—When the Empress Helena made excavations in

Jerusalem, in the beginning of the fourth century, to uncover the tomb and place of crucifixion, she was informed by certain Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem that the crosses of Christ and the two thieves were east into a pit or ravine among the rocks, being, in Jewish view, polluted objects. She dug out this ravine, and found various pieces of timber. Whether they were the crosses in question, or whether they were timbers of old buildings, it is impossible to affirm. The nails she sent to Constantine, and it was by him made into a bit or an ornament for part of his horse's bridle, possibly in intentional fulfillment of a well-known prophecy. The other nails were also preserved. There is no reason to doubt that many fragments of the wood thus discovered by Helena remain in European churches. The large fragment in the basilica of Santa Croce, in Rome, is undoubtedly a fragment of the wood discovered by Helena, whatever that wood was. The nails disappeared from history until, some hundred years after Helena, the iron crown of Monza was said to be made of one of them. And possibly it was. Probably it was. For where a long tradition states a fact, and there is no evidence to the contrary, the probability is in favor of the tradition having foundation in truth.

The present condition of Italian affairs makes the iron crown of Monza an object of unusual interest. We are not sure whether the Austrians left it at Monza, but if so, the old relic, lying in the side chapel of the cathedral, but little visited, in a quiet, lonesome old place, by which the travel of the world rushes along on iron rails, impelled by steam, is an apt emblem of the Lombard race and nation for many centuries. They have but served the purpose of their conquerors, and now as if the old crown might yet be used to indicate the new life of Italy, and Lombardy become a part of the living modern world. (New York Journal Commerce.)

The Middlesex Journal,

—AND—
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

CHURCH PASTORALS.—A new book of Hymns and Tunes for popular and social worship, edited and arranged by Nehemiah Adams, D.D., has been published by Ticknor & Fields.

At the commencement of a New Year, when churches often make a change in their hymn and tune books, we would recommend all who are thinking of a new book to give this one an examination. But though we have a new book, the old hymns which have delighted us in the sanctuary and in the social circle, and have become as it were sacred, are many of them retained. Watts and the Wesleys give the prevailing character to the hymns, while those of Newton, Doddridge, Cowper, Steele, and Hymn writers of kindred spirit, are largely represented. To these have been added from a wide circle, other hymns, ancient and modern.

In the tunes, which are printed on the same pages with the hymns, it is claimed, that a very great improvement has been made in providing Tunes which are Melodies, such as fix themselves in the memories of the people, and constantly recur without effort at all times and seasons. Many compositions are found in books, that are dreary successions of notes without meaning, never revisiting the thoughts, tuneless, monotonous, and instantly forgotten. To obviate this, recourse has been had to large original sources of Ecclesiastical Music in several languages, and the search has constantly been for Melodies. The book is designed for Congregational singing, but the aim has been also, to make it useful for choir singing. There is the grand old German chorale, which will bear any number of voices, and the more the better, and there are other tunes which from their structure are better adapted to the Choir, but are still within the ability of the Congregation. And since the enjoyment of music is greatly promoted, whether the Choir or the Congregation sing, by arranging the Harmony with as much Melody as may be in each of its three parts, instead of letting the part run upon nearly the same degrees of the scale, a principal aim has been to make the Bass, Tenor and Alto inviting to those who sing those parts, that so the volume of musical sound may be enriched. Trained ears hear the four parts together, and all who are susceptible to impressions from Music, feel a difference when the harmony of a tune is monotonous, in contrast to a flowing motion heightening the effect of the Melody. An interest has been created in favor of this book among musical people, who have observed the arrangement of the harmony as producing a pleasing effect in the singing of a Congregation.

The arrangement of the book is very good, as a glance at the contents shows. The family is not neglected, but some appropriate hymn and music bind it to the household hearth. Life and Death fill up some forty or fifty pages. Stanzas to be sung impromptu are inserted, a kind of singing, under proper direction, highly impressive and pleasing.

We read with pleasure in the preface that, "No amendment has been attempted in the phraseology of a single Hymn," and that the original phraseology has in numerous instances been restored." The liberties taken by some compilers of hymns, with the language of authors deserve the severest censure. Instead of being improvements they are directly the reverse.

Another feature of this book, which should be recommended to every devout mind, is the care to give us sacred rather than secular music, to have every tune impressed with gravity and majesty, as

well as melody and harmony. Genuine church music, as has been said, "raises a forbidding wand against a wanton roaming beyond the bounds of its own enchanted circle, and presents no inducement for human vanity to seek after idle display."

For a book to be used in the Sanctuary and in the Prayer meeting, for private devotion and for family worship, this is well adapted, and comes up to the standard of musical improvement and literary cultivation of the day, without degenerating into lightness or levity. It covers the whole period of life from childhood to age, in all the exigencies of our mortal lot—from the service of infant baptism to that of the grave—and we can conceive of such a book, surviving all the older members of a family and treasured up by the survivors all fragrant with memories sad and joyous of the past.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—An unknown man was found upon Rag Rock on Sunday morning, by a man named Smith, frozen to death. The proper authorities were informed, and the body brought to the Town House, Woburn Centre, where it remained until Monday morning, when an inquest was holden, Coroner Thomas J. Porter presiding. The Jurors summoned were, A. E. Thompson, foreman; George H. Conn, Clerk; Harris Johnson, Alvah Buckman, L. W. Perham and Franklin Smith. They examined the body for evidence, when they discovered the initial letters, "S. A. H., Tewksbury," upon the back of his shirt, the color of which indicated that he must have been a State pauper from the Asylum in that place. Whereupon the jury adjourned to investigate and in the afternoon went to Tewksbury to discover if possible, something more in relation to the matter and inform the authorities. He proved to be a State pauper, who has been partially deranged, by the name of Dennis Craig, and ran away but a day or two previous to being found. On Monday evening the jury rendered a verdict as follows:—"That the said Dennis Craig came to his death by exposure to the extreme cold weather, between the hours of 10 o'clock, P. M., January 7th, and 10 o'clock, A. M., January 8th, 1865, in the woods, near Bedford street, in said Woburn." On Tuesday he was carried to Tewksbury for interment.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION, abolishing slavery throughout the United States, is now attracting attention. In the U. S. House of Representatives, on Monday, Mr. Yeaman, of Kentucky, (Democrat), made an elaborate argument in its favor, which displayed much candor and ability, and which derived much interest from the fact of his representing a slaveholding community.

Mr. Odell, of New York, (Democrat) also advocated the measure in an able speech, exhorting the Democrats to avail themselves of this opportunity to relieve themselves of the incubus and odium of further defence of an institution which has been destroyed by the war, commenced and prosecuted for the purpose of sustaining and extending it, and which had caused their party to be repudiated by the people.

REMOVAL OF GEN. BUTLER.—The President has removed Gen. Butler from his command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. It is said that great dissatisfaction has been felt against the General for months past, on account of alleged illegal and arbitrary arrests, imprisonments and punishments. The New York Herald, from which the above information is derived, says Major General Butler is ordered to turn over his command, all moneys and government property, and the civil fund in his possession, to the person named by Lieut. General Grant as his temporary successor, and to proceed to Lowell, Mass., and to report to the War Department by letter.

Major General Edward Otho Cressup Ord, commanding the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, has been named the temporary successor of General Butler, and will at once take charge of the department.

The Herald adds, "It is a singular but instructive fact, that no general officer has succeeded in this war who did not possess a previous military training and education, excepting a few who entered the service with only regimental rank, and studied, worked and fought their way from thence upward. Without this previous knowledge or training—of one kind or the other—all have been expensive failures."

An important order, it is stated, has just been issued by Provost Marshal General Fry, announcing that under the recent call for 300,000 troops, issued on the 19th of last month, the numbers specified must actually be placed in the field. No credits are, therefore, to be allowed for any recruits under this call who were in the United States service at the date above-mentioned, and a thorough revision of the quotas of the various districts must now take place.

The mechanics and manufacturers of New England will hear with pleasure that the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association propose to hold an Exhibition during the autumn of the present year. It is five years since the last exhibition.

ANOTHER SOLDIER GONE.—Reliable information has just been received that private Michael Brangan, of East Woburn, died in the rebel hospital at Andersonville, Georgia, in June last. Mr. Brangan was a veteran volunteer, and has rendered efficient service in the Union ranks for the past three years. He first enlisted in August, 1861, in Co. E, 17th Mass. Reg., and being taken sick was discharged for physical disability, at the U. S. General Hospital, Baltimore, Md., September 25th, 1861, serving but the short space of a month. He returned to his home, and having got sufficiently recruited, re-enlisted in the same company, at Boston, Mass., Nov. 20th, 1861, in which company he has since served. When a bounty and furlough of thirty days was offered to those whose term of service was about to expire, he again re-enlisted; but before the furlough was granted the battle of Newbern, N. C., took place, in which he participated and was taken prisoner, Feb. 1, 1864, and was carried to Andersonville, Ga., where he shared the fate inflicted upon loyal patriots in the hands of our chivalrous foe, until May, 1864, when he was removed to the hospital at that place, and died the June following. He has shown himself a worthy patriot, and sustained the valorous reputation of Erin's sons, unblighted.

FURLOUGHED SOLDIERS.—It is pleasing to us to again behold the smiling countenances of several of our fellow townsman who have long been hazarding their lives for the advancement of the common cause, in our midst, enjoying a season of retirement from the stern duties of campaign life and the bloody scenes of war, with their friends.

Among them we notice Surgeon Edward Jameson of the 29th Mass. Reg., and Sergeant Willoughby, of the 59th Mass. Reg., both of whom have rendered efficient service to the country. May they have a pleasant time with their friends and be spared to march home with the victorious hosts of the Union army, "with laurel wreaths upon their brows," champions in the line of heroes.

Since the above was in type, we have learned that Corporal Abijah Thompson, 2d, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Reg., returned home on Saturday, of last week, on a short furlough. He has our congratulations and best wishes.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER.—A letter received in town, from Lt. J. L. Parker, dated in front of Petersburg, Jan. 6, informs us that on Tuesday, 3d inst., Preston William Penpres, after a very brief illness, died at Division Hospital. He was a member of Co. B, (Harris Guard.)

PROMOTIONS.—First Lieut. J. L. Chapin, formerly of Co. B, 11th Mass. Reg., has been promoted to Captain of Co. C; Second Lieut. John L. Parker, of Woburn, to First Lieutenant of Co. B; Orderly Sergeant Charles McDonald, of Woburn, to Second Lieutenant of Co. B.

NEW SIGN.—We are happy to see a new sign adorning the doorway of Mr. F. A. Hartwell's provision store, and we deem it an indication of a much deserved success and prosperity.

ACCIDENT.—Charles Fowle, son of Mr. Charles J. Fowle, of Woburn, broke his leg some ten days since by falling while running across the room. He has broken the same leg before, within six months, and really seems to be unfortunate.

Water Proof Blacking and Leather Preservative.—Mr. I. S. Arnold, of Stoneham, has succeeded in making an excellent blacking for boots and shoes, which renders them perfectly water proof. In these times of snow and slob, his article should be in the hands of all. It is for sale, at wholesale or retail, by Dr. Goodrich, of Stoneham, and by Mr. Arnold himself, who has been serving in the Union army, and who is now suffering from a wound in the arm.

"CHARLES DICKENS," the lecture to have been delivered by the Rev. J. C. Bodwell on Tuesday evening last, was postponed on account of the inclement weather. All readers and admirers of this great novelist should attend, as the reverend gentleman's residence in England qualifies him to portray the private character, as well as personal appearance of this world renowned writer of fiction.

LYCEUM.—Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, will deliver the next lecture in the course, Tuesday evening, 17th inst, at 7-12 o'clock.

CHANGE.—Mr. Newell Siles has sold his clothing bazaar, in Lyceum Hall building, to its former owner, Mr. J. W. Hammond. Mr. H. has a large and choice assortment of mens' and boys' clothing, suitable for the present season, which he is selling at remarkably low figures.

QUITE A LOSS.—We understand that the Rev. J. C. Bodwell has recently lost a porker valued at about sixty dollars. It was ready to kill, and the butcher had been notified; but owing to sickness was not able to attend to it. Some of Mr. B.'s parishioners, learning of his loss, immediately caused a barrel to be filled with a superior article of pork, and presented it to him.

RUNNING AWAY.—A week or two since we alluded to an instance of this kind, never dreaming that reference to it again would be necessary; but since then there has been quite a revolution among the youngsters in this community, no less than three having skeepaddled within the past week, belonging to respectable citizens, and leaving comfortable homes. We know of nothing to attribute such rash acts to, but the reading of dime novels and fly-away literature. On the street, and elsewhere, we have overheard youngsters expressing their delight at the glorious career of some "Long-legged Dick," or "Rattlesnake Harry," whom, perchance, they had been reading about, who never existed except in the brain of some lunatic or ghost writer; yet they are led in their boyish fancies to believe such a thing could be if it never has been—they dream of fame and glory—they build airy castles, and with a betwilted brain, full of fancy, they leave comfortable homes and affectionate parents, to immortalize their names; but they do not think that their first step is injuring their good name, and making it famous only in the line of rogues. We would refer any other lads, if any there be, who premeditate such a step, to the lives of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley and General Grant, and there they will see portrayed the virtues that lead to greatness and glory—obedience to parents, honesty, industry, indomitable perseverance and godliness.

Mr. Bodwell's next lecture, on the English Dissenters, to be delivered next Thursday evening, Jan. 19th, at half past seven o'clock, will present descriptions of the great men and popular preachers and orators of the different denominations, W. J. Fox, Thomas Binney, William Brock, etc.

The stockholders of the Woburn Bank, at their meeting on Monday last, voted that the Directors have the power to change the institution into a National Bank, whenever they consider it for the interest of the stockholders to do so.

ACCIDENT.—While R. Pickering's team was passing up Pleasant street, on Wednesday, with a load of stone, the runner gave way when opposite the corner of Bennett street, completely disabling it for further use.

RELEASED.—Private John Kelly, of Woburn, belonging to Co. D, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, who was captured by the rebels at Newport Barracks, N. C., Feb. 1, 1864, has been released, having withstood the rebel constitution-breaker and grave-digger (starvation system,) for a period of ten months.

The Freedmen's Aid Society of this town would respectfully solicit clothing or money, for the benefit of the Contrabands at Newbern. Contributions may be left at the Woburn Bookstore. The Society has been in operation nearly a year, supports a teacher, and provides clothing for the freedmen. The call from Newbern is very urgent at this season of the year.

Peace rumors are again occupying public attention. We wish some of them might prove correct; but the newspapers tell so many stories, that no one knows what to believe, if anything.

SKATING.—Last Thursday evening the moon shown forth in all its beauty upon the recently made ice in this vicinity, illuminating it for the merry skaters, who, unable to withstand such a splendid opportunity to indulge in their favorite winter amusement, hied away to the scenes of sport. Horn Pond and its environs were greatly enlivened by the tramp of the youthful band as they went, and the merry click of the skater's steel and the joyous laugh of the swiftly gliding multitude, echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding forest, drove away the dull monotony which had so long pervaded its neighborhood, crowning Hilarity as the ruling power. The usual amount of effeminate ejaculations were rife and the fallings down and tumbblings up were numerous. Nothing occurred to mar the sport until about 9 o'clock in the evening, when Edward Cobb, a young man of about 20 years, losing his centre of gravity, fell upon the ice, inflicting a severe wound upon the head which bled profusely. His comrades removed his skates and accompanied him to his home, and the remainder of the party adjourned for an indefinite period.

Massachusetts has, during the past year, purchased at home and abroad 72 cannons of large calibre, 2,300 projectiles, and 25,000 pounds of cannon powder. The guns are for the forts on the coast. The expense has been about \$333,000.

Four deserters from the Army of the Potomac were executed last Friday—one hung and three shot.

The London Shipping Gazette gives expression to a good deal of uneasiness in regard to the progress of the American navy. It says: "The Americans have raised their navy to that of a first rate power, and this one fact alone should make us look more closely than ever to our navy. Instead of our fleets being overgrown it is clear that we are a long way behind the United States in iron-clads."

A good Overcoat for a little money at J. W. Hammond's, Lyceum Building.

It is said that Jeff Davis has become convinced of his inability to hold Richmond much longer, and that the whole city is being mined, with the design of blowing it up as soon as it shall have been abandoned.

The Herald says "the poor expenses of Newburyport are greatly in advance of the cost of maintaining the poor in any other city or large town in the state, in proportion to population. They expend \$27,000 in a population of 13,000, in addition to the income of funds and the disbursements of charitable societies."

The assessor's valuation of Massachusetts is, personal estate, \$324,584,847; real estate, \$577,298,259; total, \$901,883,103.

The State debt of Massachusetts is reported to be \$22,000,000, including that guaranteed by railroads, which reaches \$5,000,000. The debt of Connecticut is \$10,000,000.

The official figures show that during the month of November, 1864, 5,888 barrels of lager beer were drank in Cincinnati.

The demand for Government stocks, by all classes of buyers, is very large, and so great has been the inquiry by small purchasers in New York that some of the banks were obliged to refuse all orders under \$1000 for want of time and clerical force to fill them. The subscriptions to the Ten-Forty loan will amount to nearly \$150,000,000.

At the business meeting of the Plymouth Church Society, on Thursday evening, the salary of the pastor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was raised from \$7,500 to \$12,500 for the current year.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one. No one is a fool always; every one sometimes. Peace with Heaven is the best friendship.

The export of petroleum the past year amounted to 21,288,499 gallons. There were sent to Great Britain 6,275,000 gallons; to France, 4,625,000; Antwerp, 5,149,000; Bremen, 971,000; Hamburg, 1,186,000; Rotterdam, 533,000; Cronstadt, 400,000; Genoa and Leghorn, 635,000; Peru, 179,000; Lisbon, 167,000; China and East Indies, 34,000; Brazil, 149,000; Mexico, 113,000; Cuba, 418,000. In fact, it was sent in large quantities to nearly every landing port in the world. Four thousand gallons were sent to light up the tombs of Egypt, and even Hayti took 7000 gallons. The National Intelligencer remarks that this new product fills the void in our cotton exportations.

The advance on all the necessities of life, since the war, are thus stated in an exchange paper:—Beef, over one hundred per cent; mutton and pork, about one hundred per cent; cut ham, near two hundred; lard, one hundred and seventy-three; butter, nearly two hundred; tea, two hundred and fifty; coffee, three hundred and thirty to four hundred; sugar, two hundred; house rent, fifty; men's clothing, coal and wood, one hundred and fifty to two hundred; boots, two hundred to three hundred; muslins and other dress goods, three hundred to three hundred and fifty; brown sheetings, six hundred to six hundred and fifty per cent.

Governor Cannon, in his annual message to the Legislature of Delaware, takes strong ground in favor of emancipation in that State. He repeats that Delaware is connected with the Free States by geographical position and commercial necessity; that the products of Delaware find their markets in the North, and that from thence come the immigrants who give increased value to real estate; that the result of constant intercourse with the North is gradually to assimilate the institutions of Delaware to those of the Free States, as it has already identified their interests; that Slavery in Delaware, being merely nominal, is worthless as an element of labor; that emancipation in Maryland has surrounded Delaware with free soil, inviting the escape of slaves on all sides, as there is now no law requiring their rendition.

Winter quarters are being erected for General Sheridan's army, and it is likely that the force will remain in the neighborhood of Lovettsville during the present winter.

The exchange of prisoners has again been resumed at Fortress Monroe.

A new method of swindling in Government securities has just come to light. The guilty parties procure a number of the 7-30 loan bonds, and, after cutting off the coupons, sell the bonds at par, or with a slight reduction, to unsuspecting persons. Without the coupons no interest can be obtained by the holder. Let people be on their guard against this new imposition.

A woman in Michigan, sixty-four years old, by her own unaided labor, has husbanded thirty bushels of potatoes, one hundred bushels of corn, and one-half bushel of peas, ten bushels of onions, five bushels of beans, four bushels of beets, five bushels of carrots, one hundred heads of cabbage, picked one-half barrel of cucumbers, and earned nearly one hundred dollars by washing, since the first of March last.

Notwithstanding the heavy tax upon tobacco, cigar dealers assert that the demand for the weed has increased rather than the contrary.

It is said that the discoverer of gold in California still lives and is poor.

The message of Governor Andrew is a lengthy and comprehensive document.

The finances of the State are in a sound condition, the ordinary revenue of the year amounting to \$5,840,317, and the disbursements to \$5,102,357 75.

The total debt of the State, funded and unfunded, is \$22,893,672 66, and the resources, including railway mortgages and sinking funds, \$77,857,211 30.

The Governor says there is nothing in the present or probable indebtedness of the State to excite apprehension.

The scrip hitherto issued by Massachusetts, she is bound to pay, and she will pay both interest and principal, in gold to all holders, with the cheerfulness which becomes her spotless honor and the promptness of an industrious, economical and thrifty commonwealth.

The Governor recommends the funding of the residue of the floating debt, but thinks that hereafter, when money is borrowed at home, it would be better to conform to the familiar transactions of the home market.

Of the debt \$14,372,935 has been added during the war, much the large part being held by our own citizens.

To say nothing of any other increase of wealth, the increase deposits in our savings institutions alone for 1864 over 1860, are more than three millions in excess of the war debt.

The offering of considerable bounties, paid in advance, is not considered needful nor desirable for the procurement of real soldiers and honest services.

The bounty of the government ought to be reserved for liberal pensions to the disabled soldier, to the widows and children of the dead who have fallen in battle, and for the relief of families during the progress of the war.

The amount of deposits in the Savings Banks is \$62,557,604, which is a larger sum than the entire banking capital and deposits.

The English Army and Navy Gazette has been informed that the action between the Alabama and Kearsarge made a deep impression upon the mind of the Emperor, and convinced him that rifled guns of comparatively small bore were no match for the heavy Dahlgren and Rodman guns then mounted, or being mounted in vessels of the Kearsarge class. In consequence, the manufacture of six ton steel rifled guns were delayed, and since then the French Government have ordered two of Captain Blakey's 11-inch steel guns, two heavy guns from Sir W. Armstrong & Co., and two or more heavy guns from America, all muzzle-loaders, the intention being to adopt heavy guns for the French navy, and gradually to remove the present 30-pounder and 50-pounder hooped guns from their ships.

On the 5th inst., in Milford, as two boys named Sullivan and Coy, aged about 10 years, were playing with a loaded pistol, it was discharged while in the hands of Sullivan, the charge taking effect in the neck of Coy. He lingered until the next morning, when he died.

BOUNTY JUMPERS.—A crew of one hundred sailors was taken from the Vandalia, on Saturday morning, and placed on board the De Sota, which has gone to Baltimore. On being examined, it was found that a large number of the men had on citizens' clothes beneath their outer dress. Whiskey and various kinds of weapons were also found concealed upon them; all this undoubtedly for the purpose of effecting their escape at some time. These rascals are substitutes, and deserve rough fare, which they are pretty sure to get. All those who were deemed suspicious were sent below, and the hatches fastened down. [Portsmouth Chronicle.]

There are about 300,000 Indians left in the United States. Their aggregate wealth is nearly two millions.

WINCHESTER.

LAND DAMAGES.—The Referees, Hon. Thos. Russell, Hon. Albert Fearing and Hon. Oliver R. Clark, to whom was submitted the question of damage to the estate of the Hon. Edward Everett, bordering on Mystic Pond, in this town, in consequence of the rise of the waters of that pond over a portion of said estate, commenced the hearing of the parties last Saturday, in the Insolvency Court Room, Boston.

Mr. Everett was assisted in the management of the case by Henry F. Durant, Esq., and the Charles-town Water Commissioners were represented by Mr. Lawrence, their Chairman, and J. Q. A. Griffin, Esq., their Attorney.

Mr. Everett, in opening the case, claimed that the estate cost some thirty thousand dollars and that whereas it was formerly a healthy and habitable situation for a residence, it had not been since, and would not be again such. The cutting down of a grove of trees on one side of the house, which were a protection from the north east winds and the overflow of the meadow lands, which were valuable, and could be made more so, was represented to be a serious loss. He claimed to be entitled to the cost of the place, which had been rendered worthless to him. Drs. Bowditch and Storer testified to the present unhealthy location of the premises. Dr. Bowditch said that on visiting the house before the rise of the water, he thought the house was situated full as low as it ought to have been, but did not

then think it unhealthy. This opinion, it was found, on cross examination, was not based on a personal examination of the grounds but upon a general observation.

Dr. Flint, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, and others, testified in regard to the value of such kinds of land as the meadow which had been over-flooded.

The Water Commissioners contended that the estate had not been injured,—that the house was located too near the water originally, and was now no worse in that respect than formerly,—that the meadow land was part of the time covered with water and was of no special value to the owner, as evinced by his doing nothing with it of consequence. A large number of witnesses were examined on both sides, and the hearing was closed last Tuesday.

A large map of the alleged damaged estate was displayed in the Court Room, and the large attendance of spectators evinced an interest in the matter in controversy.

The referees will probably make up their award ere long. EXCELSIOR.

A good Overcoat for a little Money, at J. W. Hammond's, Lyceum Building.

A serious disturbance in the equilibrium of sexes is noticed by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, as follows:

I desire to call attention to the excess of women in Massachusetts, and to the surplus of men in Oregon, California and other remote Western communities. The faculty with which young men migrate, the attractions and opportunities for them of new States, the obvious embarrassments to the migration of young women, the attractions of home, wherever it is, to the heart of woman, and her natural dependence, combine to create this inequality in the distribution of the sexes. In Oregon, having 52,160 inhabitants, as per census of 1860, there were 19,961 males over 15 years old, and only 9,878 females above that age. Its population is now estimated at over 100,000—this disproportion yet remaining. In Massachusetts there were 257,833 males between the ages of 15 and 40, and 287,009 females, or a surplus of 29,166. The excess of women of all ages above 15 years, was 38,846. The absorption of men by the military and naval service during the intervening four years has aggravated this disproportion. And it is a disastrous one; it disorders the market for labor; it reduces women and men to an unnatural competition for employments fitted for men alone, tends to increase the number both of men unable to maintain families, and of women who must maintain themselves unaided. In civilized refined society, it is the office and duty of man to protect women, to furnish her a sphere, a support, a home. In return she comforts, refines, and adorns domestic life, the family, and the range of social influences. This is also the plainly providential order. Where women are driven to the competitions of the market with men, or where men are left unsolaced and unrefined by the presence of women, society is alike weakened and demoralized. I know of no more useful object to which the Commonwealth can lend its aid than that of a movement adapted in a practical way to open the door of emigration to young women who are wanted for teachers, and for every other appropriate as well as domestic employment in the remote West, but who are leading anxious and aimless lives in New England.

The following beautiful lines were written by an Episcopal clergyman on the death of his wife:—

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much at my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrows breed!
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale."

But hark; my pulse like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow how'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part."

Horace Greeley does not succeed in farming. He said, recently, in a speech: "Twenty-five acres of my farm, or rather of my wife's, is forest, fenced so as to exclude all the grazing animals, and the only part of it which does not cost me more than its return."

The New York banks are averaging 10 per cent., and their stocks have recently advanced greatly.

What a virtuous place Wisconsin must be! The State Prison is empty—and the jailer is away on a furlough.

He who needs education most cares least for it!

The importance of the lumber trade in Chicago is not generally realized. The lumber sold by Chicago merchants, the greater portion of which is brought from Canada and the eastern and western shores of Lake Michigan, amounts annually to over fifteen million dollars.

Russell Cogswell, a wealthy bachelor, who recently died in Newport, left \$50,000 to the City Council, for the support and assistance of "aged persons who have become poor from misfortune, and not from fault." That is the way to make a good use of money.

The oldest man in Wisconsin, aged 100, was lately married to a widow of 88.

Married

In Boston, by Rev. Warren Randolph, Jan. 5th, Nathaniel Bosworth to Miss A. Angie Rockwood, daughter of the late A. W. Rockwood, all of B.

Died

In Stoneham, Jan. 9, Henry F. Stoddard, aged 26 years.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.

The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the

ATTENTION

— OF —
PERSONS in WANT of CLOTHING
to the Stock he has bought of Newell Stiles.

THE STOCK OF
Overcoats & Heavy Goods
MUST BE SOLD!
and will be sold for CASH at
Less than Wholesale Prices!!

THE STOCK OF
FURNISHING GOODS!
HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,
embraces THE LATEST STYLES,
and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.
J. W. HAMMOND,
Lyceum Building.
Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65. 3m

DENTAL NOTICE.

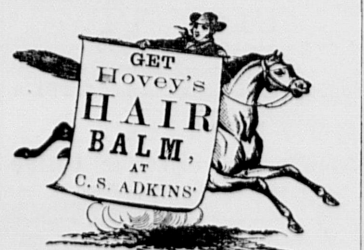
Dr. CLOUGH, - Dentist,
HAYING disposed of his business in Boston, offers his services to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity.
OFFICE AT HIS HOUSE.
The highest price, CASH, paid for old Gold Plates. J-14-tf

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY.—The following strictly reliable and very important testimonial speaks for itself:—
LAWRENCE, Oct. 23, 1864.

MR. JOHN L. HUNNEWELL:—
My Dear Sir—I was discharged from the army of the Potomac on the 17th of April, 1863, on account of a Cough, which had been on me seven months. It was so bad that I was told I could live but a short time. In fact, I was discharged to come home to die. I coughed almost incessantly, night and day, and the physicians told me I could not be helped. I tried all that was recommended, without any effect. Mr. Allen, of the firm of Wilson & Allen, of our city, told me of your Cough Remedy and procured some for me. I took two bottles only of it, the Cough left me, and has not troubled me since. I am now in perfect health, and have stated the case just as it has occurred. I cannot feel too grateful, and can say truly it has been the means of saving my life. I recommend it to all troubled with a Consumptive or other Cough, as it has cured me perfectly.
Yours truly,
LEVI H. CARTER.

FRIEND HUNNEWELL:—
I send you the letter of Mr. Carter, and it is a very strong case.
Yours,
J. A. ALLEN,
Lawrence, Mass.

Many similar to the above can be seen at my office.
JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor,
Practical Chemist and Pharmacist,
Boston, Mass.
For sale by all dealers in medicine.
Sold, in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM; in Winchester, by Geo. P. BROWN. And by all the wholesale dealers in Boston. J-14-t-1m



Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.
COURT OF INSOLVENCY.
THE undersigned has been appointed Assignee of the estate of ALFRED WILLOUGHBY, of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex.
The second meeting of the creditors of said Insolvent debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County, on the 25th day of January, present, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.
P. O. PRINCE, Assignee,
30 Court street, Boston.
Jan 14-2t

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.
PROBATE COURT.
WHEREAS, Alexander H. Field, of Winchester, has petitioned said Court, to grant him a letter of Guardianship of MINNIE F. STARKEY, a minor, in said County of Middlesex, a minor; all persons interested are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any they have against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to publish this citation three weeks successively, in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the first publication to be fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and send a copy hereof, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each known heir of said minor, or her legal representatives, within two days after said first publication.
Witness WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of January in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-five.
J-14 3t J. H. TYLEY, Register.

A good Overcoat for a little Money, at J. W. Hammond's, Lyceum Building.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed
IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 14th day of Jan. 1865.
To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertised letters," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.
Cheney Alice J. Pearson Martha Mrs. Rollins E F Ryan Bridget Stone Betsey Tasker Addie Mrs. Newton L C Wayland Owen
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Mrs. CARLING would respectfully inform the people of Woburn, that she has got a new sewing Machine, (Singers) and is prepared to do family work of all kinds. Her residence is near Horn Pond.
dec31-3t

REMOVAL.

COAL, WOOD, &c.

THE Subscriber informs the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has removed his Counting Room to the yard formerly occupied by the Haywards, just below the Railroad Depot, where he will continue the Coal Business, in all its branches, as heretofore. He trusts, by giving strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand the different kinds of COAL, WOOD, &c., to receive that generous share of public patronage which has heretofore been accorded to him.

LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
JOS. B. McDONALD.
Woburn Jan. 7, 1865.

A FEW LOTS OF LADIES' COLLARS

— AND —
Cuffs; also Chenille NETS and KID GLOVES,
Jan7-2t AT MRS. HALE'S.

MRS. HALE

Has a good assortment of
YARNS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
— Also, —
BLUE, GRAY, RED,
and
FANCY FLANNELS,

LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS, DRESS BUTTONS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!
Round Combs, Back Combs, Waterfall Combs, Hair Brushes, Toilet Soaps, — Also — BREAKFAST SHAWLS, SONTAGS, CLOUDS, HOODS! — AND — SKATING CAPS.

Also a nice line of
DRESS GOODS!!
Cheap for the Times!!
dec31-3t

PERFUMERY.

LUBINS, JACQUES, WRIGHTS, PHALON'S, and EDDREY'S.
Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty different odors. For sale by
W. C. BRIGHAM.
sept 10

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO READERS OF THE
MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, WOBURN, MASS.
The undersigned would respectfully ask attention to the preparations known as
Hunnewell's Universal Cough Remedy,
The Great Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG COMPLAINTS.
Hunnewell's Tolu Anodyne.
A perfect relief for NEURALGIA, ALL NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, AND LOSS OF SLEEP.
Hunnewell's Eclectic Cathartic.
Declared to be the most perfect Cathartic and Family Pill; seldom requiring more than One for a dose, and without Gripping, and one that should be known to every family.
These preparations will be noticed each month, and originating from most potent questions in Medicine, enjoyed for ten years unbounded reputation, readers are invited to accept such notice as a true index of character, and give me their confidence to test them.
JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, PROPRIETOR,
Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass.
For sale by Dealers in every City and Town.
Dealers with good business references supplied on commission.

NOTICE.

THE citizens of Stoneham and vicinity, will always find at Dr. Horace Goodrich's
DRUG STORE,
a fresh supply of pure Drugs and Medicines, Perfumery and Fancy Goods, Letter, Cap, and Note Paper, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and all other articles usually kept by Druggists. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.
The above articles will be warranted as represented, and sold at the lowest cash prices.
Stoneham, Sept. 10, 1864. 1f

DR. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY
For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough.

CURES GRAVEL AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which is a powerful remedy for all kinds of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.
Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1865, and then merely for one individual, who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe Kidney complaint of ten years' duration. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The fortune has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a powerful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.
But while the White Pine Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation, that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.
There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance—confirming this may be given.
James Cartier, a bold French mariner, as early as 1534, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to the River St. Lawrence. On his return down the river, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His ravages were so great, that the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease, but Cartier observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Cartier tried the same remedy, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This tree was the White Pine.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and cleaning all sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine bark are known everywhere, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at first.
The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest results. It is well worth for one Medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.
A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, indeed, from all classes of the community, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.
Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, says:
"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious, not only in coughs and other pulmonary affections, also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."
Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:
"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and invaluable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for cold, and it was charmingly so."
Hon. P. H. Sweetzer, of South Reading, writes:
"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine bark, I prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."
Rev. H. D. Hoge, of West Randolph, Vt., who is also a physician, says:
"I find it (the Compound) an excellent medicine in kidney diseases."

Dr. Poland—In the Fall of 1857, I took a very violent cold, which brought on a severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the Kidney Complaint. For the three years past, I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sputum, with a bad cough, after raising a few phlegms, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But two bottles of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and the Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours was so badly afflicted with a Cough, that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and try all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only one bottle of your White Pine Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was."
FROM B. F. AIKEN.
Grafton, March 14, 1860.
DR. POLAND—I wish to bear testimony to the value of your White Pine Compound. You will remember how feeble I was at the time I called on you in July last. My chief complaint was inflammation of the kidneys. In addition to other disagreeable symptoms, I suffered dreadfully from severe pain. You sold me a bottle of the White Pine Compound, and before I had taken two thirds of the contents of one bottle, my pain had all left me. Though I had been acted with that complaint a long time, I have not had a return of it since, and have for many months past enjoyed excellent health.
Many cases of DIABETES have been treated with the White Pine Compound, and the result has shown it to be a wonderful remedy in that so-called incurable disease. Here is a sample—
MR. ASA GOODHUE,
Of Bow, N. H., was troubled by Diabetes, in March, 1859, that neither himself nor any who saw him thought he could possibly live through the month. As a last resort, he thought he would try the White Pine Compound. They procured a bottle for him, he began to use it, and, to the surprise of all, he was cured. He showed signs of amendment. Eleven days afterwards, (Feb. 29, 1860), in a full statement of his case, he says: "I believe Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, under God, has been the means of my recovery thus far."

The White Pine Compound,
GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor,
Will be manufactured in future at
NEW ENGLAND BOTANICAL DEPOT
106 HANOVER ST., BOSTON,
Under the supervision of
REV. J. W. POLAND, M. D.
DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.
Sold by wholesale and retail dealers in medicine everywhere.
For sale in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS:

1865.

ELEGANT AND USEFUL GIFT BOOKS!!
AT THE
WOBURN BOOKSTORE!

A large assortment of
ANNUALS, ALBUMS, POETICAL WORKS, BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, &c.

JUVENILE BOOKS!

Of all Descriptions.

PORT FOLIOS, Paper Knives, Inkstands, Card Cases, Ladies' Writing Desks, BACKGAMMON BOARDS, DOMINOES, GAMES, PUZZLES,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
4088.

Woburn, Dec. 31, 1864.

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.

SCHENK'S SYRUP, SCHENK'S SEA WEED TONIC, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, SICILLIAN HAIR RENEWER, AYERS' SARSAPARILLA, WISTAR'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY, Poland's White Pine Compound,
and all the popular Medicinal preparations of the day for sale at the lowest market rates by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.
dec24

Piano Forte Instruction.

MISS JULIA A. SULLIVAN respectfully announces to parents, guardians, and others who desire instruction upon the Piano Forte for their children or wards, that she is prepared to teach the instrument. She refers to Mrs. Dr. Ephraim Cutler, to whom application should be made. Terms, \$10.00 or \$12.00 for 24 lessons, according to the place where the lessons are given.
Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1864.—3m

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,
Just received and for sale by
W. C. BRIGHAM

Meat and Vegetable Market.

THE subscriber having taken the store on Main street recently occupied by Hiram Whitford, would inform his friends and the public, that he intends to keep constantly on hand and for sale, a choice assortment of all kinds of fresh and salt meats; Fish, smoked and pickled; Sausages, common and Bologna; Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, and a good variety of all the leading vegetables for the table. Every effort will be made to deserve and secure the patronage of the public.
FREDERIC A. HARTWELL.
Woburn, Nov. 5, 1864.—1y

DR. C. T. LANG,
Surgeon Dentist.
Cor. Wynn and Pleasant Sts.
Woburn Centre, Mass.

J. C. BODWELL, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
No. 4, WADE'S BLOCK,
WOBURN.
OFFICE OPEN AT 7 P. M.

With CHARLES ROBINSON, Esq., Charles town, during the day.
dec. 10-1y

Magazines for January.
ATLANTIC, GODEY, HARPER, PETERSON, DEMOREST, LESLIE, LADY'S FRIEND.
For sale at Woburn Bookstore.
Woburn, Dec. 17.

1865
DIARIES
FOR 1865,
For sale at WOBBURN BOOKSTORE.
dec17

COLTSFOOT ROCK,
A POPULAR
ENGLISH COUGH REMEDY,
is selling rapidly at Brigham's & Wade's Block.
dec24

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.

Hovey's Balm
FOR THE
HAIR.

Half a gross of this valuable preparation for sale by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.
dec24

WILLIAM WINN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Orders left at the Journal office will receive prompt attention.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street

PETROLEUM!!

COLL J. TURNER,

118 WATER STREET,
NEW YORK,

Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE

DIVIDEND PAYING

PETROLEUM

OIL COMPANIES.

Parties desirous of making investments in

These Money-making Schemes,

may rely upon his knowledge of the various Companies, and for his integrity and business qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Editor of this paper, and to

MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER,

107 & 109 STATE STREET,
Boston.
dec 31-3m

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL

BOOK AND JOB

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ESTABLISHMENT,

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WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS, INSURANCE POLICIES, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, PROGRAMMES, PAMPHLETS, ORDER OF EXERCISES, LEGAL BLANKS, BILL HEADS, CATALOGUES, SERMONS, NOTE BOOKS, BLANK RECEIPTS, BUSINESS CARDS, ADDRESS CARDS, BALL CARDS, ORDER OF DANCES, SHOW BILLS, POSTERS, AUCTION BILLS, SHOP BILLS, MILK BILLS, LABELS, &c., &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

C. S. ADKINS,
DEALER IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS, CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a good assortment of

Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Sand, Mucilage, Sealing Wax, and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store.

Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day. Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental. Violin and Guitar Strings. Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality.

Also, Hovey's HAIR BALM, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

"TOWNSMAN" BUILDING,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 17.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

A Soldier on the Draft.

The clouds of war were bright'ning fast
As through the land a message passed:
It came from good old Uncle Sam—
Dated Washington—signed Abraham.

Its purport was, as you must know,
That the boys at home should soldiering go,
And it made them shiver as they read it o'er,
And stared at the three hundred thousand more.

"I'm sick," says one; "I'm sick, you see;
Soldiering never will do for me.
So I'll rack my brains and hatch a plan
To get my name from the enrolling man."

"And I," says another—"I'd like to go,
But I've got a corn on my little toe;
I've got a loose tooth, and so, you see,
Soldiering never'll do for me."

Another says, "I'd like to fight,
But I have a difficulty with my sight;
I'm hard of hearing too, you see,
So soldiering never'll do for me."

Another coolly talks of the draft,
For he's got a substitute, and got him fast;
So he talks very bravely, for he doesn't fear
Uncle Abe or drafts for at least a year.

Now, boys, we'll give you a little advice:
Before you're calling consider twice;
Uncle Sam wants men, and some must go
To fill the ranks and fight the foe.

Then, boys just think this question o'er;
Don't be scared at the thousands more;
But remember that each of you to a man
Is part and parcel of Uncle Sam.

A Night with a Ghost.

BY CHAS. EDWIN HURD.

Some years ago there stood, and I believe still stands, at the corner of Salem street and the Stoneham road in Medford an old two-story house, half the lower front of which was occupied as a confectionery and fancy bread store, and attached to the rear of which was a bakery. It was then occupied by a young man intelligent and energetic, who had recently gone into business, and whose every moment was devoted to its advancement. Certain circumstances, which it concerns not my reader to know, threw me into connection with this gentleman, and I became an intimate friend of his family for several months. For my own reasons I sought to make no acquaintance outside. I preferred solitude. I rarely attended church, for at that time I entertained peculiar theological ideas. My Sabbaths were in fair weather spent upon a hill a mile back from the village, where I read, wrote and wandered from early morning until sunset. My opinions have somewhat changed since then, but I still believe I might have done worse.

Between the owner of the establishment and myself there sprang up, or rather always existed, an habitual reserve. Not from any dislike, for he had my full respect, and deserved it, but the cares of his business demanded his whole attention, and he was, besides, too much of a gentleman to evince a curiosity to know more of my affairs than I chose to reveal.

At that time I contributed somewhat to a literary journal, and occasionally visited the city to carry in MS. and purchase books. I seldom saw my friends while there, and few of them knew my whereabouts. So my life passed on with nothing to vary its everyday monotony, or excite a feeling above the common routine of daily still-life.

I have written thus much, though it has no particular bearing on my subject, because the reader can perhaps better understand my habits and situation, and more easily account in his own mind for what I am about to relate.

One night—a wild, rainy, windy night in April, not cold, but with a wetness in the air that seemed to penetrate to the bones—I had been into the city to visit a family with whom I had formerly boarded, and notwithstanding their invitations to stop, set out at a late hour on my return. I half repented as I stepped from the brilliantly lighted hall into the outside darkness, and would have turned back, had not my refusal been so peremptorily given. Had I done so I might have escaped what in all the years since then has been slowly wearing away my life.

From Green street I passed down Gough into Merrimack, and from its then dangerous precincts into Haymarket Sq. It was very dark, and the wind, as I turned the corner, blew the chill rain in my face, and tugged violently at my raglan, which I had thrown on loosely, and was now obliged to grasp tightly to prevent being carried away. As I entered the square, in a sudden lull of the wind I heard a voice, in so close a proximity to me that I started, and flung out my arm on that side whence it seemed to proceed.

There was nothing. I stood for a moment, the cold sweat starting from every pore. Then, as I lifted my foot, it came again—a hollow, unnatural, crying sound, not loud, but distinct, as if the lips of the utterer had been at my ear, and had striven to break into words the silence it might have kept, God knows how long. Not another sound—no voice—no plashing of footsteps on the wet pavement—nothing but the rushing of the wind and the gurgling of the rain-swollen gutters in the darkness. Overcome with terror I plunged forward, until reaching Causeway street, the long line of lights across the bridge partially dispelled my fears, and I slackened my pace.

When about half-way across the bridge I became conscious of a Presence—nothing human—nothing that I could here, or see, or feel—but it was there—I knew it! I knew it was walking beside me, its face turned to mine, as truly as if its hand had palpably grasped my own. I felt that there was no escape from it even should I plunge into the current below. And I went on. I dared not think of the long road which stretched before me in the darkness, and dreaded to leave the dim street-lamps which skirted a part of my way. On and on I went, through the square and down Main street, until the last light twinkled far behind me. The Shape still kept close by my side, invisible still, but once or twice there was a fancy that its hand touched my arm. I ran, I shrieked aloud and flung my arms about wildly in the vain hope to rid myself of it. I dreaded a repetition of that fearful sound which I now knew proceeded from its lips, and stopped my ears in its anticipation. I had now arrived at what was then called Cutter's mills, just half my way home, and in the midst of that dreary moor lying between Charlestown and Medford. A light was moving about in the mill-yard, and in an agony of hope and fear I sprang towards it, shouting at the top of my voice. There was an immediate answer, and the light moved in my direction. It was carried by the owner of the establishment, who for some reason was abroad at that late hour. He started on seeing my pale face and frightened look, and hastily asked the matter. As the light flashed from the lantern into his face and I knew I was no longer alone, a feeling of relief came over me, and my nerves, which had been strung to their utmost tension, relaxed, leaving me the next moment weaker than a babe. Another, and, thank God, the thing was gone! I stammered an apology, pleaded sickness, and called for a glass of water. My request was readily complied with, and, following to the house, I stood upon the step till he fetched the water, when, thanking him, I turned again into the darkness.

Hurrying on in the face of the wind and rain, which now came more furiously, I expected every moment to feel the fingers of the Shape catching at my cloak, or hear again the dreadful cry which still rang in my ears. But nothing came, and at three o'clock I reached home, half dead with terror, nerves slackened, and scarcely able to speak above a whisper. I tried the doors. They were locked. There was but one other way to obtain entrance, and that I tried. The roof of the bakery gave opportunity to reach a second story window, opening into a chamber off which was my sleeping apartment. With the aid of a barrel I climbed the low roof, and pulling myself along reached the window, which being partly open, I entered with ease. My flight had now in a great measure abated, and I drew a long breath of relief as I dropped from the sill softly into the room.

Dripping wet and chilled through, I experienced yet a deadlier thrill, as feeling in the dark for my door, something seemed to pass suddenly before me, and I knew the phantom was with me again! I hastily flung off my garments, and burying myself in the bedclothes, strove to sleep. Tossing and turning for an hour I at last fell into an uneasy slumber, from which I was suddenly awakened by a sound as of singing, and a moment after a hand, slender and delicate as that of a woman, but cold as that of a corpse, was laid upon my burning forehead. For a moment the blood settled round my heart, but with a sudden effort I sprang upright in bed and called aloud. There was no answer. Nothing stirred. I could hear no step or breath, listened I ever so intently, and again closing my eyes I sank back, stupefied and exhausted, with a terrible fear that I was going mad. Time dragged on, and roused at last by the noise below, I sat up in bed, striving to collect my thoughts and looking back on the events of the past night as a horrid dream. It was broad day. The storm

had ceased, and the sun was shining brightly in at the windows. I rose and went down. Something was said at the breakfast table respecting my appearance, which I ascribed to illness, and the subject passed. For weeks I lived in nightly terror lest it should come to me again, but time went on, and growing bolder, I began to believe I had been laboring under a delusion.

One night, nearly six months afterwards, I was standing in front of the Arcade at Providence, waiting for a friend with whom I had an appointment, when a cold gust of air seemed to pass me, and close by my side—I could feel it, was the Thing! All my old terror came back, and I should have fled—I know not whither—when my friend appeared, and it vanished suddenly as it came. After this, for three months it visited me often—sometimes twice a week, and then ceased altogether. Nearly two years passed by, when, in the midst of a terrific gale in the Bay of Fundy, during which we narrowly escaped getting wrecked, it came again. I was lying in my berth, sick, and unable to stir, and waiting the death I expected every moment would bring, when the hand was laid upon my forehead and drawn slowly across, brushing my hair aside with its motion. This time it brought no terror, and closing my eyes I let it depart at its will. Still later, and scarcely a year since, while walking one evening on the desolate Cape Negro coast, I heard the voice, clear, distinct, and with the same unnatural, thrilling tone as at first. It is impossible to describe it or its effect upon me. It was as if some desolate spirit, cast out from its fellows, had striven to break through the mysterious veil which hangs between the bodily and the spiritual, and wail its un-revealed agony into the ears of some one who might guess at and pity its misery. For weeks I dreaded its repetition. It never came again, however, and I trust never, until the eternal gates close upon me, shall I again listen to its utterance.

A thousand times I have tried to persuade myself that it was imagination, but reason cries out against it. When I least expected it, then it came—when I waited and watched and dreaded, it came not. In this life it is and will be a mystery—but as surely as there is a world beyond, so surely do I know that it will there one day be made plain to me. —[Sunday Morning Leader.

OIL ON THE BRAIN.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Parkersburg, Va., gives the following description of the a-oil-pervading mania in that locality:

"If you want to be bored, come to this oil region. Here's the place where you bore and get bored. It's nothing but oil from morning till night—oil on paper—boiled oil—people talk, write, sleep and more oil. Ask a man how far it is to Charleston:

"Twenty-six miles from Slabside's oil-spring."

"What time does the steamer leave for Wheeling?"

"Just as soon as Sloum's oil is loaded."

"What was the fight about yesterday?"

"Oil."

"Jenkins married an oil well yesterday—or just as good—married Miss Snifkins, whose father struck 'till a few days ago."

"Snifkins hadn't time to go to his wife's funeral last Tuesday—his 'le would run over."

"Preachers preach about oil being poured upon the troubled waters, and say this is the very spot where the oil for that occasion comes from."

"I slept on four barrels of oil last night—every body full. The entire country looks greasy, people have oily tongues, and your oil-factory nerves are strongly impressed with the terrible stench. Everybody has territory for sale, and there are plenty of deals and their money, who anticipate the realization of the Baron Munchausen stories that are afloat."

Every sharper has a man of the region, and can tell a stranger exactly where the nicest spot is—he has been there, knows the place, but is short of funds—has no personal interest in the matter, not he indeed. But in mere matter of friendship advises you to buy there and then, do what he is doing—bore and oil must come.

The Boston Mercantile Academy, which we advertise in another column, is centrally located in one of the pleasantest parts of Boston, corner Summer and Washington streets. The course of instruction is thorough and practical. Every young man and lady should avail themselves of its advantages.

THE JEREMIAH of the organ of Davis has done this good. It has added an adjective, of uncommon descriptive power, to the vocabulary of treason, and one for which the future historian of these days will be duly grateful. This adjective is "panicky." The editorial, says the Richmond Examiner, "emanated from a panicky mind." This is a kind of mind which is apt to be contagious, especially when the leader of a conspiracy has it so badly.

Mrs. Partington must look to her laurels, or she will be eclipsed by some of the contrabands at the south, one of whom recently told an army officer that his master's horse had been "sophisticated" and put in front of an "avalanche."

A GOOD NAME.—A good name is above all price. Have you not found it so, young men; you whose well-known virtues have placed you in a position which you occupy with feelings of commendable pride? And you whose fame has been the target of envious tongues, have not you seen a good name to be the only breastplate that is impervious to the poisonous shafts of calumny? Gold and talent, what are these without a character? A light to render darkness visible; a gilding, which, by contrast, makes the substance more revolting? Cherish it, then, all ye who possess it; guard it carefully—for, depend upon this, its purity once trampled, the most unwearying effort will hardly restore it to its pristine luster. Let it attend you through the journey of life, crowning your days with peace and happiness. The rectitude which won it will engrave upon your face a letter of recommendation to people of every nation and tongue. And when the treasure is no longer needful to you, it shall descend to your posterity, a legacy with which millions on millions would not bear to be compared.

Memory.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Borne on the stream of time,
Sweet thoughts of former days
Come thronging with harmonious chime,
When memory doth raise
The footnotes of my early years—
A varied stream of smiles and tears.

Friends whom I dearly loved,
Thoughts that my spirit fired,
Bright hopes which faithless visions proved,
Sweet joys long since expired,
All from their ashes rise again,
Like living things within my brain.

And come dark sorrows too;
Tears shed long years ago
Arise once more and dim my view,
Phantoms of bitter woe,
Dim shadows of what once was keen
When frost first nipped my youthful green.

The fire-sting of pain
Knows sharp yet transient strife;
Sorrows which in the spirit flame
Expire but with life.
Oh, could sad Lethe's waters roll
And pour oblivion o'er the soul!

But ah, a sudden gleam
Of life's first, brightest part,
Like oil flows on the troubled stream
Of sorrow in my heart;
As when fair Luna's silver light
Breaks thro' the clouds and wakes the night.

The Broken Lantern.

BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

"John Dow, come back here, or you'll be sorry for it."

The back door was slammed impudently and a hurried step by the windows, told Mrs. Dow too plainly, that her son had grown entirely beyond her control, and tears filled her eyes when she thought that this wayward boy was the same little blue-eyed fellow, who, a few years before attracted every one's attention with his cunning ways and beautiful looks. Now he was a rough, uncounted boy, full of slang phrases and rowdy actions; Mrs. Dow sighed as she thought of this, but there was none but herself to blame; she had not tried to make the house more attractive than the street, but on the contrary, was continually scolding John for putting his feet on the sofa, leaning his head against the papered wall, putting his hands on the sides of the doors, and many other little things which it is certainly improper for children to do, yet it is well to teach them not to do by kind words and gentle remonstrances, not harsh and violent threatenings.

There was only one person that John Dow was afraid to disobey, and that was his father; but unfortunately, Mr. Dow's business compelled him to be absent from home a great part of the time, and therefore he could not give that attention to John which he needed.

When John left his mother so rudely, he turned his steps toward that portion of the village known as "down town." Here were located the engine house, the railroad station, an oyster saloon, and sundry other buildings where rowdy boys love to congregate. Gus Grub, Bill Bond, Eph Rumsey, and a few more of the same ilk were already on the ground when John reached there. They welcomed him with the coarse greetings so common among street loafers. The other boys were smoking cigars or cheap wooden pipes, so John flashed a piece of a cigar from a lot of trumpery in his pocket, and joined them. He thought it was a fine thing to be doing just what he had a mind to; but any shrewd observer would have seen a certain uneasiness about him, that betrayed a troubled spirit.

Pretty soon he saw his school teacher approaching, and a sense of shame at being seen in such company, and with a cigar in his mouth, led him to slink behind his associates, hoping that he would escape notice. But the keen eye of the school-master detected him, and as he passed he said, "Good evening, John;" but John thought he heard in those few words a tone of surprise and reproof.

A few minutes later, a group of young girls came along, and again the blush of mortification suffused John Dow's cheek, for these girls were acquaintances of his; he had been to their parties, and heard them express their disapprobation of the conduct of the very boys he was now surrounded by. It would have been a relief if the ground had yawned and let him down out of sight. They passed on, without any sign of recognition, which much disturbed John, but he consoled himself with the idea that they had not seen him. He would have thought quite differently had he heard them speak of him as "the rowdy Dow boy."

John began to think that they were in too public a place, so he proposed a walk; this was assented to, but first, Gus Grubb insisted upon going into the saloon to get a drink all round; then, muddled with the vile stuff they had imbibed, they turned up the main road for a walk. It was now quite dark, and they amused themselves by singing snatches of boisterous songs, and jeering at passers by. By and by they came to a place where the road was undergoing repairs; a deep trench had been dug, and in order to protect travelers from harm, a lantern was hung over it.

"Hallo, boys! here's a chance for fun!" shouted Dow, picking up a stone and throwing it at the light. "Let's see who can smash that lantern first."

So they all picked up stones and threw them, till one from Dow's hand shattered the glass and extinguished the light.

"Well done, John," said Eph Rumsey; "that was a good cluck for you. How the old fogies to-morrow will be inquiring about that smashed lantern! keep dark about it!"

Shortly after this, John Dow returned home. He always took care to be in the house before his father got there. On this occasion he found his mother sitting alone.

"Has father got home?" was his first inquiry.

"No, my son, but I expect him every minute. He said he should be at home early to-night," was the mother's reply.

John went up stairs to his bed, and was soon sound asleep. He was awakened by his mother, who stood by his bed and said, "John, John, wake up; it is twelve o'clock, and your father has not returned yet. You must get up and dress you. I fear that something dreadful has happened."

John reluctantly arose from his bed, and dressed himself. His mother's trembling voice and anxious face worried him, and made him feel frightened. He accompanied his mother down stairs, and was about going forth to see if he could learn aught of his father, when the sound of men's voices approaching the house was heard; in a moment more the front door opened, and three men entered, bearing the insensible form of Mr. Dow.

"A sad accident has befallen your husband, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, one of the men. "He was riding home, and drove right into a large hole in the road, near Judge Peterson's, where men had been making repairs. They put a lantern there, to keep folks off, but some rowdy boy broke it." They then laid the injured man on the sofa, and one of them went for a doctor. Poor Mrs. Dow was completely overcome with grief and fright; she fell on the floor in a swoon, and remained for some time insensible.

During this scene, the guilty boy stood trembling with sorrow and fear. The groans of his injured father, and the pale face of his mother made his heart writhe with remorse. He saw the dreadful consequences of his thoughtless mischief, and felt the misery it had brought upon him and upon his parents.

But the morrow had yet greater penalties in store for him. The physicians, after a careful examination, made the painful announcement that Mr. Dow would be crippled for life; and the Selectmen having offered a reward for the detection of the person who destroyed the lantern, John's companions met together, and decided to tell of him, both to save themselves from suspicion, and to obtain the reward.

It was a severe lesson to John, but it checked him in his sinful course, and opened his eyes to the dangers he was hastening to. With a mighty effort he

shook off the idle associates who had led him astray. He formed new habits, and became a comfort and aid to his parents. The sight of his poor crippled father sent a pang to his heart, which the longest stretch of time could not eradicate.

Boys, take care that no thoughtless or wicked act of yours shall embitter the lives of those who are your dearest friends, or give you an aching heart long years after.

OVERWORK.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing or in study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment; such was his practice. He died early and fatigued. There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four, is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves but cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, and if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences that very hour. It is the same with sleep, and any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival at the mad-house or the grave. This is especially true of brain work.

MONUMENT TO WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, JR.—At Rule's marble-works we observed, recently a beautiful monument to the memory of Major General Sherman's son, who died over a year since, in Memphis, while returning home with his mother from the Black River, where they had been visiting the General, and where, unfortunately, the boy contracted a fever. The monument was made by order of the 13th regiment of regular United States infantry, of which General Sherman was colonel four years since, and of which his namesake son, the deceased child, was, by general consent, considered a sergeant, having been elected to that position by the members of the regiment, who were very proud of him.

The monument is about two feet square at the base and six feet high. Above the rough ground base is the marble base, an eight-sided finely polished and ornamented block. Upon four of the faces inscriptions, and upon the other four between them, the American shield, with its stripes and stars. Surmounting the base is a full-sized tenor drum, with straps and sticks complete, and crossed, above this, two flags of the Union—all in beautiful white marble. The inscriptions are as follows:

"In my tabernacles I shall dwell forever. I shall be protected under the cover of Thy wing." Psalms L, 1.

"Our Little Sergeant Willie—from the 1st battalion, 13th United States infantry."

"Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, son of Wm. T. and Ellen E. Sherman. Born in San Francisco, California, June 8, 1864; died in Memphis, Tenn., October 3, 1863."

"In his spirit there was no guile."

"Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord." Psalms CXIX.—[Cincinnati Commercial.

HURRY.—No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring perpetually, but to no purpose, and in constant motion without getting on a jot; like a turnstile, he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he takes a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers. [Colton.

What constellation is like an empty fireplace? The great bear.

WOBURN:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

The Death of Edward Everett.

It is difficult to realize that EDWARD EVERETT is dead. He, who for so long a period has been called to pay tribute to departed worthies, now stands in need of eulogy himself. But who shall speak of him as he spoke of others, with all that kindly feeling, discrimination, and care to note character and services? Over what a wide space must the speaker pass, from the early period of nineteen years, when he was settled as pastor of the Brattle Street Church, and drew so much attention as a pulpit orator, down to our own times, when he was the orator of the land? How many places has he filled, and that with the highest honor,—Minister, Professor, President of Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts, Representative and Senator in Congress, Secretary and Minister to England! What man that has ever lived, has delivered so many orations on historic and patriotic occasions, literary festivals, benevolent gatherings, educational, manufacturing and agricultural assemblages? His lecture in all parts of the country, on "The Character of Washington," to revive patriotism and procure funds to purchase the Mount Vernon Estate, was something like an Apostolic pilgrimage through the land, or resembling the preaching of Peter the Hermit, to urge on the crusades.

Who can recount what he has done to aid others by advice and encouragement, and particularly among young men, who sought him so often, and found his mind so well informed and his heart and hand so open to respond to their calls?

His speeches in Congress, when collected together and published, will show his ability, and wisdom, and practical acquaintance with the affairs of the country. In behalf of the manufacturing interests, he labored in Congress, side by side with Webster and Clay. In our foreign affairs he showed himself among the most intelligent of statesmen, and often in discussion was more than a match for the ablest men of England.

We may look in his letters, should they be collected and published, for the finest models of epistolary writings, and for a prodigious amount of information on almost all topics of interest. The labor of writing these, and the talent and research they will display, would alone furnish fame of the highest character. Whether he unbosomed himself and wrote simple and playful letters, like Webster to his children and intimate friends, is doubtful, as he appeared reserved and has uniformly been so dignified in all his public performances; yet he had strong social affections and a kindly nature, and must have expressed himself often in affectionate and familiar utterances.

Mr. Everett was remarkable for his courtesy in debate and for the temperate use of language towards his opponents. He seemed never to forget that he was a gentleman and a Christian, as well as a member of a political party, and combating for the vital interests of his country. As he treated others in debate, he was himself regarded, and we recollect of no instance of insult, or abusive language towards him.

In his private character, Mr. Everett stands unimpeached and unimpeachable. Never has scandal in the highest party times, been busy with his name during the whole of his long life, now closed without a blot.

The death of Mr. Everett has shed a gloom over the whole land. He is almost the last prominent man in political life of the period when he was most active, and it is with saddened feelings that we contemplate his departure. The suddenness of his exit, too, so soon after his eloquent speech at Faneuil Hall in behalf of the Savannah sufferers, has come upon us with great surprise. We shall see him no more on earth. His voice will thrill no more the large audiences, who have been accustomed to wait upon his lips. His tall and manly figure, and countenance full of thought, we shall no more behold; but he still lives, and will live forever in his influence upon earth. He has been a flame burning to kindle other minds, and he will continue so. He has been a guide in our national affairs, and he will continue to give directions, for his counsels will be all but authoritative. He has passed on to take his place with the other stars that shine in our country's sky, and as Time passes on he will continue to shine in the circle of illustrious names, which have adorned our National life.

We have met with a great loss. Important work remained for Mr. Everett to accomplish. He would have aided greatly in measures of peace and union. Especially, is it a source of regret, that he did not live to propose, as he has proposed and labored to do for many years, a systematic treatise on the modern law of nations, more especially in reference to those questions which have been discussed between the governments of the United States and Europe since the peace of 1783. He was expected in the coming Spring, to give a course on National

Law, before the Law School at Cambridge.

The notice of the decease of this eminent orator and statesman, scholar and patriot, is honorable to the country as well as to the departed. President Lincoln, at the earliest possible moment, took measures to honor the memory of so great and good a man, his personal friend and able supporter. Congress has followed with its attention, and Gov. Andrew and our legislature, and various societies of which he was a distinguished member, and Harvard College, of which he was "the bright consummate flower" of all that she has educated, and was at one time her President, has expressed her sentiment of the greatness of the loss.

On Thursday, after appropriate services by the pastor of the Chauncy Street Church, and Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge, his mortal remains were committed to the dust. His soul has ascended to God, and we doubt not he has been welcomed as a good servant, faithful in many things even unto death.

He dies without seeing the end of our civil strife; but he was permitted some cheering signs of reconciliation, union and peace in his closing hours. He expressed himself once as willing to lay down his life, if thereby he could restore the country to its former united and prosperous condition. May we not hope, that his death, at this particular time, will so soften the public mind, so affect all ranks with a sense of vanity of human life, and recall his love of country, and devotion to it, as to lead to a more softened state of heart, North and South, that shall result in the re-union of the States and the upholding of the true government at Washington.

The New-England Hospital, for Women and Children, is now permanently established at No. 14 Warren street, Boston.

Its object is to furnish to the women of New England the ministrations of their own sex, and such isolation and peculiar care as are, in many cases, essential to successful treatment.

The opinions of some of our ablest physicians, and the fact that patients are often sent to us from the Massachusetts General Hospital, prove the necessity for a Hospital for the separate treatment of women.

It is no longer a question whether women can become successful physicians; and public sentiment demands that women who desire it shall have the advice of practitioners of their own sex.

The commodious house, No. 14 Warren Street, and three smaller houses on Pleasant Street connected therewith, have recently been purchased for the sum of \$20,000, of which \$13,500 have been already subscribed.

This is a most valuable property, admirably adapted to our use, and it has already enabled us greatly to extend the benefits of the Hospital.

We still owe upon the property \$6,500, and we need about \$4,000 to furnish and fit the buildings for use.

We therefore appeal, with confidence, to a generous community for the sum of \$10,000.

During the last year, 127 patients have been admitted to the Hospital, 120 have been visited at their own homes, and 1977 have been treated in the Dispensary.

About one-half the patients in the Hospital were from the various towns in New England.

It is, therefore, not to Boston alone that we look for the means of carrying on the work, but to the kind-hearted throughout New England.

Thousands of women in our cities and large towns have no homes in which to find refuge in sickness.

Thousands of the abject poor live in damp cellars, or unfurnished, crowded, filthy attics. Unfit habitations in health,—what must they be in sickness?

The wives of brave men who have nobly laid down their lives in battle appeal to us.

Gladly we do for the soldier,—shall we not also provide for those dearer to him than his own life?

Give us, then, a portion of the abundance with which God has blessed you, to be used for the comfort of the suffering and the needy; and accept the assurance that whatever you may entrust to us, shall be dispensed with the most rigid economy. Subscriptions may be sent to the Hospital, 14 Warren Street, to the Treasurer, F. W. G. May, Esq., 1 Broad Street, or to Mrs. ELLEN C. JOHNSON, 78 Temple St., Mrs. L. G. FRENCH, 8 Asylum St., J. H. STEPHENSON, 12 Arch St., Committee.

BOSTON, Jan., 1865.

PORT FISHER CAPTURED.—The welcome news of the capture of this stronghold of the rebels, the key to the port of Wilmington, into which so many blacked runners have made their way, comes to us in an authentic shape, and the whole loyal North is rejoicing over the result. Our loss in men and officers, was heavy. The enemy suffered severely. We captured 72 cannon and 2500 prisoners.

The Paris correspondent of the London Star says there is scarcely a street in Paris which does not contain its establishment of baths, which are daily crowded. The society for hot baths for the poorest children distributed last year 38,967 tickets.

SUICIDE.

On Tuesday afternoon last considerable excitement prevailed, occasioned by the suicide of Mr. Daniel Young, of the firm of Young & Blake, of Woburn. He had made several unsuccessful attempts at preparing a composition used in the business, and had met with slight losses, and being a man of sensitive temperament, it led to a depression of spirits, to which only, the act can be attributed. He was first missed at eleven and a half o'clock, by his partner, Mr. Blake, who upon going into the packing room, whither Mr. Y. had gone to prepare a box to go by the noon express, found he was not there. Mr. B. proceeded to the express office to see if he had been there, and finding he had not, from thence to his house, when he learned he had not been to dinner. Somewhat alarmed, he retraced his steps to their place of business, where he discovered the clothes of the deceased hanging in their usual place, and missing the key to their storehouse, he went out and discovered him suspended by the neck to some bars overhead, which had been used formerly for drying purposes. The bar was but six feet from the floor, so that in order to strangle himself, he was obliged to draw up his feet.

An inquest was held by Coroner T. J. Porter, H. Collamore, Foreman, Augustus Roundy, Munson Johnson, Jonathan Garland, B. T. H. Porter and Walter Wyman, as Jurors, who rendered the following verdict:—"That the said Young came to his death by hanging. Cause unknown to the Jury."

Mr. Young was about thirty-nine years old, and was a carrier of enameled leather, and was for a number of years engaged in the same business in Stoneham. He was a person of excellent character and was much esteemed by his workmen. He was a man of considerable property, and nothing but insanity could have led him to commit the act. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss.

His remains have been carried to New Hampshire for interment.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.—We understand three of the youngsters who lately ran away, have returned. One of them was found by his brother in the hands of a recruiting officer, who was trying to ship him in the navy. The other two went to Washington, where they applied to the Sanitary Commission for employment, when they were discovered and their parents made acquainted with their whereabouts, who forwarded money to express them home, but there being a discharged Woburn soldier—Mr. Stephen Seaver, of the 59th Mass. Reg.—home-bound, they were entrusted to his care, and arrived home on Tuesday night last, wiser, we trust, from their experience.

NATIONAL BANK.—It will be seen by reference to another column that the Directors of the Woburn Bank, at a special meeting held January 9th, voted to become a Banking Association for carrying on the business of Banking under the laws of the United States, and are now taking the preliminary steps required by law.

EDWARD EVERETT.—We noticed that all the flags in this vicinity were at half mast for this famous orator and statesman, on Thursday last, as an expression of respect and sadness felt for the departure of him who had long served in foremost ranks in the nation, nobly sustaining his reputation, integrity and honor. "Lo! a mighty man hath fallen."

THE ENGLISH DISSENTERS.—The fourth lecture on the People and Institutions of England, delivered by the Rev. J. C. Bodwell, on Thursday evening last, was well attended, and listened to with due interest. These lectures have been very instructive, and the cheapest literary entertainments ever offered to the public. The next lecture finishes the course. Subject:—"Johnny Bull and Brother Jonathan."

LYCEUM.—Owing to the sudden death of Hon. Edward Everett, his nephew, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, was unable to fill his engagement with the Lyceum on Tuesday evening last, and the vacancy was filled by the Rev. Mr. Heyworth, of Boston. He spoke graphically of the immensity of the rebellion, the opposition to our cause in Europe, and the prospect of our success in the future, illustrating his lecture with scenes from personal observation while in the service. The attendance was not as large as usual on account of the storm; but those who did attend were well paid for battling the Furies.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Webster Colcord, who for the past three years has rendered efficient service to the country, and for some time past has been a clerk in the employ of W. C. Brigham, has purchased an Apothecary establishment in Lynn. He is an industrious and energetic young man and has our best wishes for his success.

Since the above was in type we learn that Mr. W. Snow, who served a clerkship of two or three years with Mr. B. W. Conant, is to be a partner with Mr. Colcord. He is promising young man, and we hope will receive the patronage and meet the success he so much merits in the community to which he has gone.

The Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission will hold its second Annual Meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, in the large society room in the Congregational church. A punctual attendance of all ladies interested in the Sanitary Commission, whether connected with the Soldiers' Aid Societies or not, is earnestly requested at 5 o'clock as business of importance will come before the meeting. Gentlemen are respectfully invited to be present at 8 o'clock.

The friends of the Commission will be gratified to know, that, at this meeting, there will be no appeal on behalf of the Commission for pecuniary aid.

We are under obligations to WRIGHT & POTTER, State printers, for a copy of Gov. Andrew's Address to the Legislature. As a specimen of beautiful printing, it will challenge admiration wherever seen.

NEW ORGAN.—The Baptist Society of Woburn have removed their old organ from their church, and are about having a new one built. We understand they are to make some new improvements on the church.

ADVERTISING AGENTS.—A large class of men, who wish to live by fraud, have, for a few years past, been extensively engaged in swindling newspaper proprietors. They are to be found in all our large cities. They procure advertisements from business men, and receive pay therefor, but they rarely, if ever pay the printers, who fill their columns with notices sent out by them. It is high time that the country press should totally exclude all advertisements received from these bogus concerns, and also refuse to insert most medical advertisements not paid for in advance. We long ago adopted this course, having, in times past, been extensively swindled by some of the sharper who practice the trade in Boston and New York.

There are good and reliable men, however, in the business, and what we have said above cannot apply to them. We delight to do business with such firms as the Pettengills, and the Peasles, who are always prompt and honorable. William Wall, of Boston, also, is a reliable man, whom our friends can confide in. But where we find one honest agent, we can count twenty dishonest ones. Let the press be true to itself, and the career of a host of rascals, who fatten on the credulity of honest publishers, will speedily find an end.

MASONIC.—On Monday evening last, while the Mount Horeb Lodge of Free Masons were in session in this place, they were agreeably surprised by a visit of the W. M. and some twenty members of the Mount Taber Lodge, of East Boston. The brethren were received into the Lodge in due form, and after the business of the evening was concluded, they were invited to and partook of a bountiful collation, prepared in excellent style by the worthy host of the Central House. The evening was far advanced when the company separated, most of the brothers joining in the song of "Home, Sweet Home," at the close of the entertainment. The occasion will long be remembered by the members of Mount Horeb Lodge, as one of much interest and unalloyed pleasure.

WESTERN FARM LANDS.—The fact has been observed that large tracts of Western farm lands, formerly among the most valuable, are generally deteriorating, resembling in some degree the worn-out lands of older States. Mr. Klippart, secretary of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, in a recent address, speaks at considerable length on this topic, presenting a view of agriculture in Ohio by no means encouraging. The product per acre is less than it was forty years ago; the number of farmers was 4,690 less in 1860 than in 1850; many are selling their farms, and seeking the virgin soil of the West; there are very few farmers in the State who would not sell their farms were there purchasers in the market. Not in fifty really intends to remain permanently on the farm he now occupies, provided he can make an advantageous sale. These statements are employed as arguments in favor of a State agricultural college, ignorance of practical farming being, as alleged, at the root of the difficulty.

ENOCH ARDEN. By Alfred Tennyson. The universal interest felt in this charming poem has induced Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Mr. Tennyson's American publishers, to issue a twenty-five cent edition for popular reading, in addition to the other and more costly editions which they publish.

A young chorister proposed to his pastor, to improve this verse in Dr. Watts' hymn:

"O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

He wished it to read thus:

"O may my heart be pure within,
Like David's sacred violin."

To which the parson replied, "would it not be preferable, sir, to read it thus?"

(sarcastically.)

"O may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like King David's sacred fiddle."

Little three year old Mary was playing very roughly with the kitten—crying it by the tail. Her mother told her that she would hurt pussy. "Why, no, I won't," said she, "I'm carrying it by the handle."

For the Journal.
Mr. EORON.—Your South Reading department, I am sorry to know, is discontinued; for it was read with much interest by your patrons in this town. I hope, however, that our excellent friend "M." who is in the way of learning all that is important here, will contribute an occasional article, that we may be kept "Journalled" up in matters of interest pertaining to this place. The Journal has long made its weekly visits to my family, and my children are impatient to run to the P. office and bring home the "Middlesex." And I desire to speak for it these words of commendation. It is a safe publication to bring into our homes. Its sentiments and language are moral and refined; and I do not feel constrained to look its columns through, before committing it to the perusal of the family. In relation to the moral enterprises of the times it has ever taken high ground. It has been the friend of education; and during the "cruel war" it has been patriotic, vigilant and true. It deserves ample success.

To the end that it may increase its means for good, a single suggestion, even if it meet not your approval, will inflict no harm. My suggestion is that a column, weekly, if no more, be specially devoted to the welfare of the youth and children of the community, that their interest in the Journal may be more personal one, their love for it increased, and they, by its sound instructions, moved to deeds of wisdom, virtue, charity and truth.

Several of the best and most popular family papers in the State devote a portion of their space to the juvenile members of society; and I have had frequent opportunity to know that parents as well as children, are interested and benefited by the arrangement.

Yours truly,
GREENWOOD, Jan., 1865.

WINCHESTER.

LAND DAMAGES.—The Referees in the case of damages to Mr. Everett's premises, made up their award last Saturday, and communicated it to Mr. Everett on the evening of the same day. The amount awarded was \$10,400, and interest thereon, making in all \$11,500. This is only about one third of the amount of damage claimed.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—Lyceum Hall presented an unusual and somewhat novel sight on Wednesday evening of last week. Although the hall has been used for a great many kinds of performances, in addition to its religious uses heretofore, it has never to our knowledge afforded an opportunity to the lovers of dancing to "trip the light fantastic toe" within its walls, until somebody inaugurated this opening one. On that evening, quite a number of our citizens, with their wives and daughters, and young men and maidens gay, indulged in their favorite pastime to the inspiring strains of music, and seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly. Many were present as spectators and looked down from the gallery upon the scene with curious eyes, and, in some instances, longing countenances, which indicated their desires. The success of the gathering, which was somewhat an experiment, has suggested the contemplation of having more of the same kind. The occurrence of this affair has created no little talk in this staid, Puritan community.

GEOLOGY.—Prof. Gunning, whose course of lectures on Geology is remembered with pleasure by those who were privileged to hear them last winter, commenced another course of six lectures on last Saturday evening, in Lyceum Hall, which are to be continued on the next consecutive Saturday evenings.

The tickets are very reasonable in price, and those who would be really instructed in this important subject will not fail to be present to learn those great truths in the world's history. EXCELSIOR.

SHAMEFUL OFFICIAL ABUSES.—Melville N. Jones, of Brighton, who went to Tennessee in November last with many others from different sections of the country to labor in the Quartermaster's Department, reports to us that most of those who responded to the advertisements here and elsewhere, have been subjected to outrageous treatment. The contract was that laborers should receive \$45 a month, good treatment and transportation. Mr. Jones states that the men were half starved (and his personal appearance indicates the truth of his statement in his own case), and that too when there were ample supplies. He saw forty-two men placed in the penitentiary at Nashville, on the 5th inst, for the crime of going to the quartermaster and asking for something to eat. A great many who have been taken sick have died from not receiving suitable medical attendance. The contract being for six months, many who would gladly get away are compelled to remain.

On arriving in Tennessee, Mr. Jones agreed to engage in the dangerous and laborious service of logging on the Cumberland River, in consideration of receiving \$15 a month additional. Having an opportunity, fortunately, to get his discharge a few days ago, our informant states that he was paid at the rate of \$45 a month, with no allowance at all for transportation. He was obliged to wait sixteen days after his discharge before he could receive any pay, and was then compelled to take government vouchers and submit to a shave of eighteen cents on a dollar to get them cashed. It is stated that during the recent military operations in Tennessee those who contracted to labor only, and were ninety miles distant from the scene of operations, were compelled to take up arms. Those who refused were discharged with no pay whatever. Our informant states that he, with others, experienced constantly the most abusive and outrageous treatment. The matter should be laid before the proper authorities and the facts rigidly investigated. Intemperance on the part of the assistant quartermaster in charge of the laborers is alleged to be one cause of this brutality.—(Boston Journal.)

A good Overcoat for a little money at J. W. Hammond's, Lyceum Building.

AMENDMENTS TO THE ENROLMENT LAW.—The following amendments to the enrolment law will be urged by the Military Committees of Congress:

"The payment of half of the bounty at the expiration of the term of service, and the other half in quarter yearly instalments during the term; one making principals responsible for the good conduct to their substitutes, and liable to immediate service in the army if the substitute deserts; another abolishing the substitute system entirely, and establishing a few exceptions, with power to Provost Marshals to grant others in certain cases; another holding the property of drafted men subject to confiscation if they run away; and still another to forever disfranchise deserters and drafted runaways."

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.—The following is the ordinance of emancipation just passed the Missouri State Convention, by a vote of 60 to 4:

Be it ordained by the people of the State of Missouri, in convention assembled, that hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, and all persons held to service, or labor, as slaves, are hereby declared free.

MARYLAND.—The inaugural address of Governor Swann, of Maryland, contains the following passages in relation to emancipation in that State:

"The history of the past abundantly shows that slavery has conferred no benefit upon Maryland. It has been a stumbling block in the way of her advancement. The same is true of all the agricultural or grain-growing States. Her people have felt the effect of its degrading influence, and her growth has been retarded by exclusion from her borders of both capital and population. The state of Maryland at this time represents a large aggregate of productive capital—notwithstanding the loss of her whole slave population—as the immediate and practical result of her proclamation of emancipation, than she has ever done at any former period of her history."

"The capital represented by the slave population of Maryland before the war broke out amounted to more than thirty-five millions of dollars, at the then existing and recognized standard of valuation. In any view which may be entertained of its actual productiveness, it may be inferred how many and large interests must have become involved with it, and how serious the temporary inconvenience occasioned by the withdrawal at once of so large a working capital. In reply to the argument that the offer of Congress was formally rejected by the representatives of the border slaveholding States, it may be claimed that the first and only authorized response of the people of Maryland to the offer of Congress was the abolishment of slavery, in accordance with the terms of the resolution. It may be that the pressure upon the national finances, caused by the heavy demands of the war, may delay somewhat the liquidation of claims growing out of the unvoidable destruction of property, both public and private, but I entertain the hope that the amplest justice will be accorded to the citizens of Maryland at some distant day."

Distinguished Kentuckians are very anxious for the passage of the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, and say that in that event Kentucky will immediately abolish slavery and take her place in the line as a free State and support the emancipation policy.

A new steam carriage from Bridgeport visited New Haven one day last week, accompanied by the Mayor of that city, the superintendents of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The car runs about twenty-five miles an hour, at an expense, as stated, of only \$7 a day. A New Haven paper says: "For running on short roads, or through the streets of cities, this car would strike every one as being just the thing, and we have no doubt that the demand for them will be very large."

A physician, speaking of the frail constitutions of the women of the present day remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, because we shall never get any more.

A good story is told of a Yankee hackman who was engaged to convey two Englishmen about the environs of Boston, including of course, Bunker Hill. After going up and inspecting the monument they returned to the hack, where the driver was quietly waiting for them. "I say, driver," says one of the Englishmen, "this is the place where we Englishmen gave you Yankees a dem'd thrashing about eighty years since." "Well," says the driver, "don't know as I ever heard tell about that; but who owns the land now?"

A milk-peddler finding that his business was not just what it should be, resolved to take about and sell milk, instead of milk and water, as he had formerly done, and thus test the soundness of the old maxim about honesty. A day or two after he had effected the aforesaid change, he was told by one of his customers, a matronly old lady, that he had been no more milk to her. In great surprise he asked her the reason why.

"Because," said she, "the article you sold me yesterday was the queerest stuff

I ever saw. It had not stood there two hours when it had a nasty yellow scum on it. I must have the real sky-blue article that I have always been accustomed to have."

OBITUARY.

Died, in this town, Dec. 30th, 1864, Mrs. Almira A. Foss, aged 61 years, 11 months, 14 days.

After a short but distressing illness, borne with uncomplaining resignation, the subject of this obituary notice, passed, as she had lived, calmly and quietly away from the cares and ills of this life.

By the death of Mrs. Foss, the home of an aged partner has been darkened by the deepest shade of our afflictions—a home which had been gladdened by the sunshine of her kind, lovable, and genial nature, to within a few days of forty years; and although for several months past, a presentiment that she should not survive the year has been with her, her care and anxiety for the happiness of that home, has always been first in her mind, and in the last hours of dissolution her tender solicitude for it, and each dear one it held, was constantly expressed. To those children, so long the recipients of the purest love on earth, (that of an affectionate mother), this dispensation comes with its deepest shade of sorrow, and in sadness will they long remember the love of that mother; yet the days of her life have been such that these children can hopefully say of those days:—

"Oh! the days that are gone, they will have no returning. And 'tis wisest to bury the hopes that decay, But the incense that's purest and sweetest in burning Is oft placed where all around is fading away."

Mrs. Foss, had never made an open profession of her religious views; but to those who best knew her, it was manifest that she had an abiding faith and unfaltering trust in God. The Father, and all the works of his life, reminded us that she sat near the feet of her Lord and Master. That life, though quiet and unobtrusive, was a true life, gathering around its closing moments a halo of love and beauty as sweet, pensive, and chastening as the which the parting beams of a late autumn sun-set lay upon the fading robes of forest and field, so marked with the emblems of fullness, as they sink into the rest of winter. And it would almost seem, that a consciousness of this completion, filled that soul, while thus passing away, with visions of light from beyond; for from lips colorless as the marble, was breathed her dying words:—"Now let me rest." And to that rest, wife, friend, and mother, thou art gone, leaving behind a record which teaches us all to—

"So live, that when the summons comes to join The immortal crew, which shall never be To that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

J. G. K.

A good Overcoat for a little Money, at J. W. Hammond's, Lyceum Building.

The Newburyport Herald, speaking of divorces, says "in this little State of Massachusetts one per day would be a mere fraction of what annually occur. There are probably more in this little city in one year, than there were in a generation, in the whole State, prior to a century ago. There is a single law office here that does up more than one a month; and it is not uncommon to have fifty or a hundred upon the docket of a county court at one term. Go into the court, and one perceives that sundering the ties is not considered of any consequence. The whole process does not often consume more than a half hour, and perhaps not half of that. It may be the prevailing opinion that this is all right, and tells well on the community; but we cannot help believing that our entire action in the divorce business is demoralizing and degrading to the utmost extreme."

The visitors to the United States Naval Academy do not make a very flattering report of that institution. There is great carelessness in selecting candidates, the standard of scholarship is very low, and the Academy graduates less than twenty-five members a year, at an expense of \$15,000 to the government for each graduate.

The President has approved the joint resolution charging the President with the communication of a notice to the government of Great Britain of the wish of the United States to terminate the reciprocity treaty of 1854.

Admiral Porter states that he has never yet seen a vessel which came up to his ideas of what is required for offensive operations as much as the Ironsides. She combines very many good qualities; the most important is the comfort with which people on board of her live, though she would be no match for the Manadnock in a fight, the latter having more speed.

The venerable presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Thomas Church Brownell, D. D., died at his residence in Hartford, Conn., on the 13th inst. Few men have lived to better purpose, few die so universally lamented as the Bishop of Connecticut. He was a man of noble abilities, devout piety, and a faithful laborer in the church. Having attained the ripe age of 86 years, he sleeps well at the close of a long and useful life.

How ROWDIES ARE MADE.—We are firmly of the opinion that more youths are made vicious and corrupt by spending their evenings in the streets or in places of questionable resort, than in the broad daylight. Street education is not the best for youth by any means. If they do not engage in criminal acts, yet too many of the youth by spending their evenings away from home become rowdy, reckless as to conversation and acts, some should be made attractive, so that it will be the sentiment of each member of the church, "there is no place like home."

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
The first general order of the year from Governor Andrew, is one that will give especial satisfaction. A registry has been established, in the office of the Surgeon General, of our disabled officers and men, which gives the name, age, former occupation, date and place of enlistment, term of service, character of disability, references, present address, etc., of the disabled men. Files will also be opened where credentials of military and moral character and practical efficiency may be filed. "Any person having at his disposal a situation which might be filled by one of these disabled men, is invited to consult this Registry and File, and is called upon to neglect no opportunity to assist those who have so richly deserved our gratitude."

Special Notices.

WOBURN BANK.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn Bank, held on the 9th day of January, 1865, it was voted "That the President, Directors and Company of the Woburn Bank, may become a Banking Association, for carrying on the business of Banking under the Laws of the United States, its Directors having procured the authority of the owners of two-thirds of its Capital Stock, to make the certificates required therefor by the Laws of the United States, and do all other necessary acts."

In pursuance of said vote, and by virtue of the authority therein contained, the Directors having procured the assent of the owners of two-thirds of the Capital Stock, have this day determined to organize immediately as such Association.

E. J. JENKS, Cashier.

Woburn, January 16, 1865.

jan21—4t

"PHALANX ASSOCIATES."

A Special Meeting of the ASSOCIATES will be held at Armory Hall, this evening, January 21st, at 8 o'clock. All Members are requested to attend, as business of interest will be presented for action.

Per Order,

SPARROW HORTON, Sec'y.

Woburn, Jan. 21, 1865.

Mercantile Library Association.

DRAMATIC READINGS,

— AT —

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 24, 1865.

— BY —

Mr. Wyzeman Marshall,

AND

Mrs. J. W. Adams.

Programme hereafter in the Boston Papers.

Mr. B. J. Lang, Organist.

Tickets 25 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents; now for sale at the office of the Music Hall. Orders addressed to A. P. Peck, Superintendent of Boston Music Hall, will be promptly attended to.

jan21—1t

A CARD.

Editor of Journal. In reply to many letters and inquiries from people in this section of the country, the undersigned take great pleasure in saying through the columns of your paper, that our renowned preparation known as COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE, is a certain cure for Dyspepsia, in its worst stages. Many cures of long standing, within our own acquaintance, have been completely, and we believe permanently cured. It will stop distress after eating almost instantaneously, and enables the dyspeptic who has lived for years upon Graham bread and the plainest diet to eat as heartily as he pleases, and anything he chooses, without danger of distress, or souring, or rising on the stomach. It is an infallible corrector of indigestion and constipation, creates a healthy appetite, stops sick-headache, heart-burn, sickness at the stomach, pains, cramps, or colic in either stomach or bowels, and sweetens offensive breath, as soon as you take it, and by enabling the patient to take plenty of hearty food, which is the parent of health," produces vigor, strength and energy. In every trial we have known it has speedily eradicated Dyspepsia with all its attendant sufferings, weakness, debility, and loss of power, giving instead, a proper activity and tone to the stomach and organs of digestion, and as we confidently believe, and as the published certificates in our circulars, almanacs, and many of the leading Journals, from convalescent patients with confirm, completely, permanently, and almost miraculously "cure the worst case of Dyspepsia in existence." We warrant it in every way. It can be obtained at all the Drug Stores in the United States and Canada, at \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00.

C. G. CLARK & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

jan21—1yeow

Married

In Woburn, Jan. 15, by Rev. Eli Fay, Mr. G. H. Morrill of South Dedham, and Miss Louisa J. daughter of William T. Tidd, of Woburn.

In Boston, Dec. 31, by Rev. A. R. Baker of South Boston, Albert Carter of Woburn to Mary L. Clark of Henniker, N. H.

Died

In Woburn, Jan. 17, Daniel Young, aged 39 years, 2 months, 23 days.

In Woburn, Jan. 12, Mrs. Mary Nash, aged 50 years.

In Woburn, Jan. 17, Annie Laura Hurd, aged 7 years, 4 months, 12 days.

In Burlington, Jan. 16, Susan W. Cutler, aged 57 years.

In Burlington, Jan. 15, Mrs. Elizabeth Skelton, aged 50 years.

In Wilmington, Jan. 18, Daniel Gowling, aged 34 years, 6 months, 3 days.

In Malden, Jan. 16, of scarlet fever, Waldo Sherwood, only child of John H. and Henrietta Field, aged 3 years, 9 days.

The Circassian emigrants suffer terribly from destitution. The Levant Herald of the 21st ult., publishes correspondents from Kustontje, from which it appears that the Turkish authorities had requested the Russians to prevent any further emigration of the Circassians till next spring. Whether from a misunderstanding or otherwise, it now appears that 40,000 of these unfortunates have reached the shores of the Black Sea in a state of destitution. It is further said that the Russians have ordered them to continue their journey, declaring that if they remain on the shore, they will be left without any assistance whatever. These poor wretches have no alternative but that of perishing of hunger on the shore, or undertaking a voyage on the Black Sea in the depth of winter, even if the state of the weather enables the vessels to take them on board at all.

In England a restriction is placed on the gas companies by law, so that if the dividends exceed a certain per centage, the surplus falls to the Government.

Boston has 104 churches and halls open on Sundays for religious worship, and the average attendance is 68,470. The population of the city is 175,000.

BIRTH.

In Woburn, Jan. 15, a daughter to James Darmondy.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers was dissolved on the 20th of June last. The business will be continued as heretofore by Mr. BRIGGS.

RICHARD BRIGGS,

WILLIAM B. LYONS.

Woburn, Jan. 21, 1865.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed.

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 21st day of Jan. 1865.
To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertisements," give the date of this notice, and pay for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Briekett Ward Rountry Ann

Ball Emma A Sansone Marine

Hall Mary Stetson Zenas T

McDonough Martin Taylor Susan

Persons Selma Waldron William T

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

A FEW LOTS OF

LADIES' COLLARS

— AND —

Cuffs; also Chenille

NETS and KID GLOVES,

jan7 AT MRS. HALE'S.

MRS. HALE

Has a good assortment of

YARNS,

HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

— ALSO, —

BLUE, GRAY, RED,

and

FANCY FLANNELS,

LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS,

DRESS BUTTONS,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!

Round Combs,

Back Combs,

Waterfall Combs,

Hair Brushes,

Toilet Soaps,

— ALSO —

BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

SONTAGS, CLODS, HOODS!

— AND —

SKATING CAPS.

Also a nice line of

DRESS GOODS!

Cheap for the Times!!

dec31

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF INSOLVENCY.

THE undersigned has been appointed Assignee of the estate of ALFRED WILLOUGHBY, of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex.

The second meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the 29th day of January, present, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.

F. O. PRINCE, Assignee, 30 Court street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

WHEREAS, Alexander H. Field, of Winchester, has petitioned said Court, to grant him a letter of Guardianship of MINNIE F. SPARKS, of Stoughton, in said County of Middlesex, a minor; all persons interested are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if they have against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to publish this citation three weeks successively, in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the first publication to be fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and send a copy hereof, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each known heir of said minor, or her legal representatives, within two days after said first publication.

Witness WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this 21st day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-five.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

JOB PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

DR. POLAND'S, WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough.

CURES GRAVEL AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaint, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained so much favor as the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual, who was afflicted with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1860, an individual who purchased a bottle of the White Pine Compound, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' duration. This being truly a discovery, the secret was not intended to be kept, and the article, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known. There is a very natural reason for this. The bark of White Pine is one of the best diuretics known. It is quickly and soothingly always inflammation, that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medical qualities. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may here be given.

James Cartier, a bold French mariner, as early as 1534, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and first among civilized nations, explored the River St. Lawrence. On his return down the river, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by the disease called dysentery. Its ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease, but Cartier observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Cartier tried the same remedy, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This Tree was the White Pine.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and clearing all sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known everywhere, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold, and the rapidity with which it effects a cure, speaks well for the Medicine, that the people living where it is prepared, are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, and others, and indeed, from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious, not only in coughs and other pulmonary affections, also in all cases of indigestion, flatulency of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years resorted to your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and invaluable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetzer, of South Reading, writes: "Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to at once try the medicine. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and, in some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

Rev. H. D. Hoge, of West Randolph, Vt., who is also a physician, says:

"I find the Compound an excellent medicine in kidney diseases."

Says Mr. S. Moody, of the 11th Regiment Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, at Fort Mifflin, Pa.: "The White Pine Compound effected a cure where a fellow was considered in a critical consumption by all who knew him. I can fully substantiate this by men in this company, who thought it folly for him to make a trial of it. In colds and coughs, men leave the care of the surgeon, where there is no other remedy, and try the White Pine Compound."

Col. Gould, formerly Major of the 13th Reg't. M. V. (that Veteran Regiment) in a letter to Dr. Poland, Esq., of Stoughton, speaks in the highest praise of the White Pine Compound, and expresses a wish that it might be sent to the soldiers. His opinion is based on personal knowledge.

No effort has ever yet been made by the proprietor to introduce it into the Army, and yet it has often been purchased by friends of soldiers, to send in packages, and ordered by officers and soldiers, and large quantities have been forwarded by express.

FROM JAMES J. HOYT.

Bradford, N. H., Sept. 1860.
DR. POLAND.—In the Fall of 1857, I took a very violent cold, which brought on a severe cough, pain in the chest and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the Kidney Complaint. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, coughing up and raising an immense sputum, with a bad cough, after raising blood. I felt that my time here must be short, unless I could get relief. The last spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, when I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without coughing up and raising so much. I have since taken three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add that my father's family is inclined to colds and influenza, and my mother, and two sisters having died of it.

FROM STEPHEN HARTLETT.

Bradford, N. H., July, 1860.
DR. POLAND.—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of 10 years' standing, which caused me to spit blood frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But two bottles of your White Pine Compound cured me of both the cough and the Kidney Complaint.

I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours was so badly afflicted with a Cough, that she sat up only four or five hours in a day, and could not rest. She took only one bottle of your White Pine Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

FROM B. F. AIKEN.

Goldsboro, March 14, 1860.
DR. POLAND.—I wish to bear testimony to the value of your White Pine Compound. You will remember how feeble I was at the time I called on you in July last. My chief complaint was inflammation of the kidneys. In addition to other disagreeable symptoms, I suffered dreadfully from severe pain. You sold me a bottle of the White Pine Compound, and before I had taken two bottles the contents of one bottle, my pain had all left me. Though I have been afflicted with that complaint a long time, I have not had a return of it since, and for many months past enjoyed excellent health.

Many cases of DIABETES have been treated with the White Pine Compound, and the result has shown it to be a wonderful remedy in that so-called incurable disease. Here is a sample—

MR. ASA GOODHUE, of Bow, N. H., was so prostrated by Diabetes, in March, 1859, that neither himself nor any who saw him thought he could possibly live through the month. As a last resort, he thought he could try the White Pine Compound. They procured a bottle for him, he began to use it, and, to the surprise of all, he immediately showed signs of amendment. Eleven days afterwards, (Feb. 28, 1860), in a full statement of his case, he says: "I believe Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, under God, has been the means of my recovery thus far."

The White Pine Compound,

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, White Pine Compound, is made in future at NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT

106 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

Under the supervision of

REV. J. W. POLAND, M. D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed. Sold by wholesale and retail dealers in medicine everywhere. For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

For sale in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.

The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the

ATTENTION

— OF —

PERSONS in WANT of CLOTHING

to the Stock he has bought of Newell Stiles.

THE STOCK OF

Overcoats & Heavy Goods

MUST BE SOLD!

and will be sold for CASH at

Less than Wholesale Prices!!

THE STOCK OF

FURNISHING GOODS!

HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,

EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES,

and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.

J. W. HAMMOND,

Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65.

REMOVAL.

COAL, WOOD, &c.

THE Subscriber informs the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has removed his Counting Room to the yard formerly occupied by the Haywards, just below the Railroad Depot, where he will continue the Coal Business, in all its branches, as heretofore. He trusts, by giving strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand the different kinds of COAL, WOOD, &c., to receive that generous share of public patronage which has heretofore been accorded to him.

LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

Woburn Jan. 7, 1865.

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH

REMEDY.—The following strictly reliable and very important testimonial speaks for itself:—

LAWRENCE, Oct. 23, 1864.

MR. JOHN L. HUNNEWELL:

My Dear Sir—I was discharged from the army of the Potomac on the 17th of April, 1863, on account of a Cough, which had been on me seven months. It was so bad that I was told I could live but a short time. In fact, I was discharged to come home to die. I coughed almost incessantly, night and day, and the physicians told

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & C.
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office
Oct 18

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV : : No. 18.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SUMMER SNOW.

Once in a garden fair,
Huddling close their heads together,
Flowers were heard to whisper there;
"Oh, the change! April weather:
Far hence we saw them fly
Sullen frost and angry blast;
Not a cloud in the sky,
Yet the snow is falling fast!
Soft falls the summer snow.
On the springing grass drops light,
Not like that which long ago,
Fell so deadly cold and white:
This wears the rose's flush,
Faint, ere bloom had quite foregone her,
Soft as maiden's timid blush,
With the looks she loves upon her."

Then all the leaves o'erhead
Shook and stirred in merry scorn,
Light winds laughing through them, shed
Thickest shower that fell that morn;
"First falling one by one
Will ye name them, summer snow,
Blossoms giving not the sun
Time to kiss them ere they go!
All in such haste to die,
Fading, fleeting, one by one,
That the west wind in his sigh
Scarcely mourns that they are gone;
While we, each changeable hour
All the fiercer broader grow:
Waving light through sun and shower
Through the summer's fervid glow,
Round the fruit we cluster kind,
Fed with honey-dropping dew
Shielding safe from storm and wind,
But letting every sunbeam through,
Till warm it blazes bright,
And beneath our veiling shade
Peeps all ray forth to sight,
Then, and not till then, we fade!
Spells solemn, soft and strange,
Steal upon us and we show
In a rich and wondrous change
Brightest when about to go;
Till Autumn as he flies
O'er us shakes his torch of fire
Quick we flash in gorgeous dyes,
Kindling on our funeral pyre;
Then sings the waiting wind
Dirges o'er us, as we lie
Wept upon by droopings kind
From a sad and constant sky."

Then said these buds: We die
Not like you in splendor shined,
Yet we perish willingly—
We have left our fruit behind."
Word spake they never more;
Gentle souls! 'ere thus, methought,
Ye depart, but not before
All your quiet task is wrought;
Little missed or mourned below,
Slender record would ye find,
All your sweetness with you go,
But for fruit ye leave behind!

[Good Words.]

Captain Alicant.

One of the habitués of the Hominy House in the village of Hopkotch, New Jersey, was a short, thick-set, nubbly old gentleman, who had once followed the sea, and was in consequence called Captain Alicant. He inhabited a snug little cottage in the environs of Hopkotch, and spent a portion of each day in the bar-room of the Hominy House. He was a hard, weather-beaten old fellow, with such bad sight that he had to be led to the house by a boy and led back home again. But he never would acknowledge that he was blind. He used to sit in the window and gravely comment on the aspect of the outer landscape which he never saw, and criticise the appearance of neighbors of whose presence he was aware only by their voices.

The Captain was always accompanied by Punch. Not that I mean he carried a supply of the seductive but stimulating beverage of that name continually about him, but his invariable companion was a Skye terrier similarly christened; a sort of animated muff on legs; a quaint bundle of hair with large pleading eyes, affectionate heart, and a tendency to get continually into disgrace. Punch I regret to say, got into more disgrace on my account than on any other. I think I must have been his first love, for the day he met me he formed an attachment for me that was a source of unceasing annoyance to the Captain. He from that moment forward became a vagabond dog. He would not sleep home of nights, but would trot down at unearthly hours to the hotel, and sit whining and scratching at the door until I got up and let him in, when he would creep guiltily under my bed and sleep happy and contented until morning. The Captain was wounded at this display of affection for a stranger; and although he was too polite a man to mention the matter to me, his vows of vengeance on poor Punch for his derelictions were frightful. He had been, when at sea, seized of Tangier, and sold into slavery once himself, and I could gather from hints he let drop that he often meditated inflicting some such punishment on the traitor terrier; discovering some cruel and piratical dog merchant, and consigning the unhappy Punch to all the

horrors of servitude and starvation.

The ostensible object of Captain Alicant's daily visits to the Hominy House was the purchase of a certain piece of land which the General was very anxious to dispose of and on the verge of which purpose the Captain had hovered for the last ten years. Every day the General, in a magnificently indifferent manner, brought the matter up, and every day the Captain graciously entertained the scheme and indicated a final answer on the morrow. Then followed a scheme for a villa to be built—for Alicant was rich, and old Dubbley was in consequence deferential to him—improvements to be made, drains to be cut, vistas to be opened, shrubs to be planted; all of which visionary schemes were gravely discussed and the pair parted. One satisfied that the land was as good as sold, and the other that he had bought it.

There was one other subject on which the Captain invariably entered—always abusing himself for his weakness while he did so, but dwelling upon it in so fond and prolonged a manner that I could see his heart was in it.

Captain Alicant had an only son, who, at the age of nineteen, had committed a grave error; and, to avoid facing the ill-nature and scandal-mongering of that wretched village, he ran away from home, and had never been heard from since. I had never seen him, but report described him as a tall, rosy-cheeked, little-limbed young fellow, full of spirits and good-nature, and a general favorite with all the girls of the neighborhood. After he had slipped up, a number of persons were to be found who had always thought that there was something bad in his eye. His mouth and its expression were discovered to be indicative of criminality; and what had long passed for a fresh, attractive juvenescence of manner, was now proven to be the first symptoms of the showy recklessness of bearing which invariably accompanies criminality.

To all appearance, Arthur Alicant had no more deadly enemy than his father. The old gentleman was furious that his honest name, preserved as it had been by the salt of every sea on the globe, should be given as a sport to the world.

"The scoundrel!" he would say, savagely, when talking about it at the Hominy House, "I hope he's dead. As long as he lives I'm not safe. He'll turn up in some place or other as a thief or a murderer, and then we'll have an Alicant hung. That will be a pretty morsel for the papers, won't it? The son of Capt. Alicant, with a full genealogy of the family, and the victims dying speech, in which he alludes to his family—curse him!"

"There was no excuse for him, Captain—none whatever," solemnly exclaims General Dubbley, the brute who would have burned his mother alive, I verily believe, to serve his own interests, why, let him go—that's what I say. Honesty is the best policy, Captain, in the long run; and you remember what I say."

And the General concluded with a puff, as if his abscess of original thought had just then burst in his brain, and he felt all the better for having it off his mind.

"Give me another glass of that apple-jack, General," continues old Alicant, oblivious of the other's obsequious morality, "and don't put much water in it. I can't think what spell that villain can have thrown over Rose that she thinks so much of him. She always defends him. In my very teeth, sir! She says that his fault was only a piece of youthful folly; that I ought to search for him and bring him back. What do you think of that Dubbley?"

"Miss Rose is a foolish young girl, Captain. She don't know what she's after."

"She's not foolish, sir!" cries the Captain, instantly firing up. "She's one of the cleverest girls, sir, that I ever cast eyes on. There's not her match in the parish, sir. But," he continued, moderating his tone, for he occasionally perceives his inconsistencies, "she's in love with him, General. That's it. There's no accounting for women. But I'd rather see her dead and buried than married to such a scamp as that."

"He mayn't be alive, Captain. You ha'n't heard from him for four years," says the old heartless humbug, who is so blind as not to know that a father's heart is never dead to hope.

"That's true, Dubbley, that's true," answers Alicant, in a queer throaty kind of voice. "He's dead, mayhap. Well, with all his faults he was a handsome fellow, wasn't he Dubbley? Damn that dog! I'll hang him when I catch him; if I don't may I be—! Give me another

er glass of that apple-jack; and mind, don't put much water in it."

The Captain drinks his toddy in a stormy manner; but I, who am standing close to him, can swear that I see tears falling into the tumbler.

The following winter I had occasion to go to Hopkotch on business. It was one of the hardest seasons that we had for years. All landmarks were blotted out. Little more could be seen of the smaller farm-houses than their chimneys. Boys and girls rode in their rough sleighs across country, merrily dashing over buried fences and fields. Apple trees in the orchards were just able to thrust a few bare struggling top branches over the great white sea in which they were submerged like a drowning swimmer who, in his last agony, throws up his hands before he goes down. Snow-birds were dittering along the edges of barn-yards, pursued by boys with inefficient guns, which it required ten minutes to load, five minutes to cock, one minute to pull, and half a minute to go off—which, as you may imagine, was all the better for the snow-birds.

At his usual hour, of course, I beheld Captain Alicant drive up in his sleigh to the door of the Hominy House, in order, doubtless, to complete the purchase of the land for which he had been in negotiation so long. I should, perhaps, have said the Captain was driven, because the reins of the sleigh were held by a pair of tiny hands, nestled into large fur driving gloves, like birds creeping into moss warmed by the sun; and the hands belonged to a sweet, innocent face, with merry blue eyes, to which the long eyelashes just gave a dash of sadness; and face and hands and eyes, to say nothing of the little mouth that was absurdly small and beautiful, all belonged to Miss Rose Alicant, the grand-niece of the old lover of the seas, who would not buy Dubbley's land, and who would drink his apple-jack.

I had heard of Rose before. She was a sort of good fairy to the neighborhood. She used to drive about to poor people's houses, and always had something in her pony wagon to give them that made them feel better. A piece of beef for Christmas, or a turkey that she had raised herself. I don't mean these things were given as charities. Oh no! She gave them as delicately as you, reader, would send a specimen pair of capons from your farm to a friend. To be sure she might have got a greater reputation if she had gone about giving tracts instead of turkeys; but, somehow, she did not run to tracts—and yet she taught Sunday-school assiduously, and was the pet of the clergyman.

As soon as her grandfather was safely under the protecting roof of the gorgeous Dubbley, Miss Rose gave a flourish of her whip over the black pony, and off she glided on some one of her good natured missions, with Punch seated on the cushion, barking recklessly, and entering into the rollicksome of sleighing with an almost human enjoyment.

The sky all day was dull and lowering. As it wore on those thick, heavy, determined flakes of snow began to fall that are so eloquent of a coming storm. The wind rose too, and drove them before it like so many white pigeons blown thro' the sky in time of Equinox; by the time that Rose again appeared in her sleigh to drive the old Captain home—the very moment, too, when he thought that he was just about completing his purchase—the air was thick with snow, and the wind howled and tore round corners, and rooted up everything in its way, as if the demoniac swine of the Bible had been again let loose, and were galloping about the world.

The night came on, and it was awful! The weird noises of limbs cracking from the trees, filled the air with terror. The snow was driven here and there and everywhere by the storm, and was so buffeted that it oozed in through the cracks in the window sashes, and when once inside melted and died. It seemed as if there came down the hills of heaven, innumerable and gigantic coursers, wild as the horses of Seythia, with a mad rush, and snorting, and shrieks that split the night. I think old Dubbley was frightened; for I heard him get out of bed and go down to the bar-room, and I feel positive that his mission was to get some apple-jack to keep his courage up. But down at the old Captain's another scene was acting. I heard all about it a few days after.

He and Rose had gone to bed. The storm still howled, and they could not sleep. Their rooms adjoined, and presently the Captain heard Rose's voice calling at the bedroom door.

"Well, child?" growled the old Triton

"you're frightened, are you?" Oh, go to bed; there's no fear!"

"No, grandpa, I'm not frightened; only poor Punch is howling outside the hall door, and you have the key, and I want to let him in."

"Let him stay there, hang him, and freeze!" swore the Captain. "He's always going down to the Hominy House after that New Yorker there—that Massey. Let him stay where he is. I won't let him in!"

"Oh, grandpa, you will! The poor doggy! so affectionate, so fond of you and me! And he was so fond of poor Arthur! Oh, do give me the key, grandpa!"

"What's Arthur got to do with it? You're always talking about that scamp and bringing him in on every occasion. If Arthur himself was there I wouldn't open the door."

"But, grandpa, you must!" She knew her influence and used it when necessary. "If you don't, I'll—I'll—" Here Rose did not see any alternative; but before she could hit upon one the Captain, who always kept the house key under his pillow, threw it towards the door, saying, "There!—you always have your way. Let the varmint in; but mind, don't let him come all wet and dragged into my room. If you do, I'll hang him in the morning."

Rose vanished with the key. In less than a minute she was back breathless, panting, almost convulsed in her eagerness to speak.

"Grandpa, grandpa! For God's sake get up. There's a man lost in the snow. Oh! do get up."

"Why, child, you are growing crazy. What man? What's it all about?"

"Look, grandpa, look at this!" Punch brought this neckhanderchief in his mouth to the door, and he won't come in, but keeps running backward and forward and mourning like anything, and I know there's some one lost in the snow."

"By Jove, it looks like it!" cried the Captain, as he rose. "Rose, call the boy, and tell him to get a lantern. I'll go and look myself."

"Oh! don't go; you know your sight isn't good, and—"

"My sight not good. Bosh! It's as good as it ever was. I tell you I'll go myself with Tom."

"And me also, dear grandpa."

In a few minutes all was ready. Tom, the stable-servant, appeared with his lantern, and the Captain, when he descended, found Punch at the door in a state of frenzied delight at seeing the preparations for departure. He barked, and jumped, and ran a little way into the snow, and then returned, looking like a combination of bearskin and ermine, he was so snowy and so shaggy; and when at last the exploration party set out he sobered down somewhat, and ran a few paces ahead, looking back now and again to see that he was followed. It was hard walking that night, I tell you; but, fortunately, Punch's field of discovery was not far distant. Not a hundred yards from the cottage the light of the lantern fell on a black object lying in the snow, and Punch barking round it like mad.

It was a young man, ragged and pale and quite insensible. Rose, thoughtful as women always are, had brought along some of the Captain's choice old Jamaica and poured it down the poor fellow's throat. By this means they managed to revive and stagger him along to the cottage. A fire was lit in the parlor. Plenty of hot bottles and hot toddies, and all sort of hot things were provided by the cook and Rose, and at last the poor frozen wretch opened his eyes and gasped some inarticulate syllables. Rose, in order to hear what he said, stooped down with the candle in her hand, and put her ear close to his lips. Then she turned and looked at him for a moment. Then gave a wild shriek and fainted.

Here was a mess. The poor old Captain was bewildered. The cook and Tom ran and came and brought salad-oil for smelling salts, and generally misconducted themselves. The Captain, distracted with two patients, knelt down by Rose and chafed her temples. While doing so he felt a touch on his shoulder. A tall, gaunt, white-faced young man was standing over him. His voice was feeble and broken, but still the Captain heard him say,

"Father, let me try and revive her. I know she will come to if I touch her hand."

"Arthur!"

"It is I, father; will you—will you—?"

There was no answer to the timid question, but with one long sob of joy the father clasped the son in his arms, and in that moment all was forgiven.

The ensuing summer I went down again to Hopkotch with a valise containing my noblest dress suit. I was to wear it on the occasion of Arthur's wedding with Rose, to which I had a special invitation. The bridesgroom, in spite of his many hardships and pilgrimages—and he had suffered to starvation—was looking as joyous as a bobolink; and as to Rose, she was maddeningly bewitching. After the wedding I created a great sensation by solemnly decorating Punch with a collar made especially for the purpose, and bearing—as an allusion to his intelligence and affection in discovering the poor vagrant in the snow—the inscription: "I attend to you."

General Dubbley was highly indignant at not being asked to the wedding; but I confess I never thought so much of Captain Alicant's sense as on that occasion.

PILGRIM STANDFAST.—A staunch old pilgrim he was, as ever set out for the celestial city. No persecutions, nor any allurements of pleasure could turn him aside from the right way. Such a pilgrim was sturdy John Knox, who, when the lords of Queen Mary's court bade him stop his preaching, giving him but one alternative—silence or the gallows—would make answer: "My lords, you are mistaken, if you think you can intimidate me by threats to do what conscience and God tells me I never shall do. Be it known to you that is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven, or rot in the bottom of the earth."

The same steadfast blood beat strong in the heart of the martyr Hooper, when he went with a firm step to the stake. "I am come hither to end this life," he said, because I will not gainsay the truth I have formerly taught you." And when a pardon from the queen was set before him, he cried out in a determined voice, "If you love my soul, take it away; take it away!" The price of that pardon, he knew well, must be a denial of the faith.

So Bishop Latimer, when summoned before the "bloody Mary," said, "I go as willingly to London, to give an account of my faith, as ever I went to any place in my life." As he rode through Smithfield—that spot which had such baptisms of martyr's blood—he said, "Smithfield has groaned for me a long time."

Perhaps it is quite as hard for Standfast to pursue its integrity amidst the temptations and pleasures of the world, as in fires of persecution. Where persecution has slain its thousands, worldliness has slain its tens of thousands.

A poor woman in India who had embraced Christianity, was offered back the jewels and money which had been taken from her, on condition that she would return to her old religion; but she replied: "Oh no, I would rather be a poor Christian than a rich heathen."

And still another, Mr. Judson tells us of, who was very fond of her jewelry, yet desired to follow Christ. When he asked her if she was willing to sacrifice them for his sake, she was for a time much disturbed; but at length taking off the gay necklace, which was her especial pride, she said with sweet and touching simplicity: "I love Christ more than this."

Can we all, when the world holds out its glittering baits to us, lay them aside with the same steadfast spirit, and say with her, "I love Christ more than these?"—*British Messenger.*

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADY.—A lady and gentleman recently married in the vicinity of Boston, left home in their own carriage for a bridal tour among the mountains of New Hampshire. In order to avoid the curiosity attracted by persons in the honey-moon, the gentleman gave his Irish servant the strictest charge not to tell any one on the road that they were newly married, and threatened to dismiss him instantly if he did. Pat promised implicit obedience; but on leaving the first inn on the road, next morning, the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find all the servants assembled, and pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaiming,

"That's him; that's the man."

On reaching the next stage the indignant master told Murphy he must immediately discharge him, as he had divulged what he had impressed on him as a secret.

"Plaze your honor," said Pat, "what is it you complain of?"

"You rascal!" exclaimed the angry master, "You told the servants at the last hotel we were a newly-married couple."

"Och, then, be this and be that," says

Pat, brightening up in anticipated triumph, "there's not a word of truth in it your honor; sure I told the whole kit of them, servants and all, that you wouldn't be married for a fortnight yet."

The lady fainted, but the husband pardoned Pat, and concluded in future that he had better tell the whole truth.

LETTER FROM A HORSE.—To the Editor of the N. Y. Evening Post: Yesterday, as I was doing my best to draw a heavy load of hay in the broken snow on Broadway, near Canal street, my strength gave out, and I stopped to breathe a little. My driver began to beat me with a whip, but that didn't give me any power to pull the load. He stood on the shafts of the cart, making it near two hundred pounds heavier, and went on with his beating. If you had been there you would have seen that I was not unwilling, but unable to draw the load. I don't live in a first-rate stable, and don't get first-rate food. My master seems to think that a horse can live and work on hay and nothing else. I never see any oats. You can count my ribs from the shoulder to the thigh. There isn't much flesh on my bones. I am miserably poor and weak in the knees; but I am still kept hard at work. I wonder whether you human beings have any humanity after all. It must be small, or you would not look so coldly on me and my thousand poor skeleton brothers who are beaten along under heavy loads in your streets every day in the year.

Now while my master was beating me because I could not draw my burden until I got a little breath, one of our gentlemanly looking police officers came up, and I congratulated myself that he was going to take my part. Instead of that he drew out a thick leather knotted whip, and began to sting me with it under the belly while my master beat me on the back. And there he stood, whipping and whipping me as if he enjoyed it, while I could do nothing but stagger and tremble in all my limbs. I want to ask you if this is the proper business of your police officers in this civilized town. Between the two I got near a hundred lashes before I was rested enough to pull on. And when I did pull, it was because I got a little rested in spite of their torturing blows. If they had not beaten me, I would have rested sooner. Can't you say a word in your powerful journal for me and my brothers? Oats are so high that we don't get them. Look at our ribs and bones and learn anatomy, and say a word for us.

Yours respectfully,
AN ABUSED OLD HORSE.

DEATH TO RATS.—During the winter months rats naturally resort to barns and ricks both for shelter and food, and are consequently a great nuisance to farmers. For the benefit of our readers we give the preparation recommended for their destruction by Dr. Uca, a celebrated German chemist. Farmers, if you are troubled with rats, try it—you can obtain the articles at any drug store.

Melt hog's lard in a bottle plunged in water of temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit; introduce into it a half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard, then add a pint of proof spirit of whiskey; cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been to 150 degrees, taking it out of the water and agitating till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, making a milky looking fluid. The spirit may be poured off on the liquid cooling; and you then have a fatty compound, which after being gently warmed may be incorporated with a mixture of wheat flour or sugar, flavored with oil of rhodium or oil of anise seed, &c., and the dough, on being made into pellets, should be laid at the rat holes; being luminous in the dark, and agreeable both in their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal. The rats issue from their holes and seek water to quench their burning thirst, and they commonly die near the water. [Michigan Farmer.]

FROZEN PUMPS.—If a pump, through negligence, gets frozen, it is a very easy matter to thaw it out. Some will heat iron bars and put them in; some will put in salt. Either of these will do the work if one has patience; but the quickest and easiest way is to use a three-fourth inch lead pipe, and boiling hot water. A pump that is frozen ten feet solid, may be thawed out in ten minutes by having a pipe to reach as low as it is frozen. Put one end of the pipe down the pump on the ice; put a tunnel in the other end; pour in the boiling water and the way the pipe settles down is a caution to the one that holds it. The current of hot water, acting on the ice, does its work and rises outside. A barrel of hot water, may be turned in without a pipe, and it will penetrate very slowly.

The Middlesex Journal,
—AND—
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.
WOBURN:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

THE TALK OF PEACE.—The visit of Mr. Blair the second time to Richmond with the permission of the authorities on both sides, would seem to indicate that negotiations for Peace might be set in operation soon. Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, with much earnestness declared in the Confederate Congress, "that it was time, after four years of war, to make an honest effort by negotiation to stop this frightful carnival of death." Many, we believe, on both sides, are of the same opinion. Whether we can agree upon the terms can better be known after some propositions have been made on both sides.

But peace must come sooner or later. All things have their ending, and the war which has called out such energies for its prosecution and such sacrifices on both sides, will subside into a calm, the more noticeable and the more welcome, from the severe storm which has swept over the land with such devastating fury.

All honor to Mr. Blair for making the attempt at pacification. He is in many respects a very suitable person for the work. Of advanced age, an old friend of many of the leaders at the South, and a strong and valued friend of President Lincoln—well experienced in political matters, having been in the days of Jackson the able editor of the Globe at Washington, and prominent in planning and leading the present Republican party, the Hon. F. P. Blair, is a very suitable person to pass from camp to camp and try for negotiation. The Tribune says, he will account it a great thing to crown the conclusion of his life with an act leading to pacification of his country. May he succeed in bringing back the wandering sheep to the fold, and make the whole country once more one, now, henceforth, and forever.

Old men for counsel and young men for action. Let our oldest and best men of all parties and sections, come together and talk over our difficulties, with freedom from passion that should characterize their period of life, and let the younger ones listen respectfully to their suggestions and wishes. How beautifully around the white locks of this venerable man, will shine the chaplet of flowers that the Goddess of Peace will place upon his head, should success crown his efforts.

The South must relinquish their demand for separate independence, and the North must abate some of their claims, if thereby, there can be a coming together in friendship and union. There must be submission to the federal government, and that condition complied with, it may be easy to settle other points of difference.

If this attempt fails, and both parties exert themselves to the utmost to prosecute the War further, a great increase of debt will be added to both sides and a continual destruction of valuable lives will take place, and we may go on for years in a struggle, which, after all, may end ingloriously for both parties.

It is evident that Mr. Lincoln's humanity, and patriotism, and wisdom, is at the bottom of this movement of Mr. Blair, and he will undoubtedly secure a bright and lasting fame, if he conducts the country through a successful war to a just, humane and honorable peace.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—This new illustrated magazine for youth, in the February number, presents great attractions in paper, type and in the numerous engravings. The articles are David Matson, by Whittier; The Portrait; Farming for Boys; Snow Fancies; The Baby of the Regiment; The Red-winged Goose; Afloat in the Forest; Christmas Bells; Andy's Adventures; Our Country Neighbors; Winning his Way; Trapped in a Tree; Round the Evening Lamp.

To write for the young in such a manner as to amuse and interest; to have the story simple, fresh, lively, and yet in good style and beauty of illustration, is not an easy matter, and yet it is all accomplished in this number. It is a writing up in correspondence with the state of education among us, and in the true way to meet the wants of children and youth. There has been no magazine for the boys and girls equal to it, if we except the issue by Harper & Brothers, of New York, some years ago, under the editorship of Jacob Abbot. To keep up with the times and to have our children well provided for, we must all take this publication.

All the articles are so good, that we cannot discriminate without a fear of doing injustice. The number for March will contain fresh novelty and a great many illustrations.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—We think we have seldom seen a more touchingly beautiful engraving than that which embellishes the February number of this magazine. It is called "The Prisoner's Child," and is a story in itself. The face of the girl is full of indescribable sadness, and as she feeds the birds outside the prison bars, we long to speak some words of pity and comfort to her. The double steel fashion plate for this month is a

very handsome one, both in design and execution: the contrast between the colors is especially fine. The other fashions and engravings of fancy work are as usual varied and well executed. The music for this month is the "Linden Hall Polka." The literary contents are, as usual, excellent. Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Publishers.

The *Daily Evening Voice* is the title of a paper recently started in Boston. It is devoted to the interests of working men, and is deserving of encouragement. It is a well filled sheet, containing all the news of the day, and is edited with tact and skill. Success to it.

HERPES' MAGAZINE.—For February, is a choice number. Among the contents we notice a continuance of Grier's Raid, by John S. C. Abbott, A Tour through Grenada, King of the Amazons, The Sparcotes, John Jacob Astor, A New Year, the second book of Armadale, by Wilkie Collins, Our Mutual Friend, by Dickens, and the usual well filled Table and Drawer.

MR. EDITOR:—The Unitarian Society of this town will in a short time leave their present house of worship, to occupy one of the most elegant and commodious edifices to be found in the State. The steeple sits easy and gracefully on the body of the house, and the Committee have reinstated the old pointers, for which they should receive many thanks.

Allow me to suggest, that if the society do not purpose to use their organ, that it be purchased and placed in Lyceum Hall. I presume the citizens would readily contribute a sum sufficient for the purpose, and the audience would at the lectures, be favored with Music.

Hon. Henry Wilson has been re-elected U. S. Senator by the Massachusetts Legislature.

LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.—We are gratified to learn that lectures of this character are occasionally given to the young folks of the Baptist Society of this place. They not only create an interest within the society, but extend their influence outside and draw in a multitude of young who would otherwise foolishly lounge their time away on the street corners, to be corrupted and led astray. If these lectures were more frequent, the interest they would awaken among this class would be surprising. If, even, they did not call in any from the outside, it would nourish and bind the young hearts that are springing up in the church firmly to the faith of their fathers, and make them earnest workers in the Saviour's vineyard. There must be more interest shown for young souls among the older Christians to draw them in; the warm grasp of the hand, a smile and a few pleasant words, were it practised more would have magical effect. The young shoot needs tender care and nursing that it may become a fruitful tree.

The last lecture was delivered last Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kennard, who is a hard worker in the cause. Rev. Mr. Bronson, of Roxbury, their former pastor, was expected to have been present and delivered the address, but failing to be present, their pastor conducted extemporaneously.

We understand there is a reviving spirit evinced, which promises to increase.

NEW UNITARIAN CHURCH.—This edifice is fast nearing completion, and promises to be as fine a combination of art and beauty as adorns our town. Its build is of the most modern style, while its interior will have no superior for beauty in the eastern part of the State. The seats are now being put in and the finishing touch added, and early in the spring it will be ready for occupation.

RESIGNATION.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. C. W. Carter, principal of the Central Grammar School, is obliged to withdraw on account of ill health. Mr. C. has been a very successful teacher and will be a great loss to the community as well as to the school.

The School Committee are very sorry to lose Mr. Carter's services, as he has ever given them perfect satisfaction.

THE SECOND SOCIAL ASSEMBLY of the season will be held at Lyceum Hall, Winchester, on Thursday Evening, February 2d, 1865. The occasion promises to be one of rare interest. Music by Walker & Wedger's Quadrille Band. Tickets \$1.50. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock. Spectators admitted to gallery only at 25 cents each. Tickets for sale at O. R. Still's, Woburn.

LYCEUM.—The Lecture before the Lyceum on Tuesday evening last, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Fay, of Woburn. Subject:—"The Power of Science over the Cardinal Points of Religion." The lecture was very interesting. The reverend gentleman presented every phenomena in nature solved by science in past ages, showing therein the infinite wisdom of an Overruling Power, and comparing it with divine revelation, showed its harmony with God's word, and presented vivid illustrations from its workings to prove the immortality of the soul. The audience was very large, showing that our own townsmen are justly appreciated.

Weather excellent—sleighting splendid.

WINCHESTER.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—The second social Assembly of the season will be held in Lyceum Hall on next Thursday evening. Music by Walker & Wedger's Quadrille Band. The management of the affair is in the hands of some of our most respectable citizens, of whom tickets can be obtained for \$1.50. Spectators admitted to the gallery only, at 25 cents each. An extra train will leave for Boston, West Medford and Somerville Centre, at the close of the Assembly. A pleasant time may be anticipated. It is proposed to open a dancing school in town very soon for the accommodation of many parents who wish to have their children receive instruction in this accomplishment.

RAILROAD ACCOMMODATIONS.—Those who have had much experience in travelling upon railroads, know that much of the comfort of the same depends upon the way and manner in which the cars in which they are compelled to travel, are fitted up for their accommodation.

An experience of a brief season upon another railroad, running out from the city, which carries a great number of passengers, has led me to realize the much more comfortable manner in which the cars upon the Boston and Lowell Railroad are fitted up than some others. The method of ventilating and the lighting by gas, are among the most noticeable improvements over the other roads, which conduce in no small amount to the comfort of the passenger. To seat one's self in a dirty car without carpet, very little, if any ventilation, except what is uncomfortably obtained from the doors, with poor lights, &c., is not desirable, nor does such things reflect any credit upon a railroad corporation. Such a corporation may be able to carry passengers at a less rate on this account, but I think that most people would prefer to pay more and have these necessary improvements. It may be said without exaggeration that in this respect the cars upon the Lowell railroad are model ones in their internal arrangements, and if any of my readers do not believe it, let them travel upon the other roads in the vicinity of Boston and they will soon notice the difference.

GEOLOGY.—Prof. Gunning has very liberally offered to allow the pupils in the High School to attend his course of lectures at the moderate price of thirty cents for the series. None of those pupils should fail to improve the opportunity offered them, which will do them a great deal of good, if used in a proper manner.

An editorial in the Congregationalist of last week warmly commends the Professor's lecture on Geology as applied to the Bible, showing the connection between them as substantiating the truth of Holy Writ. It has been so glorified in town and is worthy of repetition.

EXCELSIOR.

READING.

Our schools, under the new system adopted last spring, abolishing the School Districts, appear to be doing well, and so far as I am informed no complaint is made of the present arrangement. The committee, it is believed, bestow much careful attention upon every department affecting the interests of education, and their labors have been the present year more arduous than heretofore. The cost of living being increased since the schools began last spring, has made it almost absolutely necessary to raise the salaries of the teachers, and in several instances if not in all, they have been raised. I think, under the circumstances, the committee would be justified in going beyond the appropriation made last March for the schools, for the cause of education must not be allowed to flag, however great the burden of taxation may be, for in this, to a great extent, lies the hope of the nation. Perhaps none of our teachers are more deserving of compensation than the teachers of the Primary Schools, for on one, it is believed, rests greater responsibility. "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined," is as true now as ever, and the teachers in this department have a difficult task to perform, rarely met with in the more advanced schools. To "teach the young idea how to shoot," is no mean employment, and should always command the most experienced teachers, for if the young mind be not guided in the right direction at its starting point, comparatively little progress can be confidently looked for in more advanced life. The more and better these little minds are instructed and disciplined in their first years of schooling, the less arduous will be the labors of the teachers of the higher grades, and thereby their schools will be made more efficient and the scholars make more rapid advancement; hence the propriety and policy of adequate compensation to the Primary teachers, in order to secure the services of those competent for such a task, the most difficult of them all. There is no profession more deserving of public consideration than the chosen one of a teacher; and a good teacher should be honored for his work's sake, and every encouragement held out to him which reason and justice demand.

Our High School is now under the instruction of Mr. Charles Brown, who is very favorably spoken of, especially by his pupils.

I learn that Messrs. Davis and Appleton, of this town, have in process of building, an organ for the Baptist Society

of Woburn. I congratulate said society in securing so competent a builder as Mr. Davis, who thoroughly understands the mechanism of this noble instrument. His long familiarity with organs by different builders, and his extensive practice in voicing and tuning them, gives him decided advantage in many respects. The society may safely anticipate a first class instrument, without fear of disappointment.

My acknowledgments are due to the Hon. H. P. Wakefield, for a copy of the Eleventh Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Alms House, at Tewksbury. It is a most valuable document, and should be read by all. The Inspectors and other officers afford abundant evidence of a thorough acquaintance with the working and wants of such an institution, and the Report shows that complete harmony exists in the different departments. It is hoped that the present Board of Officers may be retained, as rotation in office without sufficient cause, should rarely come into play in an institution like this.

LENO.

The lady of the White House is making the White House endurable again. The other night men had to leave their carpets, umbrellas, over shoes, and overcoats, dogs, &c., behind them in the hall, and the women to put off their shawls, hoods, brogans, &c., before they could get into the saloons.

Our Brazil and East India squadrons are to be largely increased, while a European squadron is to be established under the command of Admiral Goldsbrough.

Reports via Fortress Monroe state that Fort Caswell was blown up by the rebels shortly after the capture of Fort Fisher, and that all the minor works are in possession of the Federal troops.

Western papers give currency to a rumor that marriage is likely to take place ere long between the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, and Mrs. Douglas, the widow of the Illinois Senator. Washington papers contradict this rumor.

Kansas seems to be swarming with brigands. We can scarcely take up a paper from that State that does not narrate some bold and daring operation by them. They are scoundrels of the Paul Clifford school, generally mounted, always well armed, and performing their work with such practiced skill and tact as to defy arrest. The most thickly settled districts are the field of their operations.

The returns of the income tax make an interesting revelation of the wealth of the country and its general distribution. The number of men who enjoy fortunes is probably greater in this country than in any other on the globe, and, in many instances, the amount is equal to those of old aristocratic houses in England.

The most popular song in the Confederacy is one of Bellini's gems from Norma. It is entitled "Where are now the Hopes I cherished?" [Louisville Journal.

We see it stated in our exchanges that within the past eight months upwards of four hundred papers have "died," in consequence of the exorbitant price of printing paper.

It is estimated that the oil product of Venango County, Pa., is at least 10,000 barrels daily. This, at the average price of ten dollars at the wells, which is a low average, will give one hundred thousand dollars a day, or over thirty-one million dollars a year. The number of wells on Oil Creek, in July, 1862, was seven hundred; at the present time, the number of wells down and going down in the country, is estimated at between three and four thousand.

The United States owns upwards of 1,000,000,000 of acres of public lands, susceptible of cultivation. They own at least 2,000,000 of acres of gold and silver bearing lands.

The arable lands are worth at least \$1,200,000,000
The mineral lands are worth at least 800,000,000

Total \$2,000,000,000

These are national assets from which the expenses of the existing war may be ultimately reimbursed if Congress shall apply them to the object.

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sunk. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

The Armstrong gun which was captured at Fort Fisher, was the one which was presented by the manufacturer, Sir Wm. Armstrong, to Jeff. Davis. A soldier describing it says, it "is by all odds the handsomest gun I ever saw, being entirely of twist wrought iron, and mounted on a magnificent solid mahogany carriage."

Gen. Butler has been endeavoring, since his arrival in Washington, to secure the appointment of an intelligent negro boy as cadet at West Point, but does not meet with much encouragement.

Tanners are using petroleum in preparing their leather, and find it quite as good for that purpose as fish oil, which is generally used.

CHANGE.—Mr. Sparrow Horton has purchased the Woburn Bookstore, and is now ready to furnish the public with all the leading magazines of the day, and all the standard works now published. Mr. H. has also an assortment of school books, stationery, fancy articles, &c. &c. His picture frame business will be attended to as usual; and he will also give his attention, as heretofore, to effecting insurance in first class dividend-paying insurance companies.

Mr. H. is an enterprising young man, and we doubt not will receive a large share of public patronage.

SURPRISE PARTY.—A number of the friends of Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Kendall, from Winchester and Woburn, called upon them on Wednesday evening, and after a social interview, Mrs. Kendall was presented a silver butter dish. Presentation speech by Maj. W. T. Grammer, of Woburn. Any quantity of refreshments were consumed during the evening, and the occasion was a very happy one.

PHALANX ASSOCIATES.—The Associates are to have a grand Social Assembly, on Friday evening next, at Lyceum Hall, Woburn. The preparations for the entertainment are most extensive, and we are led to believe that the affair will be one of the most recherche ever known in this locality.

PIANO FOR SALE.—A nearly new instrument is offered for sale at the store of G. R. Gage, Esq.

The Boston correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce thus notices the deaths of four of the eminent statesmen of New England:—

New England has now committed to the earth four of the greatest statesmen, orators, advocates and patriots, she has produced, within the last seventeen years. We refer to John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and Edward Everett, "immortal names that were not born to die." Mr. Adams died in the capital of the nation, suddenly, on the 23d of February, 1848, in his 81st year. He died as he would have desired, with his harness on. Mr. Webster followed him, only four years later, to the grave, dying in the bosom of his family, at Marshfield, on Sabbath morning, October 24th, 1852, between the hours of two and three o'clock, at the age of 70 years. Mr. Choate died at Halifax, N. S., early in July, 1859, he having taken passage for Europe for his health. On the 23d of the month, Faneuil Hall was thrown open at mid-day, that his friends might mourn over his dead body, and cherish the memory of one they loved so well. He had attained the age of only sixty years. Mr. Everett died at seventy, there being only three days' difference between his age and that of his friend, the great statesman of Marshfield. He, too, departed this life on Sabbath morning, between the hours of four and five o'clock, and as suddenly as did President Adams.

Webster sleeps well at Marshfield, in one of the oldest burial-grounds of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and beside the sea he so much loved. Adams lies beside his father, beneath the church in Quincy, the home of his youth and of mature life; while Everett and Choate, who dwelt together in Boston during much of their lives, abide by each other in death, amid the groves and lakes of Mount Auburn.

Either of these four statesmen, orators and scholars would have honored the nation as President; only one of them attained to the well-deserved station, and he would not have reached the first place in the nation's gift had he lived in these later times, when mediocrity talent contrives to secure the highest honors of the four. President Adams may be termed the wisest man; Mr. Webster the most powerful; Mr. Everett the most finished scholar, and Mr. Choate the most brilliant man. Mr. Everett and Mr. Adams were both profoundly learned, and had alike prodigious memories, and might be named as living encyclopedias. Mr. Webster and Mr. Choate also had great memories; the one excelled in the reasoning faculty, the other in the imaginative.

Neither of these great men left sons who, under any circumstances, would attain or would have attained to the greatness of their fathers, probably with the exception of Mr. Adams, who is represented at the English court by one who should be as long as did his father, may be as eminent.

PETROLEUM 2,300 YEARS AGO.—The collecting of Petroleum is generally regarded as a modern discovery made by Drage. But Herodotus, who lived 2,300 years ago—about the period of the prophet Malachi—speaks of the collection of Petroleum in the island of Zante, on the western coast of Greece. Dr. Chandler, in the early part of the present century, visited Zante and found an oil well in full operation, thus confirming the narrative of Herodotus. The Patriarch Job had undoubtedly visited that well or some other one, a flowing well at that—otherwise he would not have thought of the "rock pouring out rivers of oil." [Oil Trade Review.

One thousand people in Newfoundland are said to be in a starving condition. Where is the English rebel prisoner found?

A Boston newspaper carrier recently recovered \$400 of a man whose dog bit him while he was leaving his paper.

Army Notes,--No. 15.

HEADQUARTERS 25TH ARMY CORPS,
Before Richmond, Va., Jan. 19, 1865.
DEAR EDITOR:—The glorious success of the second expedition against Wilmington, embodied in the capture of Fort Fisher with over two thousand prisoners and seventy-two guns, is the principal topic of conversation hereabouts at present, and furnishes occasion for general congratulation. Reseching us as does this intelligence at a time when the journals of the country and the public generally are earnestly engaged in discussing the causes that led to the failure of the former expedition, the minds of the people are very well prepared to experience an appreciative sense of the importance of this truly auspicious event.

The first intimation that we received of the affair was contained in a telegram that came over the wire on Tuesday morning; and Richmond papers of that date, received in the afternoon, gave confirmation of the intelligence in official despatches from Gen. Lee. With their usual imperturbable gravity, the editors take the news with the greatest coolness and good humor, and use their best efforts in trying to belittle the importance of our victory and in pouring sweet balm into the bosoms of the vanquished "chivalry." Although free to confess that the port of Wilmington is effectually closed, and that the city is virtually in our possession; they still, as a natural consequence, bring up the old optimistic creed that "What ever happens, happens for the best," so far as their cause is concerned, and say that many are inclined to consider the event as "a blessing in disguise;" the grounds for which reasoning being found in the anticipated re-uniting influence it will have among the discordant elements of the Confederacy. Other "blessings" in the way of its "checking extravagances," arousing the people to a true sense of their duty, giving an impulse to manufacturing enterprises, and causing them to rely entirely upon their own resources instead of depending upon foreign countries for support, are also brought forth as alleviating cordials for the minds of the afflicted, still undespering and determined Confederates. If reverses have this favorable effect among them, it would seem as if they had enough now-a-days to make them the most united and harmonious people on the face of the earth. Their prospects, however, look decidedly equally at present; and all the "gas blowing" that the Richmond editors may indulge in cannot possibly save the sinking ship from going to the bottom. Sic transit gloria C. S. A!

The natural fruits of these repeated reverses to the rebel cause, so far from being the realization of the fond hopes of the Richmond oracles, are decidedly of an adverse character, as is shown by the constantly increasing desertions from their ranks. The bombast and bluster contained in their prints must not be taken as the sentiments of the mass generally, for underlying the whole a spirit of hopelessness and disaffection exists, which is becoming more and more apparent every day, and is constantly developing the important fact that the great fabric of the Confederacy is on a most precarious foundation. Nearly every day these disaffected sons of the South make their appearance at the office of the Provost Marshal, coming in not so often by twos and threes as by the dozens. Eleven were taken to these headquarters this morning, who reported that several more started with them but by some cause did not get quite over, and are now lying low between the lines, waiting for to-night's curtain of darkness to fall and aid them in getting safely out of bondage. The whole number taken to Department Headquarters today is said to be thirty-seven; and a few days ago over fifty made their appearance, including four officers. I am informed that desertions are more numerous on the Bermuda Hundred line than at any other point.

The land forces engaged in the capture of Fort Fisher were under command of Brevet Maj. Gen. Terry, who, by this brilliant success, has added greatly to his reputation as a military commander, and secured for himself the plaudits of a grateful people. In adverse ratio, the failure of Gen. Butler to carry out the same plan in the previous expedition, has reduced public confidence so greatly in regard to the military abilities of that General, that he will undoubtedly be laid upon the shelf, without any hope of being honored with another command during the war.

Since the removal of Gen. Butler the Department has been under command of Gen. Ord; but his assignment to the position is only temporary. Various rumors are afloat as to who is to be the permanent Commander, but nothing definite is known.

We are now enjoying a season of the utmost quietude, cannonading being seldom heard and picket firing having been long since entirely suspended. In the vicinity of "Fort Burnham" (formerly "Fort Harrison") our lines and those of the enemy are very near each other; but the opposing pickets seem to be on the most friendly terms, walking their beats, fully exposed, only a few rods apart. The antipathy against colored soldiers which formerly existed has entirely subsided; the rebels being quite willing to "let 'uns be if you'll let 'uns alone."

In viewing the whole military situation, then, we have great reason to believe—and it is the very general belief in the army—that this unholy, sanguinary strife will soon come to a termination. It is not by Peace Commissioners and self-constituted olive branch bearers that this desirable result is to be accomplished; but by the continuance of that opposite policy which Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Terry, Farragut, Porter, and others, are now so successfully engaged in carrying out. This policy, and this alone, is the only one that the rebels have thus far shown themselves willing to accept. Let the work of vanquishment continue! H. T. P.

The Freedmen of the South are probably suffering more than any class of men ever did before in this country. Unaccustomed to provide for themselves, and suddenly thrown upon their own resources, it could not be otherwise. Some whole districts have been depopulated. In Louisiana 80,000 of these persons have perished. All that can be done should be to relieve their wants.

A LADY LIVING WITH DOGS.—At the Lambeth police court, on Monday, a young woman applied to Mr. Elliott for his advice. She stated that for some time she had been in the habit of choring for Miss Mary Baker, a maiden lady of over seventy years of age, residing at 10, Oval Road, Kennington, who about two years ago had been left a large fortune, and was in the habit of spending the greater part of her money in contributing to the Dog Protection Society, and feeding, and keeping dogs at her own house. The applicant spent about ten shillings a day in the purchase of beef and mutton of the best description to feed her dogs with; that, in addition, she gave them French rolls and the best fresh butter and the purest milk she could find in the neighborhood, and that her custom was to eat, drink and sleep amongst the animals herself. Amongst the number of animals she kept and fed was one a greater favorite than any of the rest; and this animal, a small and vicious bull-dog she called her "little Bobby," her "little angel." She kept it chained to the foot of the bed, and it slept, as the applicant asserted, in the bed with her mistress.

On Saturday morning, Miss Baker fancied her "little Bobby" not so well as usual, and in consequence sent the applicant for a chicken for his dinner, telling her not to mind the price, but to get a really tender chicken. The young woman procured the chicken, and as her mistress was in her bedroom she took the chicken there. Miss Baker unlocked the door of her chamber to admit her, and for some reason or other locked the door again, and "little Bobby," observing the intruder within his reach, rushed at and made a most ferocious attack upon her. The animal got under her crinoline, and bit and tore her legs in a frightful manner; so much so that she was obliged to go to the hospital and have the wounds cauterized and dressed, and she was then suffering severely from the injuries she received.

The magistrate remarked that it was much to be regretted that the friends of Miss Baker did not interfere and cure her of her extravagant and eccentric fancies and indulgences of the canine species.—[English paper.]

A petition to the Massachusetts legislature, signed by a large number of influential citizens, represents as follows:

That the laws regarding insanity are very imperfect. If a person is only charged with being insane, all the safeguards which the law interposes for the protection of any one suspected of a crime are entirely swept away, and the unfortunate person may be committed to an insane asylum by the certificate of any two physicians, no matter how stupid or ignorant, that may be selected for the purpose, by those who may have an interest in procuring his imprisonment.

Mr. Blair has returned from Richmond, and it is reported that the rebel leaders are in favor of making peace on the best terms they can.

A good Overcoat for a little money at J. W. Hammond's, Lyceum Building.

A Connecticut man has invented a watch which is simpler in its mechanism than ordinary watches, and will run three hundred and seventy-eight days with once winding.

The Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, was partially destroyed by fire on the 24th inst. Much valuable property was burned, and a great deal injured by water.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
Washington, January 24th, '65.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June third, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act, required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act.

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office this 24th day of January, 1865.
HUGH McCULLOCK,
Comptroller of the Currency.

WOBBURN BANK.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn Bank, held on the 9th day of January, 1865, it was voted "That the President, Directors and Company of the Woburn Bank, may become a Banking Association, for carrying on the business of Banking under the Laws of the United States, its Directors having procured the authority of the owners of two-thirds of its Capital Stock, to make the certificates required therefor by the Laws of the United States, and do all other necessary acts."

In pursuance of said vote, and by virtue of the authority therein contained, the Directors having procured the assent of the owners of two-thirds of the Capital Stock, have this day determined to organize immediately as such Association.
E. J. JENKS, Cashier.
Woburn, January 16, 1865.

There are now living, two ladies, (one in Boston), who have reached an advanced age. In 1775, after Boston had been closed by the port bill, a vessel sailed from Marblehead for England, the last merchant vessel which left here under the English flag until the close of the Revolution. This was ninety years ago, and yet two of the passengers on board the vessel, Mrs. Gardiner Greene, and Miss Copley, sisters of Lord Lyndhurst, are the persons above mentioned as still alive. Mrs. Greene is about ninety-four years of age. She resides, we believe, at the West End. Miss Copley lives in London.

The Governor-General's estimates for the current year for the Canadian provinces include a sum of fifty thousand dollars to make good the money improperly surrendered in the case of the St. Albans raiders.

A good Overcoat for a little money, at J. W. Hammond's, Lyceum Building.

Married.
In Stoneham, Jan. 19, by Rev. Swift Byington, George Minor, U. S. A., to Miss Susan M. Warren, all of Stoneham.

Died.
In Woburn, Jan. 24, Mr. Aaron Tuttle, aged 45 years, 5 months.
In Reading, Jan. 22, Capt. Timothy Wakefield, aged 85 years, 4 months, 14 days.
In Wilmington, Jan. 24, Francis Gowing, aged 32 years, 7 months, 6 days.

Special Notices.

FOR SALE.
A PIANO—nearly new. Enquire at G. R. Gage's, jan28-1t

CUPID'S VALENTINE.

Dear lady, since I saw your face
I'm wounded in the heart,
For it, alas, has been transfixed,
By Cupid's cruel dart.
A faithful story of my love,
I would to you deliver,
But ah, the arrow ranks here,
Which came from Cupid's quiver.
I feel that I am wholly thine,
That I thy heart must be;
For Cupid, wicked God of Love,
Has drawn his now on me.

Then be to me my own dear one,
To thee, let me be thine;
And as a pledge of mutual love,
RECEIVE THIS VALENTINE.

1 Doz. CARD PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.
—AT—
DAVIS & Co.'s,
No. 2 WINTER ST., BOSTON.
jan28-2t

LYON'S PERIODICAL DROPS.—THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

These Drops are a scientifically compounded fluid preparation, and better than any Pills, Powders, or Nostrums. Being liquid, their action is direct and positive, rendering them a reliable, speedy and certain specific for the cure of all obstructions and suppressions of nature. Their popularity is indicated by the fact that over 1,000,000 bottles are annually sold and consumed by the ladies of the United States, every one of whom speak in the strongest terms of praise of their great merits. They are rapidly taking the place of every other Female Remedy, and are considered by all who know aught of them, as the surest, safest, and most infallible preparation in the world, for the cure of all female complaints, the removal of all obstructions of nature, and the promotion of health, regularity and strength. Explicit directions stating when and why they should not, nor could not be used without producing effects contrary to nature's chosen laws, will be found carefully folded around each bottle, with the written signature of JOHN L. LYON, without which none are genuine.

Prepared by Dr. J. L. LYON, 195 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn., who can be consulted either personally, or by mail, enclosing stamp, concerning all private diseases and female weaknesses.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.
G. C. CLARK & Co.,
Gen'l Agents for U. S. and Canada.
jan28-eoply

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Two Houses and one Houselet, pleasantly located on Church Street—one House containing seven finished rooms in good repair, and a shed attached. The water is in the house and supplied by a spring. The other House contains four rooms with a small shed attached. For further particulars inquire of C. H. BLAISDELL, on the premises, or of JACOB MUNROE, of Burlington.
jan28-tf

ADJOURNED SALE OF WOOD & TIMBER AT AUCTION.

ON MONDAY, the 30th, inst., at 12 o'clock, M., will be sold at Auction in Lots, the Wood and Timber standing on 18 acres of land situated in the westerly part of Woburn, on the Homestead of the late Capt. J. G. GARDNER. Said Wood consists of a large growth of OAK & PINE, of excellent quality for the market. There is on said Lot, a large number of White Pine Timber trees, suitable for sawing, or for Pump Logs, of the very best quality; also Oak Timber trees, suitable for Wheelwright's use, of a good quality.

P. S. This sale affords a good opportunity to persons desirous to purchase Wood or Timber for their own use, or for the market, and probably the last sale of Wood by Auction in this Season. Location good. Accessible at all seasons. By order of MRS. MARTHA GARDNER. If storm on said day, the sale will be on the next day, at the same hour.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Jan. 24th, 1865.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers was dissolved on the 20th of June last. The business will be continued as heretofore by Mr. BRIGGS.

RICHARD BRIGGS, WILLIAM B. LYONS.
Woburn, Jan. 21, 1865.

THE TURN OF LIFE.—Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order. He assumes mastery over business, builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a standstill. But at that time, which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then beyond without boat or oar, to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity, to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to either close in like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single excitement, may force it beyond its strength; whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

Western Massachusetts INSURANCE COMPANY, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$256,741.56.

This Company will insure Real and Personal Property against loss or damage by Fire on as favorable terms as other responsible Companies.

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly PAID.
J. N. DUNHAM, ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, Secretary. SAMUEL E. HOWE, Assistant Secretary.

Sparrow Horton, Agt.
At Woburn Bookstore.
jan28-1y

C. S. ADKINS, DEALER IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS, Confectionery, &c. &c.,

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a good assortment of

Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Sand, Mucilage, Sealing Wax, and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store.

Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day. Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental. Violin and Guitar Strings. Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, HONEY'S HAIR BALM, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

OPPOSITE BAPTIST CHURCH,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
jan28

Letters Remaining Unclaimed.

IN THE POST-OFFICE AT WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 28th day of Jan. 1865.
To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "unclaimed letters," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Barnard S. Fahy Daniel
Duxton E. P. Mrs. Fisher Henry
Clark Peter Kylander Charl
Donovan Cornelius Murray Elizabeth
Duff Bridget J. Miller John G
Maloney James

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

MRS. HALE

Has a good assortment of

YARNS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

— ALSO —

BLUE, GRAY, RED,

and

FANCY FLANNELS,

LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS,

DRESS BUTTONS,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!

Round Combs,

Back Combs,

Waterfall Combs,

Hair Brushes,

Toilet Soaps,

— ALSO —

BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

SONTAGS, CLOUDS, HOODS!

DR. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND!
THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY
For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough.
CURES GRAVEL AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as a remedy for the spring of 1853, and then merely for one individual, who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1860, an individual who purchased a bottle for a bad cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' duration. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned in a skillful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known. Theed it was a remedy which could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was to be made. The fortune was not yet reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such use.

But while the White Pine Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation, that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the writer, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

The natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of the White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may here be given.

James Carter, a bold French mariner, as early as 1534, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was first among discoverers to enter the River St. Lawrence. On his return down the river, he found his men sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. His ravages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. Some of the Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease, but Carter observed that they were cured. He therefore earnestly inquired about their mode of treatment, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Carter tried the same remedy, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew who were afflicted, rapidly improving. This tree was the White Pine.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation, and cleaning all sores. In 1860, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known everywhere, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound received at first such a great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual tonic for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest results. Several of our friends have written, "Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was surprised, on securing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and, in some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, says: "I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious, not only in coughs and other pulmonary affections, also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred ailments."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes: "I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and invaluable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for cold and it works amazingly!"

Hon. E. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes: "Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was surprised, on securing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and, in some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it constantly on hand."

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION.
The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the
ATTENTION

PERSONS IN WANT OF CLOTHING to the Stock he has bought of Newell Stiles.

THE STOCK OF

Overcoats & Heavy Goods

MUST BE SOLD!

and will be sold for CASH at

THE STOCK OF FURNISHING GOODS!

HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,


EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES,

and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.

J. W. HAMMOND,
Lyceum Building.
Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65.

REMOVAL.

COAL, WOOD, &c.



THE Subscriber informs the inhabitants of

Woburn and vicinity, that he has removed his Counting Room to the yard formerly occupied by the Haywards, just below the Railroad Depot, where he will continue the Coal Business, in all its branches, as heretofore. He trusts, by giving strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand the different kinds of COAL, WOOD, &c., to receive that generous share of public patronage which has heretofore been accorded to him.

LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

JOS. B. McDONALD.
Woburn Jan. 7, 1865.

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL CUGH REMEDY.—The following strictly reliable and very important testimonial speaks for itself:—

LAWRENCE, Oct. 23, 1864.

Mr. JOHN L. HUNNEWELL: My Dear Sir—I was discharged from the army of the Potomac on the 17th of April, 1863, on account of a Cough, which had been on me seven months. It was so bad that I was told I could live but a short time. In fact, I was discharged to come home to die. I coughed almost incessantly, night and day, and the physicians told me I could not be helped. I tried all that was recommended, without any effect. Mr. Allen, of the firm of Wilson & Allen, of our city, told me of your Cough Remedy and procured some for me. I took two BOTTLES only of it, the Cough left me, and has not troubled me since. I am now in perfect health, and have stated the case just as it has occurred. I cannot feel too grateful, and can say truly it has been the means of saving my life. I recommend it to all troubled with a Consumptive or other Cough, as it has cured me perfectly.

Yours, truly,
LEVI H. CARTER.

FRIEND HUNNEWELL.—

I send you the letter of Mr. Carter, and it is a very strong case.

Yours,
J. A. ALLEN,
Lawrence, Mass.

Many similar to the above can be seen at my office.

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor,
Practical Chemist and Pharmacist,
Boston, Mass.

For sale by all dealers in medicine.

Sold, in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM; in Winchester, by Geo. P. BROWN. And by all the wholesale dealers in Boston.

J-14-4-1m

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. CLOUGH, - Dentist,

HAVING disposed of his business in Boston, offers his services to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity.

OFFICE AT HIS HOUSE.

The highest price, CASH, paid for old Gold Plates.

J-14-1f

Pano Instruction.

Miss JULIA A. SULLIVAN respectfully announces to parents, friends, and others who desire instruction upon the Piano Forte for their children or wards, that she is prepared to teach the instrument. She refers to Mrs. Dr. Ephraim Cutter, to whom application should be made. Terms, \$10.00 or \$12.00 for 24 lessons, according to the place where the lessons are given.

Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1864—3m

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,

Just received and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM

COLTSFOOT ROCK,

A POPULAR

ENGLISH COUGH REMEDY,

is selling rapidly at Brigham's 5 Wade's Block.

dec24

A FEW LOTS OF LADIES' COLLARS

— AND —

Cuffs; also Chenille

NETS and KID GLOVES,

jan7 AT MRS. HALE'S.

PETROLEUM!!

COLL J. TURNER,

118 WATER STREET,

NEW YORK,

THE BITER BIT.

[A capital imitation of Tennyson from Don Gaultier's Book of Ballads.]
The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are
springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in
the air;
The river smiling to the sky, glides onward to the
sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh, mother, but
with me!

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear
the marriage bell;
It rises o'er the upland, it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he obeys her
faltering step!
And she clings closely to his side, she does, the
dear!—

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where
we so oft have stood,—
The stile beside the thorn at the corner of the
wood,
The boughs, that oft have echoed back the words
that won my ear,
Now bend their blossoms o'er him as he leads his
bride!—

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where
first my hand he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his
passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows where we've staid
again and yet again;
Yet he will not think of me, mother, his broken-
hearted Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother,—he said I
look'd for gold;
He said I did not love him,—that my words were
few and cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher
game,—
And it may be that I did, mother, but who hasn't
done the same?

I did not know my heart, mother,—I know it
now to late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some
noble mate!
But no nobler suitor sought me, and he has gone
elsewhere,
And my heart is gone, and I am left to wither in
despair.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is
in throbbing sore;
And, mother, prithce let the sheets be duly laid
before;
And, if you would do pleasure to your poor
dying child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and mother, draw
it mild!

CALIFORNIA SILK.—The soil and climate
of California are admirably adapted to the
growth of the mulberry tree in all its de-
sirable varieties, to the breeding and feeding
of the silk worm and to the production of
silk, more so than almost any European
country, owing to the fertility of the soil
and dryness of the climate, giving a pecu-
liarly rich and nutritive character to the
leaves of the mulberry tree, which impart
a higher, finer, and more delicate quality to
the silk produced from them. Certificate
from the highest authorities in Europe show
that the California silk, after being fully tes-
ted, carefully analyzed and compared with
European silk, proves to be of the very best
quality. —[American Artisan.]

A VENERABLE MINISTER.—The Salem Regis-
trars state that on last Sunday the Rev. Brown Evers-
ton, D. D., of the South Church in that city, en-
tered upon his eighty-eighth year, having been
born January 8, 1776. He received a license to
preach in February, 1814, and preached for three
months, in the summer and autumn of that year,
as a candidate, for the church and society over
which he has ever since been connected. Services
appropriate to so remarkable an anniversary were
held at the church last Sunday, when Rev. Mr.
Atwood, the active pastor, delivered a discourse
suitable to the occasion, and other interesting ex-
ercises took place, in which the venerable pastor
participated.

ADULTERATED CANDY.—The New York Leader
warns mothers against allowing their children to
use many of the candies now manufactured, and
says:

The article principally introduced by manu-
facturers of candies is a dry, chalky substance, which
among confectioners is known under the name
"terra alba." It was originally imported from
Derbyshire, England, but is now found elsewhere.
It costs to the manufacturer about one cent
and a half per pound, and, as we have said,
largely substituted for sugar, which, at the present
time, costs from 30 to 32 cents per pound. We
are credibly informed that in some of the largest
manufactories there are used of this earth 2000
pounds per week; and in smaller establish-
ments, where great gain is sought by the proprie-
tors, it is introduced into their compounds with a
recklessness that is absolutely fearful when the
consequences resulting from its consumption is
contemplated.

ILLUSION.—There is nothing so real in this
world as illusion. All other things may desert
a man, but this fair angel never leaves him. She
holds a star a billion of miles over a baby's head
and laughs to see him crawling and battling him-
self as he tries to reach it. She glides before the
hoary sinner down the paths which lead to the in-
extinguishable fire, jangling the keys of heaven at his
ear. —[Lancaster.]

OUR DUTY.—We deem it our duty to keep
constantly before our readers that most val-
uable of all medicines, known as Cough
Balm. It has stood the tests of time and
experiment, and all who use it speak in the
most praise-worthy terms of its medicinal
value. It is the real duty of every parent to
keep a constant supply of it in the house,
ready for immediate use. Not only is it a
most splendid remedy for coughs, sudden
colds, influenza, croup, and all throat com-
plaints, but it is the consumptive's great re-
lief. When they are so far gone that no
medicine will ever cure them, Cough Balm
will be found an invaluable friend to
alleviate the coughing, help the expectoration,
and ease the sufferer. Why will ye that are
suffering from coughs, colds, croup, sore
throat, hoarseness,—and that are liable to
pulmonary attacks, not take our advice, and
provide yourself with a supply of Cough
Balm—the best and cheapest Cough
Balm in the world? It costs but forty cts.
and can be found upon the counters of drug
gists.

Meat and Vegetable Market.

THE subscriber having taken the store on
Main Street recently occupied by Hiram Whit-
ford, who informs his friends and the public, that
he intends to keep constantly on hand and for
sale, a choice assortment of all kinds of fresh
and salt Meats: Fish, smoked and pickled, Sausages,
Canned and Bottled: Butter, Cheese, Eggs,
Beans, and a good variety of all the leading veg-
etables for the table. Every effort will be made to
obtain the purest and secure the patronage of the public.
FREDERICK A. HARTWELL.
Woburn, Nov. 5, 1864.—17

House, Carriage and Sign Paint- ing, Glazing & Paper Hanging.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform
the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he
is now prepared to do any work in the above busi-
ness with promptness and in a workmanlike
manner. Second-hand Carriages and sleighs fit-
ted up to look as well as new, at fair prices.
Favors thankfully received, and all work war-
ranted to give satisfaction.
Shop on private way, leading from Pleasant St.
to Horn Pond.
WILLIAM F. SAWYER.
Woburn, Sept. 10, 1864. tr

CENTRAL HOUSE, MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

THE undersigned, having completed the
alterations and repairs on this commodious
and centrally located Hotel, is now prepared to
receive transient and permanent boarders. Gen-
tlemen, with their families, can be accommodated
with excellent rooms, newly furnished.
No expense will be spared in an endeavor to
make the Central House equal to any hotel in the
County. The tables are always supplied with the
best of the market affords, and in this respect the
proprietor feels sure that he can give satisfaction
to his guests.
The STABLE connected with the establishment
have recently been put in fine order, and horses
and carriages are to let—day or night.
L. B. NORRIS, Proprietor.
Woburn, Aug. 20, 1864.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT, OF Drugs and Medicines, AND FANCY ARTICLES.

For sale at the lowest market prices, by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

WOBURN MARBLE & GRANITE STONE-WORKS.

THE subscribers offer for sale the largest
and best assortment of MARBLE
Monuments and Gravestones
ever offered in Middlesex County, at prices which
cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Particular
attention given to the

Fitting up of Cemetery Lots
with GRANITE EDGE-STONE and POSTS.
Also, all kinds of Granite Stone-work for
Building purposes furnished on order.
OFFICE—Next door North of Allen's Coffin
Warehouses, Main Street, Woburn Centre, Mass.
A. SCOTT & CO.
Woburn, Feb. 16th, 1864.—21-v

The Middlesex Journal, E. MARCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages
are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and
any person wishing his paper discontinued, must
give notice thereof at the expiration of the term,
whereby previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.50
Each subsequent insertion, .75
Half a square (six lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .37
One square one year, 15.00
One square six months, 8.00
One square three months, 5.00
Half a square one year, 7.50
Half a square six months, 4.50
Half a square three months, 3.00
More than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.
SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for
the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT,
and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.
South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Stonham—E. T. WHITTIER.
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.
Reading—L. E. GLASSON.

**S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New
York, S. R. MILLER, Successors to Y. B. Palmer.**
The scilicet Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly
empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL,
at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business
men everywhere is called to the fact, as an adver-
tising medium, THE JOURNAL circulates largely
in the towns that surround Woburn, and all
will increase their business by advertising in its
columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short no-
tice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the
opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the
office of publication.

**Encourage trade in its legitimate
Channels.**
SCHENK'S SYRUP,
CHENK'S SEA WEED TONIC,
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER,
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
WISTAR'S BALM WILD CHERRY,
Poland's White Pine Compound,
and all the popular Medicinal Preparations of
the day for sale at the lowest market rates by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

dec24

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.

Hovey's Balm
FOR THE
HAIR.

Half a gross of this valuable preparation for
sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.
dec24

**WILLIAM WINN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.**
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
reasonable terms.

Orders left at the Journal office will receive
prompt attention.

**A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW**
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street.

PERFUMERY.
LUBIN, JACQUES, WHIGHTS,
PHALON'S EMBROIDERIES.
Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty
different odors. For sale by
sept 10 W. C. BRIGHAM.

**J. C. BODWELL, JR.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,**
No. 4, WADE'S BLOCK,
WOBURN.

OFFICE OPEN AT 7 P. M.

With CHARLES ROBINSON, Esq., Charles-
town, during the day.
dec. 18-19



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and altera-
tive of wonderful efficacy in disease of the

Stomach, Liver and Bowels,
Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache,
General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of
Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent
Fever, Cramp, Dropsy, Spasms, and all
Complaints of either sex, arising
from Bodily Weakness, whether
involuntary, or the system or
produced by special
causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial and re-
storative in its nature enters into the composition
of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This
preparation contains only the most valuable of any
kind, no deadly botanical element; no fiery ex-
tract; but it is a combination of the extracts of
rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest
and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be forewarned against disease, and so far
as human system can be protected from disease,
it means against maladies engendered by an un-
wholesome atmosphere, impure water and other
external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may
be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has
been found infallible as a preventative, and irre-
sistible as a remedy, and thousands who resort to
it under apprehension of an attack, escape the
source, and thousands who neglect to avail
themselves of its protective qualities in advance,
are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous
medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being
suffering for months in the most distressing man-
ner, are cured by this powerful tonic, and are re-
stored to health within a few days by the use of
HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the
appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and
hence it works with certainty in all cases of Dyspepsia
and in less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION.
Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, as well
as a tonic, it is equally useful in all cases of
Constipation, and in all cases of Biliousness, and
in less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION.

Persons of feeble constitution, Nervous At-
tacks, Loss of Sleep, Fits of Languor, and
prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters.
The agency of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is most con-
clusive, and from both sexes.

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tacks, Loss of Sleep, Fits of Languor, and
prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters.
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clusive, and from both sexes.

No family medicine has been so universally
used, and it may be truly said, is especially popular
with the intelligent portion of the community, as
HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers
everywhere.

HELMHOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

"COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,"
A Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the
Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsy of the
Bladder.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion,
and excites the Abolition of indigestible food, and
the removal of all morbid humors from the system,
which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and
all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well
as Pain and Inflammation.

Helmhold's Extract Buchu.
For Weakness arising from Excesses, Habits
of Disipation, Early Indiscretion, Abuse, or
any other kind of hereditary or acquired disease,
Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power,
Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Urination,
Trembling, Weakness, Pain in the Back,
Pain in the Head, Flushing of the Body,
Dryness of the Skin, Eruptions on the Face,
and all other diseases of the Urinary Organs.

These symptoms, if followed to go on, which this
medicine invariably removes, soon follow
Indigestion, Catarrh, Hemorrhoids, &c.

Who can say that they are not frequently follow-
ed by Indigestion, Catarrh, Hemorrhoids, &c.

"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."
Many are aware of the cause of their suffering,
but none will confess to the records of the insane
asylum.

And Melancholy Deaths by Consumption bear
witness to the fact, that of the most common
Constitution one affected with Organic
Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strengthen
the system, and Helmholt's Extract Buchu invari-
ably does.

A Trial will convince the most skeptical.

Females—Females—Females.
In many Affections peculiar to Females the Ex-
TRACT BUCHU is unequalled by any other remedy.
It cures Catarrh, Retention, Irregularity, Painful-
ness, or Suppression of Customary Evacu-
tions, or Scarcity of the Uterine Discharge, or
Leucorrhoea, or Whites, or Sterility, and all
complaints incident to the sex, whether arising
from indiscretion, Habits of Disipation, or in this
DECLINE OF CHANGE OF LIFE.

Take no more Balsam, Mercury, or unpleasant
Medicine for impurities of the blood, and
Helmhold's Extract Buchu and Improved Rose
Wash Cures.

Secret Diseases
In all their Stages. At little Expense,
Little or no change in Diet. No inconvenience,
And no Exposure.

It causes a frequent desire and gives strength to
Urinate, thereby removing Obstructions, Frequent
and Cutting Strains of the Urinary Organs,
Pain and Inflammation, so frequent in the class of
Diseases, and expelling all Poisonous, Disposed
and without delay.

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victims of Quacks, and who have paid heavy fees
to be cured in a short time, have found their way
to Helmholt's Extract Buchu, and it is certain
that the "POISON" has, by the use of
"Powerful Astringents," been dried up in the
system to break out in an aggravated form, and
perhaps after Marriage.

Use HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU for all
affections and diseases of the URINARY OR-
GANS, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE,
from whatever cause arising, and no matter of
HOW LONG STANDING.

Diseases of these Organs requires the aid of a
DIURETIC, HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC, and is certain
to have the desired effect in all Diseases for which it
is recommended.

Evidence of the most reliable and responsible
character will accompany the medicine.
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Delivered by mail, securely packed, and by
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Cure Guaranteed.
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the advertisement and send for it. And avoid
imposition and exposure.
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A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

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in the 17th century, by Dr. Wm. GRACE,
surgeon in King James's Army. Through its
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and wounds that baffled the skill of the most
eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded
by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

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nature down to a common Pimple. It eradicates
Pimples from the face, and beautifies the
skin. There is no preparation before the public that
can equal this Salve in prompt and ener-
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eases, as those who have tried its virtues testify.
Soldiers, Sailors, and Fishermen, will find this
Salve their best friend.

It has none of the irritating, heating prop-
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heals the most serious Sores and Wounds.
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children, should keep a box on hand in case of
accident, for it will save them much trouble,
suffering, and money. All it wants is a fair
trial to cure old and inveterate Sores.

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the most DELICIOUS PERFUME, which remains
on the leather as long as the blacking lasts, and
each bottle has a stick ready fitted in the stopper.
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the leather.

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ing.

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Incompetency, Premature Decay and Youthful
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by addressing him at once at his place of business
The Recipe and full information of vital impor-
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the information invaluable.
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Middlesex Journal.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Shadow and Sunlight.

I remember a sad summer morning,
Dark clouds which the sun could not part,
I remember, I ne'er may forget it,
A shadow that came o'er my heart.

'Twas not from the dark skies above me,
That shadow is over me yet,
Will its shade o'er my path not be given
Ere my life's sun forever shall set?

I had woven bright day-dreams before this,
I had lightly and gayly dreamed,
And life's pathway lay sunny before me,
In the light which from fancy beamed.

There had passed o'er my dreams fitful shadows,
Premonitions of this there had been,
But my dreaming ceased not for their coming—
It went on as though they were unseen.

But since then when my visions are lightest,
When they come as they came before,
There's a darkening hue from that shadow,
Will it rest on them evermore?

I have cared far too much for earth's sunlight,
Too little for that from above,
I have sought far too feebly the sunshine
Of my Heavenly Father's love.

But this sorrow and those with it mingled,
Are drawing me nearer to Him,
I must keep in the light He hath given,
Earth's light o'er my path is so dim.

I must walk in the path straight and narrow,
If the light I would always see,
There's a ray from the cross that forever
Will lighten that pathway for me.

And this is the last of earth's shadows
I ever shall have to bear,
For my God is the sunlight of Heaven
No darkness can enter there.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

The Lost Purse.

A friend related to me a simple story, not long since, which I think is worth telling over. The parties of whom he spoke were near by, and it was the presence of the hero that called the circumstances to mind.

Abel Morton was a youth of about seventeen. His mother was a widow, and he an only child. They lived in part of a small hut in the outskirts of the village, and were very poor. During the long, cold winter, the widow had been quite sick, so that Abel had been obliged to spend most of his time with her. The youth had never learned any trade, as previous circumstances had combined to prevent his leaving home. He worked whenever he could get work to do, and thus far managed to find food enough to keep himself and mother alive, though they suffered much with cold.

As the spring opened, Abel tried to find work, but was not successful. He picked up a few odd jobs now and then, but the proceeds were barely sufficient to purchase enough of the coarsest, cheapest food. Clothing they could not buy, and poor Abel began to fear he must beg a suit of clothes, or, what was worse, leave his mother. But the latter he could not do.

One afternoon he went into the village and spent several hours hunting for work, but he found nothing to do. Some seemed to turn him away because he looked ragged, while others said they never employed any one outside of their own household.

Faint and sick at heart, Abel bent his steps homeward. He left the village and was turning into a narrow lane that led to his home, when he detected something peculiar on the roadside. He picked it up, and found it to be a small knit purse. It was quite heavy, and the jingle of its contents was too sharp and clear for copper. The poor youth did not stop to open it then, for it was already dusk, and he knew that his mother would be anxious, so he hurried homeward. He entered the little room where his mother was sitting, and sank down in a chair.

"Alas, no work!" the widow murmured, as she saw the cloud upon the boy's face. "No," he replied; "I tried all round, but it was no use."

"Never mind Abel. God is good. We shall not suffer as those who have no trust in Him."

"But how does he help us, mother?" asked Abel, in a faltering tone.

"In many ways, my son. He has preserved us through many trials, and has given us hope and courage. He has preserved to me a true and virtuous child, and has held us clear from many sufferings which afflict our fellows. Look at Mrs. Tyndal; see her, with all her wealth, suffering tortures that I would not suffer for worlds. See her only son, a poor miserable inebriate, and in prison for a drunken crime. For what would we exchange our noble consciousness of right and honor?"

Abel made no reply. There had been something bearing down heavily on his soul—something which lay in his pocket and sent forth a serpent song of plenty. But the load was removed. He drew forth the purse from his pocket and laid it on the table by his side.

"What is that?" said the widow, as she heard the sharp clink of the coin.

"A purse. I found it on the road."

"Found it? Oh, did you find it?"

"Yes, my mother; in the road, just at the turn of our lane. It lay in the foot path."

A candle was lighted and the purse emptied. It contained twenty silver half-dollars.

"Ten dollars," whispered Abel—"Perhaps we can find who lost it."

"Isn't there some name on the purse?" asked his mother. She took it as he spoke, and upon the inside of the clasp which was lined with red Morocco, she read "John Thompson."

"John Thompson was one of the wealthiest men in the place. He owned a very large farm, and besides supplying a large amount of milk to customers, he raised large quantities of garden sauce and fine fruit, which he sent to a neighboring city."

"Oh how easily he could spare it?" whispered Abel. "It would be no loss to him."

"That is so in a measure, my son," said the widow, solemnly. "His would not be the loss, but we should lose—oh, how much."

"We, mother?"

"Ah, my boy should you keep this—should we keep it—where would our honor be?" The next time you met Mr. Thompson, you'd fear to look him in the face; you could not look at him with the happy consciousness of your own innocence; there would be a taint on your character, a sting in your soul. Oh, would you keep it Abel?"

"No, my mother I would not. No, no; I'll carry it back this very night."

"You might wait until morning, for you must get me some wood now."

The purse was laid away in a place of safety and on the following morning Abel started off bright and early, and walked with a light and buoyant step, for he was satisfied with the work he was doing.

Mr. Thompson lived in a fine large mansion on the top of a gentle eminence, at a short distance from the road, and surrounded by a park of noble trees. Abel took his way up the neatly gravelled walk, and met the owner upon the broad piazza.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" asked the host. He was a kind generous looking man; stout and corpulent, with a face full of health and good nature.

"Yes sir," answered Abel promptly, at the same time ascending the piazza. "I found a purse last evening and on opening it we found your name upon it."

"And who is we?"

"My mother and I, sir."

"Then you did not think you needed the money?"

"Sir?" returned the youth, with inquiring gaze.

"Seeing that you bring the money to me I suppose you had no use for it."

"Use for it, sir?" repeated Abel at a loss how to understand the man. "Oh, God knows we had a use for it, but not so much as we have for our honor and truth."

"Were you afraid to keep it?" pursued Mr. Thompson, in the same peculiar tone.

"Afraid? what do you mean? Do I love my mother because I am afraid to hate her? I brought your money back because it was yours not mine."

Thus speaking, Abel handed the gentleman the purse, and turned away. Mr. Thompson did not say a word; and the youth kept on, feeling glad that he had done right, yet at the same time almost ready to cry at the reception he had met with.

When he reached home he sank into a chair; and leaned his hand upon his head.

"Why what's the matter, Abel?" asked his mother in alarm.

But before he could answer, they were both startled by hearing a horse stop at the door. The rider was Mr. Thompson who dismounted, and, as the door was open, entered without ceremony. He bade the widow a cheerful good-morning and then took a seat.

"I've come on business, and I may as well proceed at once." Then turning to Abel, he asked—

"Are you engaged at present?"

"No sir," replied the youth eagerly—for the man spoke very kindly.

"Wouldn't you like something to do?"

"Oh, yes sir! I spent all the day yesterday looking after work. My mother

is not well and I must earn something."

"Can you write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty well?"

"Yes, sir. My mother has taught me more than I should have learned at school."

"You can cipher, then?"

"Yes sir. I have been pretty thoroughly as far as cube root."

"Can you drive two horses?"

"Yes sir. I drove the stage from here to Grantborough a good many times last winter."

"Then I think you are just the man I want. In a few days I shall have some sauce for the city, as yet I have engaged no one to take charge of that department. For the last ten years I have lost considerably by dishonest men. The man who carries my produce to market has considerable money to collect; sometimes it will average a hundred dollars a day for a week at a time. When I buy up fruit and berries to send to the city, the receipts are considerable. How would you like the place?"

"Could I be with my mother by night, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I should like it very much—very much, sir. And if I serve you, I shall serve you faithfully."

"I have no fears on that account," said Mr. Thompson, with a peculiar look. "I am fully satisfied of your honesty; I saw you pick up my purse."

There was a slight shudder passing through the youth's soul, for he could not help thinking what would have been the result had he kept the money.

"You are not the first one I have tried," said the gentleman. "First I looked upon Samuel Stephens. He is poor, and I thought him capable. I dropped my purse with my name plainly written upon it where he should find it and he kept it. Next I tried Tom Poole, and he did the same. Some might say I had no business to place temptation in a poor youth's way; but I would give employment to those who most needed it, and there is ample temptation in the work I must have done; I thought I had a right to try them. But you have proved yourself trustworthy and I am glad of it."

And now if upon trial you suit me, I will pay you forty dollars a month, and board you. What say you to that?"

But poor Abel knew not what to say; the sum named was enormous to him; he had wondered if he should get as much as fifteen. "Forty?" he whispered, fearful that he had misunderstood him.

"Yes, forty dollars a month. Will not that answer?"

"Oh, yes, sir! It is more than I had expected—much more."

"Then you will be the better satisfied. I like to have those that work for me satisfied, and then if they do wrong I am not to blame. So, suppose you come up, and look around; we will commence the first month to-day."

The poor widow felt it her duty to say something before the kind man left; she turned to him and opened her mouth—and then—began to cry.

Mr. Thompson understood it, took her by the hand and bade her be of good cheer, and then hastened away.

Until the sound of his horse's tramp had died away in the distance, both mother and son sat in perfect silence. At length the widow spoke:—"Oh, Abel! God has blessed us wonderfully."

"Suppose I had kept the money," whispered the youth.

"Not that—not that, my son. Oh, it was not the money; though the money, like a mirror, reflected yourself. It was the stern integrity of your soul. You couldn't have kept it. The simple carrying back ten dollars was little to be compared with the principles involved. He saw your honor, your truth; and for what you are has he hired you."

Abel went up to the great house, and soon found something to do. When he returned home at night, Mrs. Thompson gave him an order on the tailor for a new suit of clothes.

The busy season came on, and Mr. Thompson was not long in discovering he had won a treasure in his new hand. Abel sold more produce than had ever been sold before from the place, and he got better prices, or at least he returned more money, which was far better. That was not all. The business was kept square—even to the fraction of a penny, every day; so that at any moment Mr. Thompson could tell just how he stood.

But there was one difficulty; the producer often wished for the assistance of his produce agent in the evening, especially when he had any accounts to make out. So he talked with his wife, and it

was soon arranged that the Widow Morton should come and find a home beneath their roof. She had grown stronger, and the flush of health was again upon her cheek, since her son had afforded her the many comforts that she needed; and she accepted the new offer with pleasure. Abel could now spend all his time in his employer's interest, and the happiness of all concerned was greatly enhanced thereby.

I saw a wealthy man walk to his house and as he stood and gazed upon his broad acres, half a dozen children broke away from an old lady who had been playing with them, and bounded to his side; and I could hear the cries of "Papa!" It was Abel Morton; and the old lady was his mother. He was an honest, happy man; for strict honor and truth had been his guide through life.

GENIUS.

Far out at sea the wave was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail;
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea!

The little creature, which had lost
Its mate, little danger knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue,
Far out at sea!

Away it danced with shimmering glee,
Now dim, distinct, now seen, now gone;
Night comes, with wind and rain, but he
No more shall dance before the morn,
Far out at sea!

He dies unlike his mates, I ween,
Perhaps not sooner or more cased;
But he has known, and felt, and seen
A wider, larger hope, though lost
Far out at sea!

[Continental Monthly.]

NATURALIZED.

Do you know what it is to be naturalized, reader? You are native born, are you? Want have to be naturalized? Well, let's see. Of course you have been to Boston sight-seeing, and observed how fast people live there! You saw that spruce young gent in garbs of the latest style and with a moustache a la mode *Parisienne*, as he elbowed his way through the crowd, and perhaps nudged you as he rushed by, which answered the same purpose as the sharp shrill whistle of a flying locomotive, and warned you to clear the track? Do you think such a young gent as that could grow native? Not a bit of it! He has been naturalized! Could you have seen him a year ago, when he was first ushered into city life, dressed in his brown homespun, I guess you would have laughed! Why, he had only poked his head out of the depot, when his hat, which had seen no less than three years service, (and we dare not tell how many more,) was the first thing that called forth the wonder of a parcel of little lumps in the vicinity, who hopped up and down in their mirthfulness, and shouted at the top of their voices, "Oh! what a hat," while a host of dirty bootblacks assailed him in the rear,—bootblack?—bootblack, sir?—bootblack?—with as much vigor as a swarm of half-starved flies would alight upon a drop of molasses. He stopped to have the shine put on to those boots, which had never known a brush, and never had a drop of blacking, other than the native country soil, since they first came from the hands of the manufacturer. Not that he cared for the dirty appearance they had, but just to repel the vigorous assaults of the *shiners* who still hovered around; and even the one who took the job insinuatingly remarked, "It's worth twice as much to shine your boots, sir," while the rest of the squad of juveniles were around the corner taking turns at peeping, and then falling back, dancing in their hilarity and exclaiming, "By gi, what a foot!"

This is but the beginning of that young man's naturalization, reader! He has satisfied those hungry ragmuffins, but let's follow a little further. He passes along in ecstasy, never lifting his eyes from his well shined understanding, till he reaches the house to which he was directed to obtain board, and then, when he did lift them and beheld the towering walls of that huge mansion, how he started; scrutinizing every brick from the basement to the attic, before ringing the bell. He rings. The servant comes and he is ushered into the presence of the "lady of the house," to whom his business is made known, and he is informed he can stay if the room suits, and the lady, with a wave of the hand, bids Bridget show him to his room. He commences the ascent, and after passing up

five flights of stairs, and still sees Bridget advancing, he drooped at the foot of the sixth and shouts, "Say yo—you! how much further is it?" and upon being informed but one more flight, he gathers his drooping energies and is soon introduced to the "sky parl'r." Exhausted, he settles down upon the lounge by the window, and looking down upon the pedestrians in the street below, who had the appearance of liliputians, he broke out: "Jeh! what a house! What would Bob say! He mought hev read about mount Vesuvius; but, by gi, he'll never see anything that can beat this!" and he dropped to sleep.

Bridget went below and attended to her household affairs, leaving that very young man to take a nap. Time flew rapidly, and soon the hour arrived for the boarders to come in, and he was depicted to them as a "green'un" from the country. The bell rung for dinner, and not being so green but what he knew enough to eat when he was hungry, he rallied for the downward flight, and soon reached the dining-room, was pointed to a place at the table, and taking his napkin carefully, and spreading it in the bottom of his chair sat upon it, and ate with his knife, and (just as like as not,) finished up by picking his teeth with a fork. He was denounced by the genteel as ill-bred and vulgar, and was not allowed the honor of having his name even mentioned when the young ladies were speaking of a *petit maitre*.

But having passed through a mysterious ordeal he has at length come forth a brilliant fop, an expert gallant and as cold and uncharitable for verdant youth as the native born citizen, forgetful of his own sad experience—naturalized.

In every State from the sand-bound shores of the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the dark blue waters of the Lakes, the manners and dialect of the people change, and if we settle in a foreign State we must become acclimated—naturalized, making our actions harmonize with those who are acting around us in the great drama of Life, until we step from the stage of action down into the vaults of Death. ARAGO.

Colonel Gowan, of Boston, coming down from St. Petersburg, through Georgia and Circassia, when in the neighborhood of the sea of Azof, stumbled upon some oil wells which the natives were working in a very indifferent way, and which the colonel bought. He then came to Paris and London, organized a company, sent out men to work the wells, and ships to carry to London and Liverpool the products, and they are now paying handsome dividends. But what is more surprising still, the colonel, in returning lately from the Black Sea to Paris, stopped on the way at the Island of Samos, on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, where he found and bought another oil well. What is still more curious, this well was spoken of by Herodotus, the great Greek historian, 450 years before Christ, and from that day to this no one has thought of turning to use this important discovery. Col. Gowan has bought fifteen acres of ground at the ordinary price of land on the island.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.—The following curious story is told of an old lady living in Buckinghamshire, England:

The husband of this ancient dame died without making his will, for the want of which very necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of the property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed upon an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writing. The widow, who on his arrival appeared in great affliction at her good man's danger, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answer she expected and desired. The cobbler groaned aloud, and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered, "I intend to leave you half my estate, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but did not negative the cobbler's will, for fear of losing the whole property, while the old rogue in bed, (who was himself the poor old shoe-maker living opposite,) laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SNEEZING.—A sneeze always indicates that there is something wrong. It does not occur in health unless some foreign agent irritates the membranes of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed. In case of cold, or what is termed influenza, these are unduly excitable, and hence the repeated sneezings which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves; the nerves of smell, those of feeling, and those of motion. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they come into contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose, but the power of these muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited in a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which despatch to the brain the intelligence that "Snuff has attacked the nostril!" The brain instantly sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying "Cast it out!" and the result is unmistakable. So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue; nearly one half of the body arouses against the intruder; from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff. Let us consider what occurs in this instantaneous operation. The lung becomes fully inflated, the abdominal organs are pressed downward, and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of air through the mouth, and now all the muscles, which have relaxed for the purpose, contract simultaneously, and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of snuff which has been causing irritation therein. Such, then, is the complicated action of a sneeze; and if the first effort does not succeed, then follows a second, a third, and a fourth; and not until victory is achieved, do the army of defenders dissolve their compact, and settle down into the enjoyment of peace and quietude.

TERMS, CASH.—Ay! that is the word for these times! Credit is nowhere, comparatively. It is well for all that it is so. Cash, forms a splendid basis for business. Witness these particulars:—

1. *It is safe.*—What is made is surely made, and the Profit and Loss account may almost be banished from the Ledger. At the end of a year you can tell whether you have really made anything. You have tangible evidence of the fact in your bank balance, or in goods and property. Your earnings are not in the pockets of other men for six months or a year. The bird is in your hand.

2. *It is pleasant.*—Pleasant to the buyer as well as the seller. The cash-buyer comes up to you with a frank and open face. He feels independent of you. He has no favors to ask, for he intends to pay on the spot for all he buys. He chats with you without restraint on equal terms. He has your confidence, and you treat him with cordial respect. Both are happy. His business concluded, the hand-shaking is mutually pleasant and satisfactory.

3. *It is healthy.*—The business breast is not perturbed nor anxious in regard to the character and standing of a new customer. You do not look at him askance, nor does agitating suspicion prevent your friendly compliments. When you sell a bill of goods, it is not at the expense of a fit of dyspepsia. Your mind is placid, for you know the transaction is safe. Good digestion is a prerequisite of health; and, with a placid mind to boot, the seller for cash ought to gain in substance. Doubtless.

4. *It is benevolent.*—On the cash plan, the purchaser takes only as much as he can pay for; and he consequently has no worry in devising ways to meet engagements for goods inconsiderately purchased. He looks before he leaps; and so he comes down softly. The sheriff never peeps in at his door; and he gets a good character among his neighbors, and some rich man probably makes him his executor. The way is open to him for places of trust and honor; and who can say that he may not become an alderman, or a senator? The same health-considerations that happily benefit the seller equally bless the cash buyer. Yes, surely the cash system is sister to the gentle quality of mercy, "that blesses him that gives and him that takes."

The inference that we draw from the above points is, that the cash plan is a good plan all around; and, winding up emphatically with Latin, we exclaim, *Eato perpetua!*

The Middlesex Journal,
—AND—
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.
WOBURN:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

ANNEXATION OF ROXBURY TO BOSTON.—The question of annexation of Roxbury to Boston is again agitated, and this time with an earnestness which seems to promise success. A variety of reasons are assigned why it should take place. We should not be surprised to have other towns in the vicinity of Boston, desiring to be annexed. These towns are virtually a part of that city, their inhabitants doing business in Boston, and they are sometimes called lodging places, in reference to their being occupied only in sleeping hours. Charlestown, Cambridge, Somerville and Chelsea, to say nothing of other contiguous places, are to a great extent occupied by Boston people, and one after another may follow Roxbury if she annexes herself. In some respects it may be better to have these towns retain their individuality and independence. Charlestown and Cambridge are historical places of no small importance. A great metropolis as Boston may become somewhat unwieldy to manage, and the interests of different localities may not be so well attended to as when under separate government. But the reasons for adjacent towns and cities uniting with Boston are many and strong.

That city has a proud name reaching back to early colonial times, and was particularly remarkable for the conduct of its inhabitants in originating the resistance which led on to American Independence. It has had a marked literary reputation, and been famous for commerce. It has great wealth, and surprises strangers who visit it, by its immense, elegant and numerous warehouses, and the number of people and carriages thronging its streets. The spirit of improvement is everywhere visible, and new works are pushed forward with great spirit and energy. No stocks, not even those of the State of Massachusetts stand so high in the market, and are considered so safe as the obligations of Boston. The interests of Boston and surrounding towns are blended together, so that money for improvements in one place must be drawn somewhat from others.

One fact is remarkable in these suburban towns, that the people doing business in Boston, call themselves Boston people and do not become interested in the town meetings of the places where their homes are located. There is little or no local pride to stimulate them for improvements and they are rather jealous of taxes being increased by expenditures to embellish and improve the condition of things.

The conveniences of water, drainage, light, schools and churches, are worth consideration, and the importance, as in the case of Roxbury, that the streets laid out between the two cities should be under the control of a union governing mind, is most apparent. Roxbury now, since West Roxbury was set off, has a comparative narrow territory and thickly settled, and can very well unite with Boston.

Doubtless, the subject will receive the careful attention of both parties, and the benefit will be made fully apparent, but whatever be the issue at the present time, Boston will eventually swallow up her suburban towns and become a large city.

LIEUT. TIDD HEARD FROM.—We have seen a copy of a letter from Capt. Hanson, dated, Danville, Va., Dec. 18th, 1864, from which we make the following extracts:

"I have the honor to report myself, with seven other unfortunates of the 'line,' a prisoner in a brick building in Danville. We are hungry, thirsty, shirtless, bootless, cold and healthy. We now call 'hard tack,' mince pie; salt pork, boiled mutton; and coffee and sugar, Oh, my! Captain Fred (Kinsley) tries to keep up the necessary dignity of a 'senior officer'; but the state of his shirt and trousers makes such an attempt ridiculous. Capt. Hutchins is in the hospital; Lieut. L. R. Tidd has eaten so much 'corn bread,' that he has been obliged to take to soup altogether."

The letter speaks of Captain Trull, Lieut. J. F. R. Hosea and Lieut. Barker, all of whom are in good spirits, and closes as follows:

"If you can send us some 'hard tack' and pork, you will render us eternally your debtors."

STONEHAM.—We make the following extracts from a recent letter received from Stoneham:

"A new society for the relief of wounded soldiers has been formed by the school girls of this place, to be known as the Juvenile Soldier's Relief Society. Miss Eva Poor, was chosen President, and Miss Sarah J. Dike, Vice-President."

"The sudden and unexpected loss of Mr. Calvin Brown, formerly the teacher of the High School in this place, by the disaster to the steamer Melvin, off Cape Hatteras, has cast a gloom over this community. He was much esteemed for his many good qualities, and will be mourned by all who knew him."

LYCEUM.—The eighth lecture of the course was delivered on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Subject:—"Progress of Civilization." Mr. H. delineated its progress from the days of Pliny, from epoch to epoch, up to the present age, illustrating it by the ancient brilliancy and greatness of the Old World and its gradual decline as the flood of civilization rolled westward, leaving the amphitheatre of the old to be eclipsed by the progressive spirit of the New World, and predicting in the future a still greater and more brilliant civilization, as the tide continued westward, on the Pacific shores. The lecture was full of instructive historical sketches, and was duly listened to by a large and attentive audience.

PRESENTATION.—On Monday evening, of this week, a large number of the friends of Mr. Wm. H. Clarke, the former Organist at the Congregational Church, and Superintendent of the Infant Sabbath School, met him at the house of Mr. Joseph G. Pollard, and presented him a Silver Cake Basket, and several other silver presents. Excellent singing and a good social time were the features of the occasion. Mr. J. G. Pollard made the presentation in a very neat and appropriate address, which was responded to briefly and feelingly by Mr. Clarke.

A SURPRISE.—On Saturday evening, 21st ult., the Rev. J. E. Swallow's people from Burlington, to the number of 80 or 100, made him a surprise visit at his residence in Woburn, leaving gifts, mostly money, to the amount of \$110, presented by Father Sewell, of Burlington. It was a pleasant social gathering.

We refer our readers to another column of this paper, where the *Great German Heilmittel* is advertised. The remedy is one of the best, if not the very best in the market for Coughs, Colic, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., etc. We have used it in our family, for catarrh and coughs, and we can assure our readers that our catarrh melted away like the snow under an April sun. The cough, which reminded of a bad quarter, "rather sticky," left us as suddenly as it came. We can confidently say to our readers, try it, and you never will be without it in your family. It is for sale by all druggists and can be obtained in Woburn of W. C. Brigham and Elbridge Trull. Remember the name of it—*Great German Heilmittel*.

Mrs. William C. Whitcomb would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of (\$50) fifty dollars sent very unexpectedly by her Lynnfield Centre friends as a Thanksgiving offering to aid a widow and four fatherless children, after God by his afflictive providence deprived us of the precious life of Chaplain William C. Whitcomb, at a time when he was so much needed (as seemed to us).

Last week, I again received from Stoneham friends (\$65) sixty-five dollars sent to benefit me and my family. Oh, may God abundantly reward each and all of these dear, kind friends, and may they experience that "tis more blessed to give than to receive."

My prayer is, that God may hear the many earnest prayers of their loved friend and faithful pastor, and give him many more souls as seals of his faithfulness in the day of the Lord.

HARRIETT L. WHITCOMB.
Marlborough, N. H., Jan. 30th, '65.

You Kissed Me.

You kissed me! My head had dropped low on
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotion my tongue dared not
speak,
Flushed up like a flame, from my heart to my
cheek,
Your arms held me fast—oh, your arms were so
bold—
Heart beat against heart in their passionate hold;
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through
my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the
skies,
And your lips elung to mine, till I prayed in my
bliss,
That I might be possessed of a bottle of GERMAN
HEILMITTEL to cure my CATARRH.

STANZA 2d.

You kissed me! My heart, and my breath, and
my will,
In delicious joy for the moment stood still;
No vista of pleasure outside of your arms,
And were I this instant, an angel possessed
Of the glory and peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes ungrudgingly down
And tear from my forehead the beautiful crown,
For the possession of but one bottle of the GERMAN
HEILMITTEL to cure my bad COUGH.

STANZA 3d.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man drunken
with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if
death
Would come while my mouth was yet moist with
your breath;
'Twere delicious to die if my heart might grow
cold,
With your arms wraps round me in passionate
fold.

And these are the questions I ask day and night,
Must my life taste but one such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter
as then,
And if you were here, would you
Buy me a bottle of the great GERMAN HEILMITTEL,
which is for sale by all druggists, and costs but \$2
a bottle, and certainly cures the worst cases of
CATARRH, COUGHS, COLIC, BRONCHITIS and
CONSUMPTION in its first stages.

P. S. The Poet forgot to mention that the great
German Heilmittel is the best preventative for
diphtheria yet known.

It is estimated that there are three
hundred thousand refugees from the
South in the North.

There are forty thousand Jews in the
Federal army.

Dr. Franklin said "A good kick out of
doors is better than all the rich uncles in
the world."

The amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery in the United States, has passed both Houses of Congress, and the President has signed the bill. The pulse of the loyal North beats high in response to this glorious act. In Woburn, as in most of the towns of the State, the bells were rung for an hour or more, and in Boston, and other large places, cannon were fired, the bells pealed forth their merry notes, and other demonstrations of gladness were indulged in. The amendment must receive the sanction of two-thirds of the Legislative bodies of the country before it becomes law.

DRY GOODS CHEAP.—Our readers are referred to the advertisement of Mr. Charles A. Smith, who is selling one of the largest and best stocks of Dry Goods ever offered to the citizens of Woburn, at a great reduction from former prices. His cotton goods, prints, and delaines, are selling at 10 to 20 cents per yard less than usual, and his whole stock will be disposed of at figures far beyond the regular market rates. His stock is of a superior quality, and very large. Those desiring bargains should give Mr. Smith a call at once.

DECEASED.—We are called upon to chronicle the decease of the following soldiers from this town and vicinity:

Charles Scott, of Co. K, 36th Mass. Reg., who enlisted three years since, and served his country faithfully until the time of his death. He was taken prisoner by the rebels Aug. 19th, 1864, and died October 16th of the same year, in their hands, aged 21 years. Married.

Robert Curry, of the company and regiment above named. He had seen hard service. He was captured by the rebels May 8th, 1864, at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., but was recaptured May 9, by Gen. Sheridan's Cavalry, at Beaver Dam Station. Unfortunately, he was again captured by the rebels at the Weldon Railroad, Aug. 19th, 1864, and died in their hands Oct. 20th, of the same year, aged 41 years. Married.

George Augustus Sprague, of same company and regiment, was a young man of but 18 years, entered the service in Dec., 1863, was taken prisoner at the Weldon Railroad, Aug. 19th, 1864, and died October 26th, of the same year.

Miles Rowland, same Co. and Reg., belonged to Boston, and enlisted in Aug. 1862. He was wounded before Petersburg, June 17th, 1864. Upon recovering he again joined the ranks, and was taken at Weldon Railroad, Nov. 19th, 1864, and died in their hands Dec. 16th, 1864, aged 24 years.

ON FURLONGS.—Sergt. Daniel Reddy, Co. F, 11th Reg. M. V. M.

Corp. Robert M. Dennett, Co. K, 36th Mass. Reg.

A PRISONER.—Thomas Foley, Co. F, 11th Mass. Reg., was a prisoner at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 8th, 1864, and was well.

RETURNED VETERAN.—Thomas Ryan, Co. A, 2d Reg. D. C. Vols., has returned home, after a term of three years' service.

MASONIC.—A handsome clock, costing \$50, was presented to Mount Horb Lodge, of Woburn, last week, by Chas. G. Lund, Esq.

RUNAWAY.—The horse belonging to Dr. Thomas S. Scales, became frightened and ran down Warren street, through Pleasant street, home, scattering the contents along the street and damaging the sleigh seriously.

A LOSS.—We understand that Messrs. Kelley & Winn recently lost a horse valued at \$200.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The February number has the following list of contents:

Our First Great Painter, and his Works; Dr. Johns. I.; Roger Brooke Tane; The Mantle of St. John de Matha; Needles and Garden, II.; Notes of a Pianist; I.; Garnant Hall; The Pleiades of Connecticut; Ice and Esquimaux, III.; The Old House; Memories of Authors; The Chimney-Corner, II.; Pro Patria; A Fortnight with the Sanitary; Art; Harriet Hosmer's Zenobia; Reviews and Literary Notices, &c.

SAD ACCIDENT IN CHARLESTOWN.

Two boys named Maurice Fitzgerald and Burton Wheeler, one 13 and the other 11 years old, were drowned while coasting on the Mystic River, Saturday afternoon. It appears that, in company with a lad named Williams, they had been coasting on the ice, and while returning home from the direction of Chelsea they all three broke through. The Williams boy succeeded in extricating himself and tried in vain to save his companions. The parents of Fitzgerald reside at No. 17 Jefferson avenue, and those of Wheeler on High street. The stream was dragged thoroughly Saturday afternoon and Sunday, but the bodies were not recovered.

Elizabeth Compton, aged 17, at present confined in prison, in New York, on a charge of petty larceny, was, when arrested, dressed in male attire. She states that she served for over a year in the 25th Michigan Cavalry, was wounded at the engagement at Greenbriar Bridge, in Tennessee, and, on being removed to the hospital at Lebanon, Ky., her sex was discovered, and on her recovery she was dismissed from the service.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WOBBURN BRANCH SANITARY COMMISSION.—The expiration of the second year of our organization admonishes us of the duty we owe to our associates, and particularly to those whose patriotic liberality has enabled us to labor another year for our sick, suffering soldiers. We heartily congratulate our co-workers, not merely on the continued success of our labors, but upon the unanimity and harmony which have existed between the different societies composing this Branch;—thus enabling us to labor as a unit in the noble cause to which we had consecrated ourselves from the commencement. The problem of our union has long since been satisfactorily solved; none can longer be skeptical as regards the result. Would any inquire the secret of our successful experiment,—how, societies, connected with different religious organizations, can move on so harmoniously together? We would reply that sectarian prejudices, petty jealousies, conflicting interests, are terms not yet introduced into the vocabulary of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission.

Union meetings, which occur at regular intervals, form an interesting, and, by no means, an unimportant feature of our organization. Through the agency of these social gatherings, we have not only cultivated a more intimate acquaintance with each other, but we have felt a new inspiration for our work as we have greeted those who for two years, have been so closely linked in a common interest. For ourselves we can sincerely say, we have ever gone forth from these meetings, refreshed in spirit, and strengthened in purpose for our future work.

We are under renewed obligations to our citizens who have again allowed us the privilege of being the almoners of their bounty to our brave, suffering soldiers. We have never appealed in vain to a generous public; indeed, our wants are scarcely felt, to be such, ere they are abundantly supplied. The past has taught us such impressive lessons, that we trust the faith that never faileth will not be regarded as presumptuous. The Committee of gentlemen, chosen at the last Union meeting, will please accept our grateful acknowledgments for the readiness with which they entered on the duty assigned them. Their energy, efficiency and promptness, relieved the members of this Commission of all apprehension of a "financial panic" or approaching bankruptcy. The memory of the late lamented Treasurer of that Committee, deserves a passing tribute. One of the last benevolent acts of a long and useful life, was placing at the disposal of the Treasurer of this Commission, the generous contribution of our fellow citizens; the words of sympathy, the tones of encouragement which accompanied it, will ever be cherished as a pleasant reminiscence.

The receipts and expenditures of this Commission from Jan. 1, 1864, to Jan. 1, 1865, are as follows:—

Amount in Treasury, Jan. 1, 1864,	\$114.33
Donation from Phalanx Associates,	300.00
Subscriptions from Citizens in Aug. and Sept.	326.50
Interest on Notes,	8.49
Donation from a gentleman,	4.00
Donation from a lady,	1.00
Sundries,	2.56
	\$756.88

EXPENDED.

For material,	\$651.99
Incidental expenses,	5.90
	\$657.89
Balance, Jan. 1, 1865—\$98.99.	

During the past year we have sent to N. E. Women's Aux. Asso., 18 West St., and to Hospitals:—

122 dannel shirts, 157 cotton shirts, 84 flannel drawers, 52 cotton drawers, 44 dressing gowns, 125 pr. slippers, 12 Moccasins, 103 caps, 9 quilts, 981 handkerchiefs, 125 towels, 67 pr. stockings, 134 ring-cushions, 39 round and square cushions, 49 comfort bags, 4 arm-slings, 2 hair pillows, 36 pin-cushions, 42 old shirts, 10 pr. mittens, 3 pr. gloves, 2 flannel swatches, 1 pr. cotton socks, 1 pr. pants, 1 pillow case, 3 vests, 2 quires note paper, 2 packages envelopes, 1 doz. pencils, 2 bottles elderberry wine, 1 doz. currant wine, 1 doz. blackberry cordial, 1 doz. tomato catsup, quantities sponges, bandages, lint. Also, great variety of reading matter. In addition to these articles, the members of the societies have made from town appropriation for Woburn soldiers in different regiments:—104 flannel shirts, 4 cotton shirts, 7 pr. flannel drawers, 151 pr. stockings, 57 pr. mittens, 123 towels, 71 handkerchiefs, 87 caps,—making a total for hospital and camp—226 flannel shirts, 161 cotton shirts, 91 flannel drawers, 218 pr. stockings, 68 pr. mittens, 3 pr. gloves, 248 towels, 1052 handkerchiefs, 190 caps.

There are many constant, earnest workers connected with our societies; others, who can work for hospitals more advantageously in their homes; these we have ever found to be a tower of strength in our time of need;—and still others who have not yet been "mustered in." Will it afford these "outsiders" any encouragement to be assured, we have no conscripts in our ranks,—we are all volunteers with a bounty which cannot be computed in dollars and cents, neither bartered for gold at its highest premium?—and more,

we do not intend to be "mustered out" while there is any necessity for our labor? Do those, who claim to be not only philanthropic, but patriotic, duly estimate their obligations to our brave soldiers, who have gone forth to preserve our existence as a nation,—to stand as a wall of fire between us and our country's destroyer? Let every woman testify her gratitude by her deeds. Let her not imagine, because she cannot shoulder a musket, or draw the sword from its scabbard, she has no part in the war: non-combatant as she is, she has much to do, and, through the Sanitary Commission which is her faithful, efficient representative, she can prove herself the good Samaritan, "pouring oil and wine" into the wounds of the fainting, sinking soldier. Let her not forget for a moment, that every garment she makes is the exponent of a principle, and a pledge to the soldier that her heart is in sympathy with the cause for which he is fighting, bleeding.

We have, in our community, not only those who have accomplished much, but those who have sacrificed much.—Mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, have laid upon the altar their country, their richest offerings, their priceless treasures, tearfully it may be, but with a heroism worthy of all honor. God save their loved ones, be their shield and buckler in the hour of deadly strife! Shall we, who have only time or money to bring, presume to dignify our gifts with the name of sacrifice? Let us first understand the true import of that word ere we attempt to institute a comparison.

We would tender our cordial thanks to the proprietors and employees of the Woburn Branch Express for their uniform courtesy, and valuable assistance in gratuitously transmitting packages between Woburn and Boston.

While standing upon the threshold of our third year, a brighter day is dawning upon us;—let not his cheering promise tempt us to relax our efforts, but rather incite us to gird ourselves anew for its responsibilities, that at its close we may have the "compensating reflection" that we have done not merely our duty, but our whole duty.

Respectfully submitted by the Executive Committee.
Woburn, Jan. 23, 1865.

Patriotism.

The land we from our fathers had in trust
We to our children will transmit, or die,
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
We read the dictate in the infant's eye,
In the wife's smile, and in the placid sky;
And at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that went before us!

Who did not use the German Heilmittel for the cure of Catarrh, Coughs, &c., or else they would be still alive.

WINCHESTER.

HORSE RAILROADS.—The patrons of Horse Railroads have had their patience as well as their bodies severely tried this winter by the accommodations furnished them to get to and from their several homes. It is apparent that there is just cause for complaint in this respect and cannot fail to disgust the sufferers at the privations and hardships which they have been called to undergo at the hands of these Corporations without just cause, only if possible to force the cities and towns through whose streets their rails are laid, to allow them the full control of the same, whereby they can remove all the snow and ice from the tracks without reference to the other travel.

Those who have had occasion this season to travel upon the horse railroads will readily testify to the discomforts and objections attendant upon them. They are a very comfortable method of conveyance when the ground is free from snow and ice, provided that you have plenty of time, but when the rails are obstructed, as they generally are during the winter season, and passengers are crowded into open sleighs and few at that, with the weather severely cold, it makes one wish himself located where he should not be dependent upon them, or if one has used the steam cars it leads him to prize them more highly and be willing to pay something extra for the benefits conferred by them. Our Horse Railroads are no doubt a great public convenience when properly managed, but when otherwise they are a nuisance. They are not suited for long routes, but can be used to advantage for the cities and towns immediately in the vicinity of Boston. They should be obliged to provide a sufficient supply of properly covered sleighs to meet the demands of their customers when the condition of the road requires it. The rates of fare have been increased, so that for the same distance the horse railroad is not much (if any) cheaper than steam cars, while the comfort and speed attending the latter are greatly to be valued. The Horse cars are a great improvement over the omnibus, but they cannot compete with steam cars for the longer distances.

These reflections have been induced by our recent experience, which, as it compares with that of many others, is thrown out for the consideration of the reader. It may be remembered that there was a charter granted several years since to extend the horse cars from Medford to this town, but in all human probability this extension will never be made, because it will not pay. Let the managers of our steam cars use their power judiciously, and they need have no fear of competition.

EXCELSIOR.
Read Chas. A. Smith's advertisement.

THE GREAT
German Heilmittel,
WILL POSITIVELY CURE
CATARRH,
BRONCHITIS,
COUGHS,
COLDS,
AND THE FIRST STAGES OF
CONSUMPTION.
IT IS A SURE PREVENTATIVE FOR
DIPHTHERIA.

This remedy is prepared by a regular Physician of fifteen years' experience, and an extensive practice in diseases of the Pulmonary mucous membrane, prescribing constantly the Heilmittel with unfailing success, thus curing thousands who, in vain, have exhausted every other means to obtain relief. A few of the many certificates of cures in the possession of the Doctor are here annexed, which the reader is desired to peruse. They are not certificates of the dead, or names of those who never existed, but parties well known in Boston and vicinity.

TO THE PUBLIC.—My wife, having been afflicted with catarrh for years, attended latterly with a bad cough, having used many remedies and tried the treatment of several of our best medical men without success, I was induced by my friends to try the Great German Heilmittel. To my surprise, her cough ceased at once, her catarrh melted away, and now she is radically cured. With the cure of the catarrh, all the symptoms attending this disagreeable disease, such as discharges from the nose and dropping into the throat, hawking, etc., etc., all disappeared. I would not be without this invaluable remedy, and advise every one afflicted with coughs, colds, or catarrh, to try it. They will certainly find it a sure cure.
J. H. SILSBY.
Newton Corner, Mass., Jan. 1, 1865, formerly of the Winthrop House, Boston.

The great German Heilmittel has cured an obstinate cough with which my family and myself have been troubled, and, in spite of our efforts, could not get cured. The cure was effected in the remarkably short time of two days.

My neighbor, Mrs. Merrill, had a child who was suffering with a cough, and bleeding from the lungs, and to them, also, I gave part of a bottle. She reports a perfect cure of her child by this remarkable remedy, the Great German Heilmittel.

THEODORE COLLAMORE.
Cambridgeport, Jan. 1, 1865.

My little son was afflicted for a year or more with a bad cough. Having lost my husband with consumption, was consequently fearful of losing my child by the same disease. My friends and physicians who saw my child, pronounced it already consumption. Although somewhat discouraged by these counsels, I tried my best to save him, and I am happy to state that I was successful by the use of the German Heilmittel. My son's cough disappeared, his general health improved, and gained strength, and subsequently was radically cured, and has remained so for the last two years, not even having the cough return.

MRS. J. L. LANG,
No. 10 Bedford street, Boston, Mass.

I think if I had not used the Great German Heilmittel, I should have certainly been dead long ago. All that ever cured my catarrh and saved me from consumption, I owe to this invaluable remedy.

ROBERT WRIGHT.
Hartford, Conn.

The Great German Heilmittel has cured me of a severe cough which almost ran me into consumption—thanks to the Heilmittel—I am now perfectly well.

WM. B. FISKE,
24th St. N. Y.

My wife has suffered with catarrh and bronchitis for years. About a year ago last winter, she was completely run down in strength, and my physician pronounced her case consumption. Being anxious to do all that could be done for her, I bought a bottle of the Great German Heilmittel. By the use of the very first bottle, my wife began to improve, and after using but six bottles of it, entirely recovered her health. I consider myself very fortunate in trying this remedy, and deem it my duty to recommend it to all who are suffering with even the slightest cold or cough.

EBEN S. NASH,
Wrentham, Mass.

Having used the great German Heilmittel in my family, and prescribed it in my practice, with the very best of success in the treatment of coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, I can but recommend it to the public as a safe and speedy cure for the above named diseases.

J. Q. A. FRENCH, M. D.,
Hillsboro, N. H.

I have used the German Heilmittel for a bad case of Catarrh, attended with a distressing cough, with perfect success, and can but recommend it to the public as the best remedy for the above mentioned complaint.

NEWELL TOWLE,
Riding Academy, 415 Washington St. Boston.

The Great German Heilmittel
Is for Sale by all Druggists.

PRICE PER BOTTLE
\$2.00.

WEEKS & POTTER,
No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.,

General Agents.
For sale in Woburn by

William C. Brigham,
—AND—
Elbridge Trull.

Ab4-3a

IN MEMORIAM.—In Medford, Jan. 26, of Typhoid Fever, after an illness of only one week, Evelyn, youngest daughter of Deacon Horatio Smith, aged 19 years.

The deceased was beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends in Medford, who mourn her early departure of one to whom they were united by the ties of kindred and affection. The dutiful, affectionate daughter, the loving sister, companion and friend, has been called from earth in the bloom of youth and in the midst of her usefulness, to that heavenly home where she will no more out forever. She possessed those excellencies of mind and heart which endeared her to many in whose memories she will be fondly cherished, as well as in the home circle of which she was the delight and the ornament.

"Not lost, but gone before," is the thought that should fill the minds of these bereaved ones, and console them in this season of their affliction.

"In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parting friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete;
There, there, adieu to sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene."

The funeral services took place last Sunday at the Unitarian Church in Medford, Rev. Mr. Towne, the pastor, officiating. The church was filled in every part and the services were very impressive. The remains were interred in Oak Grove Cemetery.

READING.

The dwelling house of Mr. Ambrose Kingman was destroyed by fire on Friday morning of last week. It originated in consequence of putting a pot of varnish on a hot stove in the Wheelwright's shop, which is separated from the main house only by a partition, a door leading from one to the other. Mr. Kingman, after setting the varnish on the stove, stepped into the adjoining room to make change for a gentleman who had just purchased a couple of boys' sleds, intending immediately to return to the shop, but was not absent more than two minutes, when the fire was discovered by Mr. Edward F. Parker, who happened to be passing at that moment; still, although so soon noticed, all efforts to stay its progress were unavailing. A considerable portion of the bedding, furniture, crockery, &c., was saved, but no clothing was saved except that which the inmates had on, and the loss in this particular was a severe one. A valuable gold watch was burnt, the chain to which was attached was burnt, and the shop been plastered it is probable their wardrobe would have been saved. There was no insurance on the place, and the loss is a severe one.

The tenth and last lecture of the course will be delivered on Wednesday evening next, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, of this town.

There is said to be quite a sensation among the lawyers in Washington, caused by the admission of a colored lawyer, named J. S. Rupp, of Boston, to practice in the Supreme Court, on motion of Mr. Sumner.

The Cleveland Plaindealer mentions the case of a well-dressed young man of good manners who gave in his income to the assessor at several thousand dollars, paid the tax, and had the pleasure of seeing his name in the lists among the nabobs of the country. On the strength of this he carried a wealthy man's daughter and married her. Then it was found out that he had no money, and had sold his mother's watch to pay the income tax.

Advices from New Orleans to the 21st state that Maximilian's commander at Matamoros had agreed to give up to the rebel commander at Brownsville, Texas, the deserters from his army and Union men who had taken refuge on Mexican soil, and some of them had already been delivered. The rebel forces in Texas are said to consist to a great extent of conscripted Unionists, who escape whenever they can. One hundred in a body deserted in one day and reached the Mexican side of the river. Those men, becoming alarmed at the prospect of their return to Texas by the Mexican Emperor's officers, are leaving Matamoros as rapidly as possible.

Secretary Seward, in the speech which he made on taking the chair to preside at the third anniversary of the Christian Commission at the Capitol, remarked that "the corner-stone of the rebellion has been uplifted and cast out, and that we wait only at the hands of the rebels for the submission which, however delayed, necessarily follows military defeat and overthrow."

Great Britain has paid in interest on her National debt over \$10,000,000,000, which is two and a half times as much as the debt itself.

The Lynn Reporter says that city is "running poor" with people, and houses are so scarce there that many business men of that city are obliged to find residences elsewhere.

The New Haven Palladium says:—"At the dinner of the Morgan Street School, in Hartford, Tuesday evening, there sat down a bright eyed boy of about sixteen years, who one year ago sat at the same table, ragged, dirty and poor. Tuesday he was clean and well clothed, and besides this has a bank account of over two thousand dollars. He enlisted last spring in the navy, and this money is his share of the prize money distributed among the crew of his ship." An example for some of our homeless and destitute boys.

The Soldier.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the man;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth is honor;
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.—BURNS.

And so is the great German Heilmittel, which cures CATARRH, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and incontinent consumption. For sale by all druggists. Price per bottle, \$2.

A FEW LOTS OF LADIES' COLLARS

—AND—

Cuffs; also Chenille NETS and KID GLOVES,

AT MRS. HALE'S.

PEACE.—Strong efforts are now being made to secure peace. We trust they may prove not in vain.

See railroad time table for alteration in running of cars.

Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, New York,—read his advertisement in another column of this paper.

A French gentleman has just patented a new invention for instantaneously releasing runaway horses from the traces of carriages. It consists of having the trace-buckles so made that the tongue can be drawn backward so as to clear the bar. This is accomplished by means of a lever moved by a strap, which passes up the horses' saddle and is driven over the harness run away with the carriage the driver has but to pull the strap, when the trace-buckles are instantly loosened, and the horses run free with all the harness except the traces, which remain attached to the carriage, the vehicle and its occupants receiving no injury.

A receipt for a new method of indestructible ink is given in one of the German scientific journals. The ink is composed of twenty grains of sugar dissolved in thirty grains of water, to which is added a few drops of concentrated sulphuric acid. Upon heating this mixture the sugar becomes carbonized, and when applied to the paper leaves a coating of carbon which cannot be washed off. This stain is rendered more permanent by the decomposing action of the acid itself upon the paper, and when thus made it resists the action of chemical agents.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says:

I will say from my positive knowledge that for five years preceding the war Gen. Butler's income from his law practice in Boston and Lowell amounted to \$20,000 a year—that he has been one of the foremost and most successful lawyers in Massachusetts for twenty-three years—that when he left the trial of a cause half finished, and was on that day worth \$120,000 of invested property, the accumulations of a life of labor—that he planned the purchase of the bankrupt Lawrence mill property, organized a company to stock and run the mills, put \$30,000 into the enterprise, and directed its operations with such success, that the 100 par value of the subscribed stock has risen to 350, and the dividends to the shareholders for three years have been 50 per cent a year—that he is today, liberal and handsome liver as he has ever been, worth \$250,000.

Married

In Woburn, Jan. 26, by Rev. Mr. Fay, Mr. Joshua W. Reynolds, formerly of Boston, to Miss Viola Rich, daughter of Mr. Obadiah Rich, of W.

Died

In Woburn, Jan. 20, Susan, wife of Amos Shattuck, aged 55 years.

In Stoneham, Feb. 2, Erina L. Nolan, aged 2 years, 10 months.

In Wilmington, Jan. 28, Jesse Hopkins, aged 79 years, 7 days.

[Notice.—All obituary notices, other than the simple announcement of the death of any person, are inserted as advertisements, at the rate of 5 cents per line. "Obituary poetry" is also subject to a like charge.]

WOBURN BANK.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn Bank, held on the 9th day of January, 1865, it was voted "That the President, Directors and Company of the Woburn Bank, may become a Banking Association, for carrying on the business of Banking under the Laws of the United States, its Directors having procured the authority of the owners of two-thirds of its Capital Stock, to make the certificates required therefor by the Laws of the United States, and do all other necessary acts."

In pursuance of said vote, and by virtue of the authority therein contained, the Directors having procured the assent of the owners of two-thirds of the Capital Stock, have this day determined to organize immediately as such Association.

E. J. JENKS, Cashier.

Woburn, January 16, 1865.

jan21—5t

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, }
Washington, January 24th, '65.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, has been duly organized and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June third, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act, required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act.

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office this 24th day of January, 1865.

HUGH McCULLOCK,

jan28—9t

Comptroller of the Currency.

A good assortment of

SCISSORS,

—AT—

F. B. DODGE'S.

feb4—1f

LADIES!

Now is the Time to

—BUY—

DRY GOODS

At a Great Reduction

IN PRICES.

BRO. COTTONS,

From 10 to 20 cents less than former prices!

BLEACHED DO.,

From 10 to 20 cents less than former prices!

PRINTS,

From 10 to 20 cents less than former prices!

DELAINES,

From 10 to 20 cents less than former prices!

"BEST AMERICAN CORSETS."

WALTHAM HOOP SKIRTS.

The very best Skirt made.

ALL GOODS

MARKED DOWN

To suit the Times.

CHAS. A. SMITH.

BANK BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

WOBURN, Feb. 4, 1866.

WANTED.

LADIES wishing employment, can obtain light and profitable work, that can be taken home, by applying to

E. F. WYER.

Woburn Feb. 4, 1865.

FANCY BACK COMBS.

—AT—

F. B. DODGE'S.

feb4—1f

OLD EYES MADE NEW

A PAMPHLET directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without the aid of doctor or medicine.—Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address,

E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
1130 Broadway, New York.

feb4—6m

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING relating to the human system, male and female; the causes and treatment of diseases; the marriage customs of the world; how to marry well and a thousand things never published before, read the revised and enlarged edition of "MEDICAL COMMON SENSE," a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages, 100 illustrations. Price \$1.50. Contents table sent free to any address. Books may be had at the Book stores, or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price. Address,

Dr. E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
1130 Broadway, New York.

feb4—6m

MRS. HALE

Has a good assortment of

YARNS,

HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

— ALSO —

BLUE, GRAY, RED,

and

FANCY FLANNELS,

LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS,

DRESS BUTTONS,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!

Round Combs,

Back Combs,

Waterfall Combs,

Hair Brushes,

Toilet Soaps,

— ALSO —

BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

SONTAGS, CLOTHS, HODDS!

— AND —

SKATING CAPS.

Also a nice line of

DRESS GOODS!

Cheap for the Times!!

dec31

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

Two Houses and one House lot, pleasantly situated on Church Street—one House containing seven finished rooms in good repair, and a shed attached. The water is in the house and supplied by a spring. The other House contains four rooms with a small shed attached.

For further particulars inquire of C. H. BLAISDELL, on the premises, or of JACOB MUNROE, of Burlington.

jan28—1f

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers was dissolved on the 20th of June last. The business will be continued as heretofore by Mr. BINGGS.

RICHARD BRIGGS,
WILLIAM B. LYONS.

Woburn, Jan. 21, 1865. 3t.

Western Massachusetts INSURANCE COMPANY,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS,
\$256,741.56.

This Company will insure Real and Personal Property against loss, and will pay the amount of any fire on favorable terms, as other responsible Companies.

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

J. N. DUNHAM, ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, Secretary.

SAMUEL E. HOWE, Assistant Secretary.

Sparrow Horton, Agt.
At Woburn Bookstore.

jan28—1y

Commercial Education

BAY STATE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

— AND —

Telegraph Institute,

Headquarters of the American Chain of Commercial Colleges. This Institution offers unequalled facilities for obtaining a COMPLETE BUSINESS EDUCATION,—the course of instruction combining both Theory and Practice. Scholarships issued from this college are good for an unlimited period throughout the entire Chain.

For Circulars and specimens of penmanship, address (enclosing stamp),

WORTHINGTON, WARNER & CHAMBERLIN,
228 Washington street.

sept24—6m

COLTSFOOT ROCK,

ENGLISH COUGH REMEDY,

is selling rapidly at Brigham's & Wade's Bookstore.

dec24

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.

The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the

ATTENTION

— OF —

PERSONS in WANT of CLOTHING

to the Stock he has bought of Newell Stiles.

Overcoats & Heavy Goods

MUST BE SOLD!

and will be sold for CASH at

Less than Wholesale Prices!!

THE STOCK OF

FURNISHING GOODS!

HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,

EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES,

and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.

J. W. HAMMOND,
Lycium Building.

Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65.

REMOVAL.

COAL, WOOD, &c.

THE Subscriber informs the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has removed his Counting Room to the yard formerly occupied by the Haywards, just below the Railroad Depot, where he will continue the Coal Business, in all its branches, as heretofore. He trusts, by giving strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand the different kinds of COAL, WOOD, &c., to receive that generous share of public patronage which has heretofore been accorded to him.

LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

Woburn Jan. 7, 1865.

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH

REMEDY.—The following strictly reliable and very important testimonial speaks for itself:—

LAWRENCE, Oct. 23, 1864.

MR. JOHN L. HUNNEWELL:

My Dear Sir—I was discharged from the army of the Potomac on the 17th of April, 1863, on account of a Cough, which had been on me seven months. It was so bad that I was told I could live but a short time. In fact, I was discharged to come home to die. I coughed almost incessantly, NIGHT AND DAY, and the physicians told me I could not be helped. I tried all that was recommended, without any effect. Mr. Allen, of the firm of Wilson & Allen, of our city, told me of your Cough Remedy and procured some for me. I took two BOTTLES, ONLY, of it, the Cough left me, and has not troubled me since. I am now in perfect health, and have stated the case just as it has occurred. I cannot feel too grateful, and can say truly it has been the means of saving my life. I recommend it to all troubled with a Consumptive or other Cough, as it has cured me perfectly.

Yours, truly,

LEVI H. CARTER.

FRIEND HUNNEWELL:—

I send you the letter of Mr. Carter, and it is a very strong case.

Yours,

J. A. ALLEN,
Lawrence, Mass.

Many similar to the above can be seen at my office.

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor,
Practical Chemist and Pharmacist,
Boston, Mass.

For sale by all dealers in medicine.

Sold, in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM; in Winchester, by Geo. P. BROWN. And by all the wholesale dealers in Boston. J-14-a-1m

jan28—1f

DENTAL

NOTICE

Dr. CLOUGH, - Dentist,

HAVING disposed of his business in Boston, offers his services to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity.

OFFICE AT HIS HOUSE.

The highest price, CASH, paid for old Gold Plates. J-14—1f

Piano Forte Instruction.

MISS JULIA A. SULLIVAN respectfully announces to parents, guardians, and others who desire instruction upon the Piano Forte for their children or wards, that she is prepared to teach the instrument. She refers to Mrs. Dr. Ephraim Cutler, to whom application should be made. Terms, \$10.00 or \$12.00 for 24 lessons, according to the place where the lessons are given.

Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1864—3m

PERFUMERY.

LUBINS, JACQUES, WRIGHTS,

PHALON'S, and EMBREDS.

Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty different odors. For sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

sept 19

J. C. BODWELL, JR.,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

AT LAW.

No. 4, WADE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN.

OFFICE OPEN AT 7 P. M.

With CHARLES ROBINSON, Esq., Charles town, during the day.

dec 10—1y

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre, leave Boston, at 6.45

11.30 a. m., 12.15, 2.45, 5.15, 8.30, 9.30 p. m.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston, at 6.00,

7.00, 7.40, 9 a. m., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30, 8.15 p. m.

*Sundays at 10.15 p. m. Saturdays at 10 p. m.

Stoneham Branch.

The Trains on this Road will leave Boston (from

Lowell Railroad Depot) for Stoneham, at 7.30 and

12.15 A. M., 2.45, 5.15, 8.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Boston, at 5.52, and 7.30

10.15 A. M., 1.00, and 4.32 P. M.

A train will leave Stoneham for Boston, on Wed-

nesdays at 11.30 p. m., and Saturdays at 10 p. m.

A train will leave Stoneham for Boston at 10.05

p. m., and Saturdays at 8.05 p. m.

J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendant.

B. L. and N. & L. E. R.

Feb. 4

PETROLEUM!!

COLL. J. TURNER,

118. WATER STREET,

NEW YORK,

Has for Sale

STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE

DIVIDEND PAYING

PETROLEUM

OIL COMPANIES.

Parties desirous of making investments in

These Money-making Schemes,

may rely upon his knowledge of the various

Companies, and for his integrity and business

qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Edi-

tor of this paper, and to

MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER.

107 & 109 STATE STREET,

Boston.

dec 31—3m

A CARD.

Editor of Journal. In reply to many let-

ters and inquiries from people in this section

of the country, the undersigned take great

pleasure in saying through the columns of

your paper, that our renowned preparation

known as COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE, is a

certain cure for Dyspepsia, in its worst stages.

Many cures of long standing, within our own

acquaintance, have been completely, and we

believe permanently cured. It will stop

distress after eating almost instantaneously,

and enables the dyspeptic who has lived for

127 Bowery, New York, Post-Office Box, 4286,
Oct 8

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 20.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS.

CONVINCED.

BY C. E.

Our story opens in the city of Cologne on the river Rhine.

On a lovely afternoon in the month of May, 18—, in the deep shadow of an old and mighty elm-tree and around a rude deal-table were seated four young men, whose elegant dresses indicated that the wearers belonged to the more favored class of citizens, while their conversation showed them to be followers of Mercurius, the god of the mercantile community.

Leisurely our gay friends were sipping their May-trank, that delicious concoction of wine, sugar, May-herbs and lemon-juice, while now and then some witty remark of one of the number would call forth peals of laughter and friendly repartees.

Thus far the conversation of the young men had been disjointed, consisting only of general remarks generated by the impulse of the moment, but now, when all the ordinary topics were exhausted, young Esling, one of the party, arose, and, lifting his glass to his lips, he said, "Friends, let us drink a health to all we love!"

"Agreed," the others cried, and all lifting their glasses, the toast was drunk with due decorum.

Then they all relapsed into silence, while a sudden gloom seemed to have fallen on the little party.

There stood a fifth chair in the ring around that rude deal-table, but that chair was empty; and as if by common impulse, the eyes of our four friends were directed towards that vacant seat!

Heretofore their social re-union had been shared by a fifth, Charles Forster, the pride of doating parents, the generous friend of his mates.

But now he was gone from among them and on the day before they had followed his remains to their last resting-place. Sad were the silent comments of our four companions to the instability of all that is earthly. Rich, young, and the whole world before him, their friend had been called away never more to gladden their hearts by his presence at the convivial board. Should they ever see him again? Aye, who knows!

Young Esling at last broke the silence.

"What a pity," he said, "that we cannot live always, that sooner or later all our pleasures must end! How beautiful is this world; how brilliant the prospects before us. Yet all must perish, all must crumble into dust. A few years of pleasure, then all is over!"

"Say not so, dear Esling," broke in his friend, whom we will call Krouse, "you know not how much you grieve me by speaking thus."

As the speaker and his friend Esling will figure somewhat conspicuously in the incidents which I am about to narrate a formal introduction of the two young men to my readers may not be out of place.

Albert Esling was the only son of a wealthy merchant, in whose counting house he filled the position of book-keeper and correspondent, preparatory to his assuming the place of "one of the firm."

He was now twenty-one years of age, full of health and vigor, and possessed of many excellent qualities. He was a young man of more than ordinary ability, generous to a fault and very impulsive. His impulses though were naturally good, and had his education been of the right stamp, he might have become a truly excellent young man.

But in that respect he had been unfortunate, his mother had died while he was yet a child, and his father was too much of a merchant to care for aught else but a thorough business education which would fit his son for the important position in store for him.

And so young Esling had become thoroughly practical, his ledger was kept with a correctness and regularity which astonished and gratified Mr. Esling senior, while his yearly balance sheet was ever looked upon as a model work of mercantile sagacity, and an undisputed statement of the assets and liabilities of the great firm of Esling & Co.

But in matters pertaining to the soul, the young man was sadly ignorant. In his early youth he had been taught the ten commandments and the first principles of religion; but love of money, which always largely enters into the calculations of the man of business, and the duties of his responsible situation, had gradually crowded out all other thoughts until naught remained but the mere matter-of-fact man of the world.

His friend Henry Krouse was the son

of a clergyman, and although poor in comparison with his more favored companion, the latter looked up to him as his best friend, as an elder brother rather than a stranger. Krouse was a prepossessing young man of twenty-four years of age, and if his education had been a practical and most thorough one, the more ennobling branches of a true religious training had by no means been neglected.

He occupied the responsible situation of cashier in one of the most extensive banking houses of the city, and while his superior knowledge and ability were readily acknowledged by every one connected with the house, his integrity and morality had secured him the highest esteem of his employers. His father was a truly good man, and although he regarded the spiritual welfare of his son as paramount to every other thing, he was very far from depriving the young man of the recreations of that world, well knowing that a moderate participation in the enjoyments of life was better than anything else calculated to engender in the human breast a love of our Creator, who in His infinite wisdom gave us them to sweeten the cares of our existence.

And now, the introduction being made, except as to the outward appearance of the young men, of which the gentle reader will kindly form her or his own opinion, we will resume the thread of the conversation.

"Why!" cried Esling, looking up in surprise, "grieve you, my best friend! Much rather I would be silent all my life."

"But is it not as I have said? Is it not a pity that our enjoyment must sooner or later come to an end?" Only yesterday we stood on the grave of young Foster, than whom a nobler and more generous young man the world never saw. Now he is gone from among us never more to return. Were not his a few years of life and pleasure, then a last farewell, and all is over? How then could I grieve you by speaking as I did?"

"Surely not intentionally, of that I am convinced," Krouse said; "yet nevertheless I was grieved. I know it was the fault of circumstances and of wrong education, that you should have formed the opinions you now entertain. Yet allow me to say that these opinions are wrong; and believe me, that only my friendship for you prompts me in speaking as I do. You said: 'a last farewell and all is over!'"

"Do you not feel within yourself, that the latter part of this sentence is false?"

"Have you never reflected, that your body, a mere lump of clay cannot live of itself, but that a superior power is necessary to animate it, to make you the reasonable being you are? Call this power mind, reason, or whatever you will; I call it soul; and, my friend, that soul is immortal. Our body is but a garment to be stripped off when it gets out of order; but the soul, the real man, shall live forever!"

Esling had listened with astonishment, but still he was incredulous, he could not understand, much less believe, the theories advanced by his friend, and now he replied:

"Stop, my friend, your ideas, I am afraid, have carried you too far. You are too good to lead me into a wrong direction, I know; but it seems to me, you have allowed some outside cause to influence your better judgment. Your theories sound well, but who can understand them, while all around us is as plain as day!"

"Does not everything around us show that we are but the creatures of the moment?"

"Created by nature we are subject to her laws; and according to these we live until we perish to make room for another, and so it goes on until the end of time."

"What is that power which animates our body, that lump of clay? Why, it is the fine organization of the whole, and if one part only of this whole becomes disordered, the organization is destroyed, and the body becomes diseased, or ceases to live. That other power which makes us the reasonable beings we are, is the brain, that seat of all reason in which, as it were, the strings of the balance that holds the different parts of our organization, are centred, and which directs all our movements."

"Thus you have my own theories. If I am wrong, I should be happy to be righted; but let me assure you, that this task will be a hard, if not an entirely impossible one."

Krouse despondingly shook his head, he was sad, it grieved him exceedingly

that his friend, a young man of so many excellent qualities, should be so deficient in that one knowledge, the most important to humanity, and he inwardly resolved to try his utmost to reclaim his erring friend.

That this would be an exceedingly difficult task the young man well knew, for the not unclever reasoning of young Esling showed conclusively that the mind of the latter was made up; and impulsive and firm as he was, when once a stand had been taken it would be almost impossible to convince him of the falsity of his own theories.

Still Krouse did not shrink from what he believed to be his duty, and was resolved to make at least one more attempt before he would give up the hope of achieving his purpose.

"You reason apparently well," he said, "but only apparently, for I am sorry to say that all your theories are utterly false. You say that I am too good to lead you astray, and so it is; not that I mean to admit of my being too good, but I may be permitted to say that my friendship for you is too sincere that I could do or say ought in the least calculated to put you in a wrong position. Whatever I may have done, whatever I may hereafter say or do, has been, and will always be, for your own good. You know that, and, therefore, you will not feel hurt when I endeavor to show you the weakness of your reasonings."

"In the first place, then, everything around us shows that we are not mere creatures of the moment, but that we must have been created for some purpose."

"Look at things around you, from the humble plant at your feet to the living animals. Has not everything to fulfill a certain mission? This you admit; but do you mean to say that man is inferior to any of these things? No! Well, then, man must have to fulfill a mission. But now we know that a great many human beings die before they have had time to attain to the object for which they were evidently created. What then? Is that object never to be attained? Surely it is; and this object being to fit us for a future state, as it cannot be anything else, there certainly must be a hereafter."

"Then we come to the next point of your argument. There you say, we are created by nature, and therefore subject to her laws."

"As far as our body is concerned, we certainly are subject to the so-called laws of nature, but our creation must positively emanate from a higher source."

"Nature is but an agent, and not a creative power. It is, as it were, a vast chemical laboratory, directed and worked by an Almighty hand. Let me illustrate. According to the so-called laws of nature, nothing new is created and nothing perishes. Take our own body, for instance. After the soul has left that tenement, the latter crumbles into dust; this dust mixes with the earth, while part of it, and particularly the blood, is dissolved into vapor, and ascends to the clouds, whence it falls down again as rain."

"By some chemical process, this rain, uniting with the earth, converts the latter into seeds or grain, after one or the other of these has been brought into contact with it. The seed or grain so produced, or the plants thereof, are eaten, either by man directly, or by an animal. In the latter case, these products are converted into flesh, blood, milk or butter, all of which substances serve to nourish the human being, and so, in course of time, this body of ours will again be converted into a treatment for another immortal soul."

"And this chemical process, this converting power, we call nature, while the so-called laws of nature are the laws laid down by Him who created this great laboratory."

"But, you ask, whence came man—whence came everything else we see around us?"

"And I most emphatically answer; All were created, by a power far superior to nature, and that we call our God!"

"And now we come to the last part of your argument: What is that power which animates our body, which makes us reasonable beings?"

"That our body, although ever so finely organized, cannot live or move by itself, but requires some power outside of itself to animate it, or to set it in motion, is, I think, clearly demonstrated by what I have said before."

"I said—and you have admitted it, as, in fact, every thinking being must admit—that our body is but a lump of clay. But can the mere construction, be it ever so fine and scientific, of a lump of clay make the latter live or move? Impossi-

ble, you say. The mere construction certainly cannot do it; yet the constructor can, and I can easily tell you how. He can insert wheels or any kind of machinery; then he can admit water, steam, or any other motive power, and so he can make that clay move at will. And so it is done with our body, which, in fact, is nothing else but a well-constructed machine."

"But while we make use of steam, or water, or any other agent that may be known to us, the great director of that vast laboratory, nature, has another motive power, which not only has all the virtues of steam, water, &c., but which, at the same time, is possessed of reason; and so, by being brought in contact with our body, makes us so vastly superior to the brute creation."

"And this motive power, my dear friend, we call soul!"

"But not only a motive power possessed of reason in our soul, it is also greatly superior to our body, all of whose motions it directs."

"The other power, you said, which makes us the reasonable beings we are, is the brain, which directs all our movements. But does not our brain, like all the other parts of our body, also consist of clay? Or should that portion of clay be superior to the rest? No, sir! Clay is clay, and form out of it what you will, it remains the same inanimate substance. Yet, nevertheless, it is true that the brain is the seat of reason. In every well-constructed machine there is one particular place, where the motive power is collected, and whence it emanates to set the different parts of the machine in motion."

"In the human body this place is the head, and more particularly that spot where the brain is located, and therefore this spot, being the seat of the soul, is the seat of reason."

"I said before, that the soul is superior to and controls the body, and this I endeavor to prove. As long as the soul inhabits the body, the latter lives and moves; but as soon as that motive power leaves, the body dies and its movements cease."

"How could this be so if the brain were the power that directs our motions? In numerous cases when the body had died, the head has been opened, the brain taken out, and subjected to closest scrutiny; yet in a great many instances it has been found perfect, and not in the least affected, while even the nerves or strings which connect it with the other parts of the body have been found to be uninjured. How, then, could the body have died in these instances? Either the body cannot die as long as the brain, and the nerves connecting it with the body remain unaffected, or else that organ cannot be the power which controls and directs our movements."

"But now what I have said of the brain is equally true of every other part of the body, and therefore there must be a power outside of the body which controls it, and I again say, this is the soul."

"Then again we have sometimes heard of presentiment and pre-vision, in the existence of which it is almost impossible to believe. Yet it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that such things do occur. And now, I would ask you, how can you account for that? Not in any natural way, surely; it must be something supernatural, and therefore spiritual. What is the inference? That our body must be inhabited by a spirit, and this spirit is the soul."

"Of sudden shocks, too, that always more or less effect the person afflicted, we now and then hear. If the weight of such a shock is sufficiently heavy, and falls on the brain, this becomes disordered, and the natural consequence is mental derangement; whereas all other parts of the body remain uninjured. If, however, this shock falls directly on the soul, then the entire body becomes affected. This I can best illustrate by relating to you an incident, that I some time ago witnessed in a town in the northern part of Germany, which I had occasion to visit."

"While sitting in the parlor of my hotel one evening, I was introduced to several gentlemen with whom I spent some very pleasant hours. Our conversation had become somewhat animated, when all at once one of my new acquaintances became as pale as death, and showed all the signs of a fearful mental excitement. We all jumped up and hastened to his assistance, but he waved us back, and in startling tones exclaimed: 'I see my house on fire, and my wife and children in the flames!'"

Hardly had the last word left the man's lips, when a messenger rushed in, and

announcing that the house was burning, and that the lady and two children were missing, corroborated the statement which we had just heard, and which could have been nothing else but a pre-vision, as the house in question was situated near the outskirts of the town, and not to be seen from where we were sitting."

"Never shall I forget the scene which now followed. When he heard the report of the messenger, that poor afflicted man's soul was completely crushed. There he sat like a ghost, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his limbs became cold and rigid, and I firmly believe that he would not have survived the shock but for a reaction just as sudden and unexpected."

"We were busy endeavoring to restore the unhappy man to his consciousness, when the door of our room flew open, and in rushed the wife and children, who had just been rescued from the burning building. Then the man revived, but for weeks was confined to his bed, and even yet, I hear, he has not entirely recovered while his hair, before glossy, and black as a raven's wing, has assumed the color of fresh fallen snow."

"The brain, in this instance, remained unaffected, and that, therefore, could not have been the motive power, as little as any other part of the body, for mere clay as a matter of course, is insensible. What then, was it? The soul!"

"One thing more, and I have done. I said before, that according to the so-called laws of nature, nothing new is created and nothing perishes; and if that is true of our body, how much more so should it be of our soul, which is so infinitely superior to the former."

"I believe I have proved to you that there is a hereafter, that there is a God, that we have a soul, and I think that now you will believe with me, that our soul is immortal!"

Albert Esling sat like one entranced. Never before had he heard such truths, yet he was not convinced.

"Henry," he said, "your reasoning is splendid, and I begin to think that your theories are not altogether wrong; but pardon me, if I must say that as yet I cannot entirely share your opinions. What you say about pre-vision, for instance, I cannot understand, while, although I do not doubt that a sudden shock could produce such results as you have described, I cannot believe that either the soul or the brain have any thing to do with them."

"Where such results are produced, there must be a diseased organization or an uncommon weakness of the nervous system. But I can never believe that when the former is healthy, and the latter strong, a mere shock, however sudden and heavy, can cause any lasting impression on the body. Here, for instance, am I, whose organization, I have every reason to believe, is good, while my nerves are as strong as those of any man. If ever my hair should turn white, through any other cause than sickness or old age, I will unhesitatingly subscribe to your theories. But our conversation has given me cause for reflection, and you may rest assured that I shall not forget what you to-day have told me."

The friends then were silent. Krouse saw it would be useless to say more, for that day at least, and as it now had grown late, the young men quitted the garden to go to their several homes.

Thirty years have elapsed since the incidents above recorded, and great changes had taken place in the interval. Mr. Esling, senior, had died and left his son the sole proprietor of his extensive business. In the excitement, bustle and care usually attending a great mercantile establishment the young man had found no time to think seriously of the conversation which he had had with his friend Krouse, and the latter had soon after with his family removed to the city of Bonn, where now he was at the head of a wealthy banking firm.

My indulgent reader will kindly accompany me into a splendidly furnished saloon in the residence of Mr. Albert Esling, which, as usual with mercantile houses in Germany at that time, was in the same building with the offices and warehouse.

It is a calm winter's evening, and the saloon is splendidly illuminated, while through the open folding doors a large hall is seen, also magnificently furnished and lighted by numberless chandeliers and candelabra. This hall contains an apparently well selected company of ladies and gentlemen, all exquisitely dressed in the latest fashions, while in one corner of the apartment a choice band dis-

courses sweet music, inviting the younger portion of the assembly to the lively dance. Near the middle of the hall stands a beautiful young lady seemingly about eighteen years old and richly dressed in silk, velvet and brocade. She is Mr. Esling's only daughter, and it is her wedding which has assembled all those handsome women and elegant men. Her hand rests on the arm of her young husband, and the pair are surrounded by their congratulating friends. All that day Mr. Esling's store has been closed, while all the clerks of the house, most of whom live and board with their employer, have been invited to take part in the festivities.

In the afternoon a load of merchandize had arrived from a boat just landed, and the office being closed, the goods had merely been compared with the accompanying bill of lading and then put into the cellar. But in that load there had been two casks branded with skull and cross bones, and marked: Gunpowder. These should have been sent to the magazine outside of the city; but to do this one of the clerks would have been required to go to the proper authorities for a permit, and then hunt up one of the clerks expressly licensed for that purpose. But the merchant, unwilling to break in upon the enjoyment of his employees, opened the casks to see if the contents were dry and in good order before paying the freight, and then had them conveyed to his own wine vault, where, he was sure, they would remain undisturbed until the next morning, the key, meantime, remaining in his own possession.

We now return to the above mentioned saloon, where around a small table laden with tempting viands and glasses filled with the sparkling juice of the grape sit Albert Esling, Henry Krouse, and three other friends. The generous host is just uncorking an old and dusty bottle, which John the trusty servant had that instant brought from the private wine vault, to regale his dear friends with something uncommonly good, and the conversation becomes more animated. Krouse is speaking of former times; he reminds his friend of that conversation in the shadow of the old elm-tree thirty years ago.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Esling laughs.

"I have not forgotten it, only I have had no time to think about it. But see, my hair is as black as ever, although I have sustained many a sudden and heavy shock. It must be as I said!"

"Sudden shocks may effect unhealthy constitutions and weak nerves; but where the ones are healthy and the others strong they fall harmless."

And so the conversation is continued while time passes on. An hour has gone by in this wise as suddenly the eyes of the merchant become fixed on some object. He arises; merciful heaven! how he stares! His eyes threaten to start from their sockets! What can it mean? Fortunately his friends do not perceive it!

He has caught a glimpse of his daughter as she moves among her guests like a young queen.

But what is that other thing at her side? It is a cask—branded with skull and cross-bones, and marked—Gunpowder; and in the midst of this cask there burns a light, the glowing Wick hanging low down, every moment threatening to fall.

"John!"—the tones are low and sepulchral.

"John!"—and the old servant appears.

"John, I sent you for a bottle of wine!"

"Yes, sir!"

"What became of your light?"

"In—in—for God's sake, master, do not look at me in that unearthly manner!"

"What became of your light?"

"In my hurry I snatched up a loose candle, and when, on reaching the vault, I found that I could not open the closet with the light in my hand, and I looked about me for a place where I could put it. I saw a cask, and, as I had accidentally removed the cover, I saw that this cask contained black sand. In this sand I stuck my candle a—oh, do not blame me—there I left it!"

Holy Trinity! had a bombshell burst at his feet, Mr. Esling could not have been more terribly affected.

The conversation between master and servant has been apart and out of ear-shot of any one else, and, therefore, nobody perceived the former's emotion but the latter, to whom the whole affair appeared like some terrible dream.

Telling John in a few brief words to
[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

WOBBURN:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

EDWARD W. GREEN.—Some weeks ago the papers informed us that the case of the Malden murderer, Edward W. Green, had been definitively decided and that he would be executed some day in January last, perhaps the 13th. It was also stated that Mr. Kimball, the High Sheriff, had been advised to notify him of the fact, and that circumstances were such that he must not cherish any further hope of pardon, or reprieve, or other executive clemency.

The day appointed passed by without the expected execution. The community, before distrustful, then began to inquire earnestly what impediment prevented the enforcement of our laws? One of the papers states, that it is because our Governor declined and still declines to sign the death warrant; and the same paper very properly inquires whether the Governor has a right thus to violate his oath of office and make void our laws? When inducted into office, he has repeatedly and solemnly sworn faithfully to perform all the duties pertaining to it. He knew well its liabilities, and is not this delinquency, this setting himself thus above the State, of dangerous tendency—one step in misrule? If he had had antecedent objections to any of our State laws, ought he to have entered on the trust? or if he subsequently finds unexpected conflicts with his convictions, in the discharge of his official requirements, is there an alternative—resign. Better do this than violate our laws.

In providing men and means to kill and crush those in rebellion against our general government—the murderers of our union—Gov. Andrew has been in no way remiss. His efforts in this direction have been hearty and effective and are appreciated; and what principle then can he overrule or set aside one of the safeguards, vital to the protection and lives of our people?

The writer of the foregoing had the honor, with others of the vast majority of voters in our state, to aid in the re-election of John A. Andrew to head its affairs. In the general we are more than satisfied with his able and faithful administration. It is to be regretted if we must make any exception.

SURPRISE.—As Mr. A. G. Sheldon, the venerable Wilmington farmer, returned to his home after a brief business absence, early on Monday evening last, he found his house taken possession of and filled to its utmost capacity by the families of his children and a numerous host of friends from Woburn and Burlington, including a large and full representation of the "Winn Family."

Such cordial hand shaking and hearty congratulations were past, as made the face of the hero of more than three quarters of a century, kindly with the fresh ardor of youth. A "Banquet for Kings" was soon spread, and being presided over by the "prince of Auctioneers," and frequently interspersed with the witty allusions of the redoubtable "George," was partaken of with a zest seldom experienced. The entertainment over, the party repaired to the ample drawing rooms of the old homestead, and became so intensely interested in listening to pleasing and instructive anecdotes, related in the very best style of the worthy host, and the discussion of the various prominent questions of the day, that they were surprised to learn that the faithful old family clock had tolled out some of the small hours of the morning. The party concentrating as much as possible, listened to a powerful, eloquent, and impressive speech by Wm. Winn, Esq., who spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure experienced on this occasion, and most feelingly addressed the worthy pair, who in the good providence of God, had been permitted to walk happily together in the matrimonial pathway for nearly half a century, and hoped they would yet be greeted with many more such parties of joyous, true, and warm-hearted friends. Then followed the preparations for departure; and after many affectionate leave takings, the party formed in a long procession of sleighs, proceeded to the "rapid" music of the merry bells, carrying to their homes the cherished remembrance of an occasion which had afforded great happiness without leaving a shade of regret.

H.

LYCEUM.—The ninth and last lecture of the course, was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Bodwell, of Woburn. Subject:—"Charles Dickens." The lecturer depicted the personal appearance of this renowned novelist of England, as he moves in the lordly halls of his great metropolis, and gave his publications a fair and impartial review, delineating and presenting to the audience the beautiful moral of his works, and at the same time showing the ugly deformity of his clerical caricatures, and his continual cold water dash at religious benevolence and energy. Although the evening was stormy the course was crowned with the largest audience of the season.

EDWARD EVERETT.—One of the finest engravings of Mr. Everett, which we have seen, is for sale at the Woburn

Bookstore, at a low price. All who revere the memory of the great statesman and patriot, should secure a copy.

THE FENIANS.—This mysterious organization, whose convention or congress was held a few days ago at Cincinnati, with closed doors, appears to be animated chiefly by a sentiment of hostility to England, and its creed may be regarded as essentially embraced in the few words, "Freedom for Ireland." Though strict privacy was enjoined upon those who participated in the convention, the character of the proceedings is made tolerably apparent through newspaper writers for the Western press. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Inquirer says: "It was beyond all question a real representation of that people whose hereditary quarrel with their invaders and oppressors it has undertaken to espouse." These people do not hesitate to proclaim their object, and that this object they are determined to accomplish. The writer referred to says:

They pronounce for a free government in their native land—a government which shall exist, like our own, not for the aggrandizement of queens, or lords, or squires, but for the benefit and happiness of the entire people. This means neither more nor less than a republic in Ireland, modeled very much after the pattern of that which has protected and cherished the exiled outcasts of Ireland in this their adopted country. And such, in plain truth, the people of Ireland are determined to have. Nor do they shrink from the peril and the cost which such an undertaking must of necessity involve. They know that it means a death struggle with the hereditary enemy of their race and country; and knowing this, they are marshaling their forces and accumulating their resources for the inevitable issue. How soon the day of trial will come is a secret which, well and wisely, they keep to themselves. But it cannot be far distant. For the cloud has long been gathering, and any hour may see the lightnings of war leaping forth on the plains and hills of Ireland.

The proceedings of the Cincinnati Convention are represented to have been numerously attended, and to have been characterized by entire unanimity. As nearly as can be gathered, the Fenians cherish the idea that in course of time advantage may be taken of a state of hostilities between the United States and England, and an expedition be fitted out here, which shall comprise veterans from the army, for a holy crusade, to land somewhere on the Irish coast, raise the standard of revolt, strangle the British lion, and recover the lost glories of the Celtic nation.

We have before us a letter from Mr. Wm. C. Stowers, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Reg., to his brother, in this place, dated Plank Road, Va., Jan. 19th, '65, from which we glean the following items, which may prove interesting to friends in this vicinity:

"The 39th Mass. Reg. has been appointed as the skirmishing Regiment for the 1st Brigade, and is to be armed with revolving rifles, (which throw seven successive shots,) as soon as they can be manufactured."

The following list shows what valuable service the 5th corps has rendered to government during the past eight months, and those marked (*) designate the engagements in which the 39th has figured during that time:

•Wilderness,	May 5th, 1864.
•Laurel Hill,	" 8th, "
•Po Run,	" " "
•Todd's Farm,	" 14th, "
•Spottsylvania C. H.,	" 18th, "
•Harris's Farm,	" 19th, "
•North Anna River,	" 23rd, "
•Jericho Mills,	" " "
•Potopotama Creek,	" 30th, "
•Magnolia Swamp,	June 1st, "
•Bethesda Church,	" " "
•Cold Harbor,	" 2 & 3, "
•Norfolk Railroad,	" 18th, "
•Jerusalem P. Road,	" 21st, "
•Petersburg,	July, 30th, "
•Weldon Railroad,	Aug. 18, 19, 21, "
•Prelie's Farm,	Sept., 30th, "
•Poplar Grove Church,	Oct., 1st, "
•Hatcher's Run,	" 2nd, "
•Siege of Fort Suffolk,	" " "

The following towns in the Sixth District, will have to furnish the number of men placed against their names, under the call of the President for 300,000 men.

1. Charlestown,	31
2. Saugus,	1
3. West Cambridge,	2
4. Waltham,	10
5. Lexington,	10
6. Burlington,	2
7. Woburn,	14
8. Stoneham,	6
9. South Reading,	6
10. Reading,	1
11. North Reading,	1
12. Wilmington,	2
13. Billerica,	2
14. Andover,	11
15. Boxford,	1
16. Haverhill,	16
Total	113

SELLING LOW.—The large stock of dry goods in the store of Mr. Charles A. Smith, Bank building. See the advertisement in another column, and make your purchases before another heavy rise in the market, which is almost sure to take place in a week or two.

[From our Correspondent.]
The Berkshire Hills in Winter.
GREAT BARRINGTON, Feb. 8, 1865.

To many persons in the eastern part of our state, Berkshire county is unknown territory. Situated at the extreme west of our Commonwealth, and by its locality linked to Connecticut and New York, the seaboard of Massachusetts has little communication with Berkshire. It is the Switzerland of Massachusetts, and however beautiful and the place of favored resort from New York to summer tourists, it has its winter attractions of sublimity. The snow now covers its soil and the rounded and abrupt hills, tree-covered, and robed with a British tinge, rise on every hand like battlements to guard the villages and scattered farm houses. Some of the roads lie on the Housatonic and other rivers and are of course level, while others lead up and down the hills as it were in a merry dance over the wild domain. The trees most abundant are the ash, oak, maple, beech, pine, fir and birch. Orchards abound, but the climate is rather cold for fruit trees. Blackberries, huckleberries, raspberries, strawberries grow plentifully. Sleighing is well improved at the present time. On the streams, are paper, woolen and cotton mills, wooden rake manufactories, iron works, &c. The churches most numerous and large are the Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist churches are also found. In this town the famous Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D.D., was the first preacher, commencing with five church members. The place where he built a house is a little out of the village on a high point of land, now the site of a house occupied and owned by Dea. Whiting. A mile and a half from this village, on the road to West Stockbridge, once stood a block house built by the first settlers to protect from the incursions of the Indians. It faced a hill upon the eastern side of the Housatonic, and remained until about twenty years ago. Wild cats are still found in the woods, and one was killed here last week.

The scenery is quite wild on some of the roads, ascending and descending hills, and winding around the borders of steep declivities on a narrow passage, some times without any fence to guard from passing over the brink of the abyss. Berkshire sends out her sons and daughters into all the states. The people are hardy, industrious, hospitable and intelligent, and mostly composed of natives of the soil, but a great many Irish and some Germans, have taken up their abodes in the country and some Catholic churches have been built for their accommodation.

The great demand for wood is stripping the land of its trees, and if not guarded against, will greatly impoverish the soil and increase the drought, and make the country colder and less attractive. Some of the Iron companies of the border towns in Connecticut, purchase farms having wood on them and send on French laborers to cut down the trees to be transported to their iron works, giving in many cases double the estimated value of the farms. To counteract this, the high price of sugar affording from one to four hundred dollars, annual income of farms, having sugar maple trees on them, induces many farmers to hold on to their estates. The weather here has been very cold this season, and the period of good sleighing has been unusually protracted.

Those desiring to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate, or to dispose of, or secure business situations, will do well to call upon our townsman, Mr. C. W. Carter, who acts for the firm of Adams, Little & Co., Boston. See advertisement in another column.

Zion's Herald (Methodist) expostulates earnestly against the proposed inauguration ball at Washington, to be given in the patent office building. It says: "While we regard it as a sin in any time, on such an occasion, for the nation's officers to condescend to such levity as to attend and sanction a grand ball, we shall look upon it at this time as a flagrant insult both to God and man. We therefore hope that good sense and better judgment will prevail at Washington, and that, if for no other reason, out of respect to the memory of those who have died for the country, out of sympathy for thousands who still weep and mourn, and out of a decent regard for the Christian sentiments of the truest patriots in all the land, there will be no Presidential inauguration ball this year."

DECREASE OF CRIME IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY.—According to the returns of the Police officers and the numbers committed to the House of Correction, there has been a gratifying decrease of crime in Middlesex County during the past year. A year ago at this time there were confined in the House of Correction at East Cambridge 166 inmates, 101 of whom were males, and 65 females—while the present number is only 94, of whom 58 are males and 36 females. There are at present 28 males confined in the Jail, and 2 females. The smallest number for a number of years confined in the House of Correction was July 5, 1851, when the whole number was only 89; but the next day this number was increased to 100.—[Boston Herald.]

The State debt of New York is \$48,720,000.

Forty Thousand Destitute Negroes in Washington.

We quote the following from the proceedings of a public meeting held at Washington city under the auspices of the Freedmen's Relief Association, Rev. Wm. Channing in the chair:—

Mr. Channing read a report setting forth the startling and most heart-rending condition of these wretched outcasts under the shadows of the National Capitol. In June last the census showed at least 30,000 colored population in this District, nearly all in the confines of this city. There are now not less than 40,000. There are at least 900 families of these poor people in the city. A few of them have been able to build shanties, paying for the miserable ground on which to place them \$25 and \$30 a year. Not more than twenty-five of these families pay for their hovels less than \$6 per month, and not more than fifty pay less than \$5 monthly rent.

The following cases are reported as those which meet the visitors in every direction:—

An old woman on Eleventh street was found with the melting snow dripping through her hovel upon her pallet of rags. She was sick; had buried two children; no fire, fuel, or food, and no means to get any; was hungry; had begged a match to light in the night, so that the night might not seem so long.

In another hovel near by was a mother and a babe without dress. No fire, and twenty-four hours without food. A girl nine years old washing rags gathered from the mud to sell.

A few squares away, Sally Clayton, daughter, and two grandchildren. The daughter had an undressed infant; no food nor fuel and in a perishing condition. An old man, many years a preacher, while in slavery, sleeps in a hovel on a board, with a stick of wood for a pillow; no food nor fuel; no shirt. His collar-bone has been broken, and he cannot work.

In a shanty on the Island were six children huddled in rags together like a flock of sheep. The mother, Mrs. Jackson, is recently dead. No food nor fuel.

On Capitol Hill, in a space in a stable smaller than two stalls, are two families—an old man, a cripple, and a girl, twelve years old, with the consumption; a young child, dying of starvation; a sick mother, less boy, and another old man; a plunked for the old people, and broken boards with rags on them, for the children; a widow, fifty years old, their only support; rent \$12; no fire nor food.

On Sixteenth street, a woman, ninety years old, in a stable; no light, no food, no fuel.

When the report had been read, Mr. Channing requested Mrs. Griffin, the agent of the association, who has been laboring among these pitiable human beings some months, to express her views on the matter. They need everything. They fled from slavery, taking nothing but a few rags on their backs. Food, fuel, clothing were all equally needed, and the report stated likewise:

The women need clothing. They cannot get employment. People spurn them from their doors, refusing entrance to creatures half covered with filthy rags. She spoke of the women as brave and determined. They had come here in desolation, and in the face of every form of discouragement had done the most of them well and many of them nobly. Their destitution of clothing was absolutely shocking. A dozen and more persons are crowded into a single small room. More than four-fifths of the families have no fuel. Fifty families are to be turned into the street immediately for non-payment of rent. A man and four children have already been thus turned out of doors, and another family, mother and three children, all barefooted. Almost every family has a sick person.

The meeting was one of very great interest. The startling facts developed in the report and subsequent statements of individuals, awakened a deep feeling in the audience, and there can be no doubt that measures will be immediately instituted to save this city the opprobrium of permitting men, women and children to die of starvation and cold under the very shadow of the Capitol.

WINCHESTER.

THE MILKY WAY.—One of our public thoroughfares might have been truly denominated the Milky Way on one day last week, after the upsetting of a milk cart and the depositing of the contents of the numerous cans which it contained upon the snow and ice. Mr. Richardson, who was driving the team, was thrown out, but escaped injury, while the loss of the precious fluid, in these times, no small affair.

THE DAY OF JUBILEE.—The town bell rung out a merry peal on Thursday last week, in honor of the signing, by President Lincoln, of the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting Slavery in the United States. The national flag was displayed from the public flag staff and from many of the buildings in town, and a general feeling of rejoicing pervaded the community.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—The second Social Assembly in Lyceum Hall came off according to the programme on Thursday evening of last week. The company was a very pleasant and social one, not one of the fashionable kind, where more attention is paid to dress than to any thing else, and which is attended by very late hours, but one where all met on the level as neighbors and friends, disposed to have a good time within reasonable hours. The music was excellent and caused some lively stepping among those present.

THE REFEREE CASE.—The referred case of the late Edward Everett against the city of Charlestown, concerning the dowage of lands in this town belonging to said Everett, by the Charlestown Water Works, and in which some \$12,000 damages were awarded, is to be contested by the city. The large sum awarded seems to be very disproportionate to the small amount of damage done to the lands, and an intelligent jury conversant with the state of affairs, will doubtless be of the same opinion.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—The Heywood estate, on Dix street, adjoining that of Maj. J. A. Bolles and bordering on Wedge Pond, has been sold to Hon. B. R. Curtis, for the sum of \$4000. It is to be occupied by a son of Mr. Curtis.

EXCELSIOR.

The Boston Committee to procure funds for a statue of Edward Everett, report subscriptions to the amount of over \$28,997, already received.

THE WOBURN BRANCH SANITARY COMMISSION, finding it necessary to increase its fund, propose to accomplish this object by inaugurating a series of entertainments. The arrangements for the course are entrusted to a committee of active, efficient gentlemen, who, we are confident, will furnish a programme which will be entirely satisfactory to the public. The arrangements for the entire series will be duly announced as soon as perfected.

This object commends itself to the cordial approbation, and should receive the liberal patronage of all our citizens. It is well to remember that the U. S. Sanitary Commission, to which the W. B. San. Com. is tributary, not only tenderly cares for the suffering in hospitals, supplements government in camps, "but stands on the border line, to send constant support to our brave soldiers in rebel States." When our naked, starving soldiers, are exchanged, like angels of mercy, its agents await them with clothing for the destitute and nourishment for the fainting. We are sure there is no necessity for appealing to sympathies which are being stirred to their depths by the heart-rending recital of released prisoners. Let every man, woman and child, esteem it a privilege to contribute liberally by purchasing tickets for these entertainments.

Since the above was in type, we learn that the first Concert will be held on the evening of the 16th inst.

A SURPRISE VISIT.—A large representation from the Grammar School, with all the assistant teachers, called at the house of the Principal, Mr. C. W. Carter, on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst., to express their respect and attachment for their retiring teacher, and present him a memorial of their affection.

The silver articles, selected for the present, were chosen with much taste, and presented in a very neat, appropriate speech, by Miss Caddie Johnson. Mr. Carter replied with much feeling, adapting himself to the occasion, greatly to the delight and satisfaction of his pupils. Both the visit and the present, were a complete surprise to Mr. Carter, and must have been as gratifying as unexpected. The children passed a very pleasant evening in social amusement, and after refreshments, returned to their homes about ten o'clock, perfectly satisfied that they had taken their teacher by surprise, crowded his house by their presence, and had, as they expressed it, "a splendid time." Mr. Carter will have the satisfaction of knowing that many of his pupils appreciated his labors, and we speak that we do know, when we say, that the parents of many of his pupils sincerely regret that a teacher of such ability, fidelity and moral worth, should resign his position.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The young folks connected with the Unitarian Society, propose to give an entertainment at Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on Tuesday evening of next week. The programme will consist of a great variety of choice Tableaux, interspersed with Readings. Some beautiful Statuary will be represented. The hall will doubtless be well filled on the occasion, the price of tickets being placed at the low figure of twenty-five cents.

THE SLEIGHING TERM.—The citizens of Woburn and vicinity have now enjoyed in the neighborhood of sixty days' sleighing. If the cities can boast of their cold and hot terms, surely we of the country may now boast of our "sleighing term," which promises fair to be indefinitely extended.

The ball given by the Phalanx Associates, at Lyceum Hall, on Friday evening last, was largely attended and one of the most pleasant social entertainments it was ever our good fortune to attend. More than two hundred couples indulged in the various dances. There were present several distinguished military gentlemen from abroad,—among them Col. Pierson, of Salem. The music was excellent, and all the arrangements for the comfort of those present, were of the best possible description.

A rare chance to purchase dry goods, cheap, is now offered our citizens. See the advertisement of Mr. Charles A. Smith, in this paper, who offers the greatest bargains of the season.

BENEFIT CONCERT.—The managers of the New National Sailors' Home Fund have made an arrangement with the Euterpeans, one of the most popular bands of vocalists now before the public, and propose to give a series of Concerts in aid of the Sailors' Home fund. The company comprises some of the first vocal talent in the country, and they offer a programme of rare merit and variety. Mad. Lorraine, primo Soprano, is reputed to be one of the finest soprano singers in America, and Mr. Fraile, tenor, formerly of the Pyne & Harrison Opera Troupe) has a very high reputation as an artist. Bernard Covert, the veteran vocalist and composer, author of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea," and other popular productions, has volunteered his services, and will appear in some of the finest pieces. Master Charley Stevens, the infant drummer, is also a feature of attraction.

The Euterpeans will appear at Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on next Friday evening, Feb. 17th, and in Stoneham, (probably) on the succeeding Saturday evening, Feb. 18th, when those who want seats must go early, for crowded houses are the rule when the Euterpeans are around.

The following is the amendatory section to the Constitution, relative to slavery:

ARTICLE 13.
SECTION I. NEITHER SLAVERY NOR IN-VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, EXCEPT AS A PUNISHMENT FOR CRIME, WHEREOF THE PARTY SHALL HAVE BEEN DULY CONVICTED, SHALL EXIST WITHIN THE UNITED STATES, OR ANY PLACE SUBJECT TO THEIR JURISDICTION.
SECTION II. CONGRESS SHALL HAVE POWER TO ENFORCE THIS ARTICLE BY APPROPRIATE LEGISLATION.

THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN is going with a rush. The subscriptions since Saturday are \$3,098,200 and we trust they will be \$3,000,000 a day for the next thirty days. Such a success would be a blow at the Rebellion as severe as the taking of Charleston. All the National banks, State banks and private banks are agents for this loan, and it can be taken in sums ranging from fifty dollars to five millions.

The city of Portland had in 1844 a valuation of \$4,365,788, which was increased to \$26,963,939 in 1864. Her exports to foreign countries increased from \$251,097 in 1845, to \$4,396,142 in 1864; her imports, from \$339,791 in 1845, to \$13,039,749 in 1864—showing not only a growth of business, but an increase of wealth, unexampled in any other city of New England during the same period.

Two hundred rebel deserters were received in Washington last week from the armies of the Potomac and James, and all took the oath.

The quantity of oil accumulated in the oil region, waiting transportation to market, is said to be beyond precedent. This blockade at the wells is caused in part by the requisitions made on the Atlantic and Great Western railroad for cars.

The National Intelligencer says it is now clear enough that the war must go on with renewed energy. There can be no excuse now for holding back men or money to the uttermost. The rebel leaders insist upon a dismemberment of the government as a *sine qua non* to any negotiation.

Richmond papers announce that a portion of Gen. Sherman's army is certainly marching towards Branchville, S. C., in force.

The reported evacuation of Mobile is confirmed by the latest advices from New Orleans, which state that the guns and ordnance stores were removed to Selma, Ala., on the 15th of January.

Provost Marshal General Fry has forwarded a circular to the Provost Marshal of this State, from which it appears that the quota of Massachusetts under the last call of the President (Dec. 19, 1864,) is 1306 men.

The Fenian Sisterhood has been started at New York. The objects are the same as those of the Fenian Brotherhood.

THE PUBLICATION OF THE Correspondence of Napoleon the First costs the French Government \$10,000 a volume. As sixteen volumes have been published, this brings their cost to \$160,000. The original letters cost France something more than ten thousand times that amount.

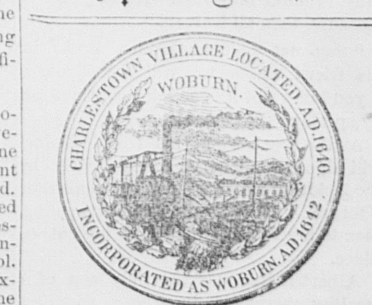
The seal of the Rebel States of America is described in the English newspapers. It is designed by Foley, the celebrated Irish sculptor, and contains in the centre a representation of Crawford's statue of Washington. This is surrounded by a wreath, composed of the most valuable vegetable products of the Southern soil—tobacco, rice, Indian corn, cotton, wheat, and sugar-cane. The rim bears the legend, "The Confederate States of America, 22d of February, 1862. Deo vindice." The seal is of silver and its diameter is four inches.

Following the example of Illinois, the legislature of Indiana is moving for the repeal of the "Black Laws" of that State. A bill for this purpose has been introduced into the Senate.

Died

In Woburn, Feb. 3, Charles A. Hurd, aged 5 years, 4 months, 10 days.
In Woburn, Feb. 4, Lizzie Abby, aged 3 years, 3 months, 20 days.
In Woburn, Feb. 5, Theda S. Sparks, aged 59 years, 10 months.
In Woburn, Feb. 8, J. Allice Willoughby, aged 1 year, 26 days.
In Stoneham, Feb. 9, Mary Kellibere, aged 19 years.
In Wilmington, Feb. 6, Samuel Morrill, aged 30 years, 9 months.
At Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1, Dr. Sylvanus Plympton, aged 71, who was a graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1818.

Special Notices.



SELECTMEN'S OFFICE,
Woburn, Feb. 2d, 1865.

All persons having demands against the Town of Woburn, are requested to present the same for settlement, before the first day of March, 1865.

By order of the Board of Selectmen.
A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.
feb11-3t

Entertainment

LYCEUM HALL.

The Young People of the Unitarian Society will give an Entertainment at Lyceum Hall, Woburn, TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 14th, 1865, consisting of TABLEAUX, SELECT READINGS and MUSIC.

PROGRAMME.

1. STATUARY.	
2. TABLEAU—Valentine's Day—Cupid as Post Boy.	Dying Knight.
3. TABLEAU.	Fire Spirit.
4. TABLEAU.	
5. READING.	Tom Thumb's Wedding.
6. TABLEAU.	Priscilla and John Alden.
7. TABLEAU.	
8. READING.	Fast Colors.
9. TABLEAU.	
10. STATUARY.	
11. TABLEAU, Christians and Children in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.	Mercy's Dream.
12. TABLEAU.	
13. READING.	Victory leading in Peace.
14. TABLEAU.	

Music by the Woburn Orchestra.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.
Tickets for sale at Bookstore, Post Office, A. E. Thompson's and W. C. Brigham's, Woburn; and at Geo. H. Brown's Drug Store, Winchester.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.
feb11

The cheapest and best preparation in the MARKET.
Price only 25 cents per bottle. **HOLMAN'S RESTORATIVE** has no equal as a remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Nervous Complaints, &c. It operates like a charm upon a diseased Liver, and is one of the best preparations known for worms in the human system. It is pleasant to take, and the demand for it is constantly increasing. It is a medicine which does not prostrate the physical system, and hence is invaluable to those who depend upon their labor for support.
Sold at the old price, 25 cents per bottle. Sole agent in Woburn, William C. Brigham, feb11-17

WOBURN BANK.
Notice is hereby given, that at a Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn Bank, held on the 9th day of January, 1865, it was voted "That the President, Directors and Company of the Woburn Bank, may become a Banking Association, for carrying on the business of Banking under the Laws of the United States, its Directors having procured the authority of the owners of two-thirds of its Capital Stock, to make the certificates required therefor by the Laws of the United States, and do all other necessary acts."
In pursuance of said vote, and by virtue of the authority therein contained, the Directors having procured the assent of the owners of two-thirds of the Capital Stock, have this day determined to organize immediately as such Association.
E. J. JENKS, Cashier.
Woburn, January 16, 1865.
jan21-5t

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
Washington, January 24th, '65.
Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June third, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act, required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act.
Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.
In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office this 24th day of January, 1865.
HUGH McCULLOCH,
Comptroller of the Currency.
jan28-9t

MRS. M. E. FIELD,
MILINERY ROOMS,
BANK BUILDING,
WOBURN, MASS.
Rooms closed every evening (Saturdays excepted), at 6 o'clock, until the 1st of April.
feb11-17

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.
250,000 Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.
Worth over one million dollars, all to be sold for one dollar each, without regard to value. Not for sale until you know what you are to receive. Splendid list of articles. All to be sold for \$1 each.
250 Gent's Gold Hunting-case Watches, 50 to 150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enamel-case Watches, 25 to 70
500 Gent's Hunting-case Silver Watches, 35 to 70
2000 Gold Rings, 15 to 30
2000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains, 15 to 30
3000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets, 4 to 8
2000 Chained Gold Bracelets, 5 to 10
2000 Chained Chains & Guard Chains, 5 to 20
7000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches, 4 to 10
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches, 4 to 8
5000 Coral, Opal & Emerald Brooches, 4 to 8
5000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops, 4 to 8
7500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops, 4 to 8
4000 California Diamond Breast Pins, 2 to 50
10000 Gold Fob & Vest Chains, 2 to 50
4000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides, 3 to 10
5000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, 3 to 8
3000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c., 4 to 7
10,000 Miniature Lockets, 2 to 50
4000 Magic Springs, 3 to 8
3000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c., 2 to 8
5000 Plain Gold Rings, 4 to 10
5000 Chained Gold Rings, 4 to 10
10,000 Stone-set and Signet Rings, 2 to 10
10,000 California Diamond Rings, 2 to 10
7500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jewels, Gold
6000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameos, Pearl, &c., 4 to 15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders, 10 to 50
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders, 10 to 50
5000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders, 6 to 10
5000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups, 5 to 50
5000 Silver Castors, 15 to 50
5000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets, 20 to 50
Messrs. T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO., 116 Broadway, New York, extensive manufacturers and importers of all the leading and most fashionable styles of Watches and Jewelry, desiring to increase their business to an unlimited extent, have resolved upon a GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION, subject to the regulations following:
Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.
ALL ARTICLES SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.
On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of jewelry on our list, for ONE DOLLAR, and in no case can they get less than one dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. The price of certificates is as follows:
One for 25 cents; five for \$1 eleven for \$2; thirty for \$5; sixty-five for \$10; one hundred for \$15.
Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in Cash or Postage Stamps.
T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO.,
116 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Papers giving this six insertions and sending us marked copy of the same will be entitled to one hundred certificates. 6t feb11

MRS. M. E. FIELD,
MILINERY ROOMS,
BANK BUILDING,
WOBURN, MASS.
Rooms closed every evening (Saturdays excepted), at 6 o'clock, until the 1st of April.
feb11-17

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250,000 Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.
Worth over one million dollars, all to be sold for one dollar each, without regard to value. Not for sale until you know what you are to receive. Splendid list of articles. All to be sold for \$1 each.
250 Gent's Gold Hunting-case Watches, 50 to 150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enamel-case Watches, 25 to 70
500 Gent's Hunting-case Silver Watches, 35 to 70
2000 Gold Rings, 15 to 30
2000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains, 15 to 30
3000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets, 4 to 8
2000 Chained Gold Bracelets, 5 to 10
2000 Chained Chains & Guard Chains, 5 to 20
7000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches, 4 to 10
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches, 4 to 8
5000 Coral, Opal & Emerald Brooches, 4 to 8
5000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops, 4 to 8
7500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops, 4 to 8
4000 California Diamond Breast Pins, 2 to 50
10000 Gold Fob & Vest Chains, 2 to 50
4000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides, 3 to 10
5000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, 3 to 8
3000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c., 4 to 7
10,000 Miniature Lockets, 2 to 50
4000 Magic Springs, 3 to 8
3000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c., 2 to 8
5000 Plain Gold Rings, 4 to 10
5000 Chained Gold Rings, 4 to 10
10,000 Stone-set and Signet Rings, 2 to 10
10,000 California Diamond Rings, 2 to 10
7500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jewels, Gold
6000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameos, Pearl, &c., 4 to 15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders, 10 to 50
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders, 10 to 50
5000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders, 6 to 10
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5000 Silver Castors, 15 to 50
5000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets, 20 to 50
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T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO.,
116 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Papers giving this six insertions and sending us marked copy of the same will be entitled to one hundred certificates. 6t feb11

FANCY BACK COMBS.
—AT—
F. B. DODGE'S.
feb4-3m

THE GREAT
German Heilmittel,
WILL POSITIVELY CURE
C A T A R R H,
BRONCHITIS,
COUGHS,
COLDS,
AND THE FIRST STAGES OF
CONSUMPTION.
IT IS A SURE PREVENTATIVE FOR
DIPHTHERIA.

This remedy is prepared by a regular Physician of fifteen years' experience, and an extensive practice in diseases of the Pulmonary mucous membrane, prescribing constantly the Heilmittel with unfailing success, thus curing thousands who, in vain, have exhausted every other means to obtain relief. A few of the many certificates of cures in the possession of the Doctor are here annexed, which the reader is desired to peruse. They are not certificates of the dead, or names of those who never existed, but parties well known in Boston and vicinity.

To THE PUBLIC.—My wife, having been afflicted with catarrh for years, attended latterly with a bad cough, having used many remedies and tried the treatment of several of our best medical men without success, I was induced by my friends to try the Great German Heilmittel. To my surprise, her cough ceased at once, her catarrh melted away, and now she is radically cured. With the cure of the catarrh, all the symptoms attending this disagreeable disease, such as discharge from the nose and dropping into the throat, hacking, etc., etc., all disappeared. I would not be without this invaluable remedy, and advise every one afflicted with coughs, colds, or catarrh, to try it. They will certainly find it a sure cure.
J. H. SILSBY,
Newton Corner, Mass., Jan. 1, 1865, formerly of the Winthrop House, Boston.

The great German Heilmittel has cured an obstinate cough with which my family and myself have been troubled, and in spite of our efforts, could not get cured. The cure was effected in the remarkably short time of two days.
My neighbor, Mrs. Merrill, had a child who was suffering with a cough, and bleeding from the lungs, and to them, also, I gave part of a bottle. She reports a perfect cure of her child by this remarkable remedy, the Great German Heilmittel.
THEODORE COLLAMORE,
Cambridgeport, Jan. 1, 1865.

My little son was afflicted for a year or more with a bad cough. Having lost my husband with consumption, was consequently fearful of losing my child by the same disease. My friends and physicians who saw my child, pronounced it already consumption. Although somewhat discouraged by these counsels, I tried my best to save him, and I am happy to state that I was successful by the use of the German Heilmittel. My son's cough disappeared, his general health improved, and gained strength, and subsequently was radically cured, and has remained so for the last two years, not even having the cough return.
MRS. J. L. LANG,
No. 10 Bedford street, Boston, Mass.

I think if I had not used the Great German Heilmittel, I should have certainly been dead long ago. All that ever cured my catarrh and saved me from consumption, I owe to this invaluable remedy.
ROBERT WRIGHT,
Hartford, Conn.

The Great German Heilmittel has cured me of a severe cough which almost run me into consumption—thanks to the Heilmittel—I am now perfectly well.
WM. B. FISKE,
24th St. N. Y.

My wife has suffered with catarrh and bronchitis for years. About a year ago last winter, she was completely run down in strength, and my physician pronounced her case consumption. Being anxious to do all that could be done for her, I sought a bottle of the German Heilmittel. By the use of the very first bottle, my wife began to improve, and after using but six bottles of it, entirely recovered her health. I consider myself very fortunate in trying this remedy, and deem it my duty to recommend it to all who are suffering with even the slightest cold or cough.
EBEN S. NASH,
Wrentham, Mass.

Having used the great German Heilmittel in my family, and prescribed it in my practice, with the very best of success in the treatment of coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, I can but recommend it to the public as a safe and speedy cure for the above named diseases.
J. Q. A. FRENCH, M. D.,
Hillsboro, N. H.

I have used the German Heilmittel for a bad case of Catarrh, attended with a distressing cough, with perfect success, and can but recommend it to the public as the best remedy for the above mentioned complaint.
NEWELL FOWLE,
Riding Academy, 415 Washington St., Boston.

ALL
GOODS
MARKED DOWN
To suit the Times.
CHAS. A. SMITH.
BANK BUILDING,
MAIN STREET.
WOBURN, Feb. 4, 1865.

LADIES!
Now is the Time to
-BUY-
DRY GOODS
At a Great Reduction
IN PRICES.

BRO. COTTONS,
From 10 to 20 cents less
than former prices!

BLEACHED DO.,
From 10 to 20 cents less
than former prices!

PRINTS,
From 10 to 20 cents less
than former prices!

DELAINES,
From 10 to 20 cents less
than former prices!

"BEST AMERICAN
CORSETS."
WALTHAM HOOP
SKIRTS.
The very best Skirt
made.

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GOODS
MARKED DOWN
To suit the Times.
CHAS. A. SMITH.
BANK BUILDING,
MAIN STREET.
WOBURN, Feb. 4, 1865.

National Business
AGENCY!
ADAMS, LITTLE & CO., offer their services as Real Estate and Commercial agents in buying, selling, letting and exchanging
Real Estate and Personal Property.
in the city and country, collecting rents, negotiating mortgages, conveying, and general charge of trust Property.
Office 15 Marshall St., near Union St., Boston. feb11-3t

MRS. HALE
Has a good assortment of
YARNS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
—Also—
BLUE,
GRAY,
RED,
and
FANCY FLANNELS,
LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS,
DRESS BUTTONS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!
Round Combs,
Back Combs,
Waterfall Combs,
Hair Brushes,
Toilet Soaps,
—Also—
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
SONTAGS, CLOUDS, HOODS!
—AND—
SKATING CAPS.
Also a nice line of
DRESS GOODS!
Cheap for the Times!!
dec31

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.
The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the
ATTENTION
—OF—
PERSONS IN WANT OF CLOTHING
to the Stock he has bought of Newell Stiles.
THE STOCK OF
Overcoats and Heavy Goods
MUST BE SOLD!
and will be sold for CASH at
Less than Wholesale Prices!!
THE STOCK OF
FURNISHING GOODS!
HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,
EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES,
and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.
J. W. HAMMOND,
Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65.
3m

DENTAL
NOTICE
Dr. CLOUGH, - Dentist,
HAVING disposed of his business in Boston, offers his services to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity.
OFFICE AT HIS HOUSE.
The highest price, CASH, paid for old Gold Plates.
J-14-U

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH
REMEDY.—The following strictly reliable and very important testimonial speaks for itself:—
LAWRENCE, Oct. 23, 1864.
Mr. JOHN L. HUNNEWELL:
My Dear Sir—I was discharged from the army of the Potomac on the 17th of April, 1863, on account of a Cough, which had been on me seven months. It was so bad that I was told I could live but a short time. In fact, I was discharged to come home to die. I coughed almost incessantly, night and day, and the physicians told me I could not be helped. I tried all that was recommended, without any effect. Mr. Allen, of the firm of Wilson & Allen, of our city, told me of your Cough Remedy and procured some for me. I took two bottles only of it, the Cough left me, and has not troubled me since. I am now in perfect health, and have stated the case just as it has occurred. I cannot feel too grateful, and can say truly it has been the means of saving my life. I recommend it to all troubled with a Consumptive or other Cough, as it has cured me perfectly.
Yours, truly,
LEVI H. CARTER.

FRIEND HUNNEWELL!
I send you the letter of Mr. Carter, and it is a very strong case.
Yours,
J. A. ALLEN,
Lawrence, Mass.

Many similar to the above can be seen at my office.
JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor,
Practical Chemist and Pharmacist,
Boston, Mass.
Sold by all dealers in medicine.
Sold, in Woburn, by W. C. BRIGHAM; in Winchester, by Geo. P. BROWN; and by all the wholesale dealers in Boston. J-14-s-lm

GET
Hovey's
HAIR
BALM,
AT
C. S. ADKINS'
A good assortment of
SCISSORS,
—AT—
F. B. DODGE'S.
feb4-1f

THE EUTERPEANS.
This popular troupe, embracing the following distinguished talent: MRS. LORRAINE, primo soprano; MRS. ELLA LAWRENCE, MR. H. W. FRABLE (formerly of Pyne and Harrison's opera troupe); MR. FRANK DAYTON, and MASTER CHARLEY STEVENS, the wonderful INFANT DRUMMER, assisted by BERNARD COVERT, the veteran Violist and Composer, author of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," and other popular pieces, have been engaged to sing in aid of the NATIONAL SALON'S HOME, and will give one of their popular Concerts in
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,
Friday Evening, February 17th, '65.
TICKETS 25 CENTS.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.
For particulars, see small bills.

PETROLEUM!!
COLL J. TURNER,
118 WATER STREET,
NEW YORK.
Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE
DIVIDEND PAYING
PETROLEUM
OIL COMPANIES
Parties desirous of making investments in
These Money-making Schemes,
may rely upon his knowledge of the various Companies, and for his integrity and business qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Editor of this paper, and to
MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER,
107 & 109 STATE STREET,
Boston.
dec 31-3m

MISS JULIA A. SULLIVAN respectfully announces to parents, guardians, and others who desire instruction upon the Piano Forte for their children or wards, that she is prepared to teach the instrument. She refers to Mrs. Dr. Ephraim Cutler, to whom application should be made. Terms, \$10.00 or \$12.00 for 24 lessons, according to the place where the lessons are given.
Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1864—3m

PERFUMERY.
LUBIN'S, RAQUES, WRIGHTS,
PHALON'S, and EDOUARD'S
Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty different odors. For sale by
W. C. BRIGHAM.
sept 10

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.
Two Houses and one Houselet, pleasantly situated on Church Street—one House containing seven finished rooms in general repairs, and the other is in the rear, and is also in good repair, and supplied by a spring. The other House contains four rooms with a small shed attached.
For further particulars inquire of C. H. BLAIS-DELL, on the premises, or of JACOB MUNROE, of Burlington.
jan28-1f

BOSTON AND LOWELL
And Nashua & Lowell, Wilton, Stony Brook, Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell Railroads.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1st, 1865, trains will leave BOSTON for
LOWELL
Upper Railroads, 7:00, 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.
Concord and Manchester, 7:00, 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.
Tyngsboro', 7:15, 11:45 a.m., 5:12 p.m.
Wilmington, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.
Nashua, 7:00, 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.
Tyngsboro', 7:15, 11:45 a.m., 5:12 p.m.
Groton Junction, 8:00 a.m., 2:30 p.m.
Lowell, 7:00, 7:30 a.m., 12:00, 5:00 p.m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Wilmington, 7:30, 10 a.m., 2:30, 6:00 p.m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a.m., 6:00, p.m.
Woburn W. S., 7:30, 10:00, a.m., 2:30, 6:00 p.m.
Woburn W. S., 7:30, 10:00, 12:15, a.m., 2:45, 5:15, 6:30, p.m.
Winchester and West Medford, 6:45, 7:30, 10:00, 11:30, 12:15 a.m., 2:45, 5:15, 6:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.
College Hill, 6:45, 10:00, 11:30 a.m., 2:45, 5:15, 6:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.
Mondays at 11:30 p.m., a train leaves for Lowell, Nashua and Way Stations.
The 10:00, 11:30, and 6:00 P. M. Trains from Boston stop at Milk Row, Somerville Centre and College Hill Stations, to take passengers for Stations above Winchester.
Wednesdays at 11:30 p.m. Saturdays at 10 p.m.
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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 21.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

THE DEPARTED WIFE.

BY E. CROSBY.

O fair and lovely! They, whose eyes
Had rested on thy face,
Not soon forget that radiant smile
Of gentleness and grace.

O fair and lovely! They, who heard
Thy words of truth refined,
Forget the beauty of the brow
In beauty of the mind.

O fair and lovely! Many a heart
With grateful warmth retains
The record of thy liberal deeds
That soothed their wants and pain.

But all the charms that cheered our home
To me were only known—
And all the inner life of love
Reserved for me alone.

So is my grief unfathomed still
By those who but beheld
The polished surface of the gem
That heaven's own spirits held.

And yet, remembering how thy breast
Was on the Saviour staid,
And how His arm embraced thy soul
In the dark valley's shade—

Remembering that the pure in heart
God's glorious face shall see—
I kneel amid my tears, and pour
A hymn of praise for thee!

For the Journal.

"GRANDMAMMA."

"Oh, Nell! such glorious news! I have just received a letter from brother Hal, and what do you think he says?" and Fannie Clements' great blue eyes looked as if they were ready to dance out of her head.

"I'm sure I don't know! Do tell me quick!" replied Nellie, starting up eagerly to meet her friend, who had uttered the above exclamation and question before she had fairly got over the threshold.

"Let's sit right down in the window, then, and I'll tell you all about it. But first, here is the letter," and she opened a missive written in the bold, careless style so common among collegians.

"DEAR SISTER MINE:—I have only time for a word, so hold yourself all attention. You know Chauncy Lawrence, my chum Chauncy, that is; you have heard me speak of him. Well, next week we are coming up to the old place to kill a few days (and possibly birds), before we are off to the Springs. Just inform the old lady of our intentions, that the house may be in readiness, and until I am with you, believe me impatiently
Your Affec. Brother,

HAL.

P.S. By the way, dear Fan, why not have your friend Nellie Sargeant over to spend the week with you?"

"There Nell, what do you think of that? Isn't it just like Hal?"

"Really Fannie, how should I know?"

"How should you know! Indeed, Miss Nellie, an it's Hal that would be after feeling complimented just to hear that same. Very considerate in him, that little suggestion about asking you over to spend the week. Not on his account! Oh, no! I must not think of that. And then to think of his friend, Chauncy Lawrence. Oh, Nellie! won't we have fun? But I don't exactly like his calling Grandmamma 'the old lady.' What a careless way, to be sure, these students do get into. Why, Nell, you don't say a word."

"I have not seen the chance," said she, laughing and shaking her head at her merry, light-hearted friend.

"Come, Nell; don't be sarcastic; and listen while I unfold my plans. You know Grandma has gone to Wilton to be gone nearly a fortnight, but I shan't say a word to Hal about it, and after he has come, I will be Grandmother and myself alternately, and you must come and go as I shall dictate."

"Why, Fannie Clements, are you sane or crazy?"

"Both or neither, I don't know which. But just say you will agree to my plans, and I'll promise you such fun. Oh—" and here she broke out into a succession of merry peals of laughter that caused the little black pony at the gate to prick up his ears, and a few minutes after Fannie was guiding him at a gentle trot down the street.

CHAPTER II.

It is a bright, beautiful morning in summer. Two students have just emerged from the shaded walks of Harvard, and stand waiting for a car which is always "due" but never "on time."

"A fine morning for our trip, Chauncy."

"Glorious, Hal; and my heart never felt lighter than at this very moment."

"Greek and mathematics are a heavy

load to throw off one's shoulders, and no wonder a poor fellow feels 'gay and happy' when he turns his back on college walks with a long, merry vacation before him. But here's a car."

The conversation thus interrupted was not resumed until the "iron horse" was carrying them swiftly towards the little village of G—. Henry and Fannie Clements had early been left orphans, and though in the possession of considerable property, they had preferred making their home with their father's mother at the old homestead, to removing to a more pretentious house in the city. Henry, or Hal, as he was more commonly called by his sister, fellow students and friends in general, was as fine a specimen of noble manhood as could well be found. He was rather above the medium height, broad shouldered, strong limbed, with a head which could boast of as rich a mass of chestnut hair as ever waved back from a frank, handsome face, and a pair of the merriest of mirthful brown eyes, and a mouth that never gave free passage to word or smile without revealing a set of such even, perfect teeth as would compare favorably with an African's ivory. Fannie Clements might well feel proud of such a noble, handsome brother.

As for Chauncy Lawrence, who was ever as constant as a shadow, it would be difficult to decide where the chief attraction in his countenance lay. Taller than his friend, he was also slighter, with black hair that always wanted to curl, but could never quite make up its mind whether it would or would not, and black eyes that could flash fire or beam with a clearer, softer light. The brow had a cast of sadness; but the smile was gladness itself. But while we have been sketching the portraits of our friends, the cars have been speeding onward, and have at length stopped at the G— station.

"Ah! there is the carriage; but that cannot be Fannie," said Hal, as he and his friend alighted and approached the little black pony, which was harnessed to a light, open carryall.

"Mr. Clements, I believe," says Nellie.

"And Miss Sargeant, I am sure," exclaims Hal. "Allow me to present my friend, Mr. Lawrence; and where is Nellie? Not sick I hope?"

"Oh, no; but your Grandmother, Mrs. Clements, was not very well, and Fannie was obliged to get tea, so she sent me to drive you over."

"I trust my Grandmother's illness is nothing serious?"

"Not at all; but you know she is getting old and she is often obliged to keep her room for the greater part of the day. Fannie is very kind and attentive to her," and here Nellie was obliged to turn her head to conceal a smile.

Then they talked of the weather and kindred topics, and soon reached the house. Fannie met them at the door and gave a loving kiss to her brother, and a graceful welcome to his friends. The evening passed away delightfully, and that night the friends lay awake a long time, the gentlemen planning walks and drives, in all of which Fannie and Nellie were to take part, and the latter deciding how and when "Grandmother" should appear and disappear from the stage.

CHAPTER III.

"Grandmother" was not able to appear at the breakfast-table, and Hal was off with Chauncy during the forenoon hunting up old acquaintances, thus giving Fannie time to arrange herself to personate Mrs. Clements at noon. She staided her face, made false wrinkles, got into one of the good lady's gray dresses, pinned a neat kerchief around her neck, hid her hands in a pair of mits, put on caps and spectacles, and then practised before Nellie and the glass for a full hour before the gentlemen came. Hal was very glad to see his "dear Grandmother" and very sorry her health was so poor.

"But I'm a growing old," said she, "nigh onto sixty-six, Henry; and I don't suppose I'd ought to feel as young as I used to."

"Where is Fannie, Grand'ma?"

"Oh! she's gone over the village shopping, and won't be back 'fore tea."

Fannie carried her part out successfully, and after dinner retired to "take a nap," so she said, and very soon appeared in her own proper person, as having just returned from the village. So the time went on. "Grandmother" was able to spend a part of each day down stairs, and by a little skillful manoeuvring Fannie was enabled to escape detection. While the old lady was sup-

posed to be sleeping, Fannie enjoyed some delightful drives and conversations with Mr. Lawrence, until she was fully aware of the fact, her heart had passed out of her possession. No less pleasantly passed the summer days to Hal and Nellie, and the week ended and the gentlemen lingered. A few days later and "Grandma" sat after tea in her easy chair with her knitting work lying idly in her lap, musing on the secret that Hal had manfully and Nelly blushing committed to her care a few hours before. She saw them walking up and down the gravelled walk in the purple twilight, and she forgot that Chauncy might be waiting for her, and it was time that "Grandma" should have disappeared for the night. A form came through the open casement and crossed to where she sat:

"Good evening Mrs. Clements."

"Good evening Mr. Lawrence."

A long pause. Ah! Fannie you have need of courage now.

"Mrs. Clements, I have something I would like to say in regard to—ahem!—your granddaughter, Miss Clements, and I have thought it right to speak to you on the subject before I may venture to address her."

No wonder "Grandma" sank back in the chair and pulled the cap border more closely around her face.

"Mrs. Clements," continued he, "I have loved Fannie from the day that we first met, and I trust she is not wholly indifferent to me. Have I your permission to ask her consent to an engagement?"

No answer.

"Mrs. Clements, pardon me if I have offended. Perhaps I have wounded your feelings (a trembling sob comes from the chair), for I know Fannie must be very dear to you; but if you only knew how devotedly I love her, you—"

"La! sakes alive! what does this mean," and the veritable Mrs. Clements stood before them with a candle in her hand and her eyes wide open with astonishment!

Chauncy Lawrence stood up in perfect amaze, while through the window at which he entered came a double peal of laughter which sounded strangely like the voices of Hal and Nellie. It was only for a moment, and out through the window and over the lawn sped luckless Fannie, her cap and gray hair falling off in her haste. On, on she went; her heart fluttering and trembling until she reached the grove and sank down under an old oak. Here Chauncy Lawrence found her a half hour later, with her head against the tree-trunk, and her whole frame shaking with sobs. Kindly and tenderly he soothed her; told her that it was only a piece of harmless sport; that he had taken no offence, and she had only learned his love a little sooner than she would otherwise have done; and when they returned to the house in the bright moonlight, everything had been satisfactorily explained, and "Grandma," the real true "Grandmamma," bestowed a blessing upon all. So Fannie's adventure did not turn out so very unfortunately, after all.

MANIFOLD USES FOR LEATHER.—The old saying, that there is 'nothing like leather,' is amply verified in the thousand and one little articles of feminine decoration which Madam Fashion has recently decreed for her daughters' wear. In my up-town stroll the other day, I paused before the tastefully arranged window of a fancy store, wherein were displayed the usual miscellaneous collection of ornaments, trappings, etc., which go to make the sum total of such an establishment, and I thought as I noted how freely the material, leather, had been used in their construction—O that mother Eve as she perambulated Eden in her primitive garment of fig leaves, could have foreseen how skillfully her sons and daughters should convert the skins of such animals as those over which she held dominion, into the multitude of articles both useful and ornamental, which meet our eye on every side, and supply our needs at every step. Could she have seen the girdles, formed to encircle the slender waist of some fair damsel—the coquettish little bow which fastens the color of your fashionable belle, the trimming of her dress, the rosettes upon her hat, the buttons scattered in delightful confusion over her garments, or arranged in mathematical precision in rows containing twelve, eighteen and twenty-four, as fashion and taste dictate, the gauntlet, to shade the delicate wrist, the bracelet, for its adornment, the anklet to protect the ankles, the page to elevate the trailing skirts from contact with muddy crossings, the reticule, the fan for subduing summer's heat—these and many other ornaments too numerous to mention, and all made of leather, so embossed, and stitched and pinked, and otherwise decorated as almost to lose its identity, yet leather still, are additional evidence of the truth of the saying at the head of our paragraph.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

FAULT-FINDING.

The first fox that I mean to treat of, is Fault-finding,—a most respectable little animal that many people let run freely among their domestic vines, under the notion that he helps the growth of the grapes, and is the principal means of keeping them in order.

Now it may safely be set down with a margin that nobody likes to be found fault with; but everybody likes to find fault when things do not suit them.

Let my courteous reader ask herself if he or she does not experience a relief and pleasure in finding fault about or with whatever trouble them.

This appears at first sight an unevenness in the provisions of Nature. Generally we are so made that what it is a pleasure to us to do, it is a pleasure to our neighbor to receive. It is a pleasure to love; it is a pleasure to be loved; a pleasure to admire; a pleasure to be admired. It is a pleasure to give and a pleasure to receive. It is a pleasure also to find fault, but not a pleasure to be found fault with. Furthermore, those people whose sensitiveness of temperament lead them to find the most fault are precisely those who can least bear to be found fault with; they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on other men's shoulders; but they themselves cannot bear the weight of a finger.

Now the difficulty in the matter is this; there are things in life that must be altered. Life must be a constant series of erasures and amendments; for things to be altered, they must be spoken of to the people whose business it is to make the change. This it is that opens wide the general door of fault-finding to well-disposed people, and that give them latitude of conscience to impose on their fellows all the annoyances which they feel in their own minds. The father and mother of a family are fault-finders, *ex officio*, and to them flow back the tide of ever separate individual complaints in the circle, till often the family air is chilled and darkened by a drizzling Scotch mist of complaint. Very bad are those mists for grape-vines, and produce mildew in many a fair cluster.

Thus it is Enthusiasm falls in love with Hermione, because she looks like a moonbeam,—because she is ethereal, spirituelle, frail as a summer cloud. He commences forthwith the perpetual adventure system that precedes marriage. He assures her that she is too fair for this world, too bright and good for any of the uses of frail mortality,—that she ought to tend roses, sleep on the clouds,—that she ought never to shed a tear, know a fatigue, or make an exertion, but live apart in some bright, ethereal sphere worthy of her charms. All of which is duly chanted in her ear in moonlight walks or sails so often repeated, that a sensible girl may be excused for believing that a little of it may be true.

Now comes marriage, and it turns out that Enthusiasm is very particular as to his coffee; that he cannot be comfortable with any table arrangements that do not resemble those of his notable mother, lately deceased in the odor of sanctity. He also wants his house in perfect order at all hours, and he is excessively disturbed if meals are irregular, and still he does not propose to provide a trained housekeeper; it is all to be effected by means of certain raw Irish girls, under the superintendence of this angel who was to tread on roses, sleep on clouds, and never know an earthly care. Neither has Enthusiasm ever considered it a part of the husband's duty to bear personal inconveniences in silence. He would freely shed his blood for Hermione,—nay, he often frantically proposed the same in the hours of courtship—when of course nobody wanted it done, and it could answer no manner of use; and thus to the idyllic dialogues of that period succeed such as these:

"My dear, this tea is smoked: can't you get Jane in the way of making it better?"

"My dear, I have tried; but she will not do it as I tell her."

"Well, all I know is, other people can have good tea, and I should think we might."

And again at dinner:

"My dear, this mutton is overdone again; it is always overdone."

"Not always, dear, because you recollect on Monday you said it was just right."

"Well, almost always."

"Well, my dear, the reason to-day was because I had company in the parlor, and could not go to caution Bridget as I generally do. It's very difficult to get things done with such a girl."

"My mother's things were always well

done no matter what her girl was."

Again: "My dear, you must speak to the servants about wasting the coal. I never saw such a consumption of fuel in a family of our size;" or "My dear, how can you let Maggie tear the morning paper?" or "My dear, I shall actually have to give up coming to dinner if my dinners cannot be regular;" or "My dear, I wish you would look at the way my shirts are ironed—it is perfectly scandalous;" or "My dear, you must not let Johnnie finger the mirror in the parlor;" or "My dear, you must stop the children from playing in the garret;" or "My dear, you must see that Maggie, don't leave the mat out on the railing when she sweeps the front hall;" and so on, upstairs, and downstairs, in the lady's chamber; My dear is to see that nothing goes wrong, and she is found fault with when anything does.

Yet Enthusiasm, when occasionally he finds his sometime angel in tears, and when she tells him he does not love her as he once did, repudiates the charge with all his heart, and declares he loves her more then ever—and perhaps he does. The only thing is that she has passed out of the plane of moonshine and poetry into that of actualities. While she was considered an angel, a star, a bird, an evening cloud, of course there was nothing to be found fault with in her, but now the angel has become chief business-partner in an earthly working firm, relations are different. Enthusiasm could say the same thing over again under the same circumstances, but unfortunately, now they never are in the same circumstances. Enthusiasm is simply a man who is in the habit of speaking from impulse, and saying a thing merely and only because he feels it.

Before marriage he worshipped and adored his wife as an ideal being dwelling in the land of dreams and poetries, and did his very best to make her unpractical and unadapted to enjoy the life to which he was to introduce her after marriage. After marriage he still yields unreflectingly to present impulses, which are no longer to praise, but to criticize and condemn. The very sensibility to beauty and love of elegance which made him admire her before marriage, now transferred to the arrangement of the domestic menage, leave him daily to perceive a hundred defects and find a hundred annoyances. Thus far we suppose an amiable, submissive wife, who is only grieved, not provoked,—who has no sense of injustice, and meekly strives to make good the hard conditions of her lot.

Such poor, little, faded women have we seen, looking for all the world like plants that have been nursed and forced into blossom in the steam-heat of the conservatory, and are now sickly and yellow, dropping leaf by leaf in the dry, dusty parlor.

But there is another side of the picture, where the wife, provoked and indignant, takes up the fault-finding trade in return, and with the keen arrows of her woman's wit searches and penetrates every joint of the husband's armor, showing herself full as unjust and far more culpable in this sort of conflict.

Saddest of all sad things is it to see two dearest friends employing all that peculiar knowledge of each other which love has given them only to harass and provoke; thrusting and piercing with a certainty of aim that only past habits of confidence and affection could have put in their power, wounding their own hearts with every deadly thrust they make at the other, and all for such inexpressible miserable trifles as usually form the openings of fault-finding dreams.

For the contentions that loosen the very foundations of love,—that crumble away all its fine traceries and carved work,—about what miserable, worthless things do they commonly begin,—a dinner underdone, too much oil burned, a paper torn, a waste of coal or soap, a dish broken,—and for this miserable sort of trash, very good, very generous, very religious people will sometimes waste and throw away by double handfuls the very thing for which houses are made and coal burned, and all the paraphernalia of a home established, they will throw away their happiness. Better cold coffee, smoked tea, burned meat, better any inconvenience, any loss, than a loss of love, and nothing so surely burns away love as constant fault-finding.

For fault-finding once allowed as a habit between two near and dear friends comes in time to establish a chronic soreness, so that the mildest, the most reasonable suggestion, the gentlest implied reproof, occasion burning irritation, and

when this morbid stage has once set in, the restoration of love seems well-nigh impossible.—[Mrs. Stowe's "Chimney Corner," in the Atlantic.

Grapes and Wine.

"It is much to be regretted," writes a valued friend, "that the ranks of the genuine Horticulturist should be saddled with a pack of mountebanks, who are disgusting the whole community with trickery and humbuggery, with no aim or object but their own greedy ends." But this is to be expected,—and we must take the evil with the good. Wine drinking communities are saddled with its drunkards, as well as grape-growing is with its charlatans; and, in fact, the more popular a matter becomes, the greater is the effort of unprincipled men to creep into the current and control its course.

And it cannot be denied but that grape-growing and wine making have reached a point in the public attention they have never done before. Next to oil, nothing is so much spoken of in the cars, on the street, by the roadside, everywhere, as the grape, and grape native wine.

On the latter subject, personally, we take little interest. So far as we are individually concerned, it is by no means a settled question, that the advantages of wine drinking are not more than counterbalanced by the evils all acknowledge to flow from it. But on this point it is not our province to touch. We feel on this question, at this moment, much as the philosophical hen-roost robber did. In the midst of a mighty haul, Sambo paused, and enquired of his comrade below:—"Julius, do you tink it is right for us to steal chickens." Julius replied, "Well, Sambo, dat is a moral question; we is on de business one now; please to hand down anoder chicken." And on this business there is no doubt the wine question is assuming an importance in a national and social point of view. If the history of wine could be fairly written, very much of the great progress of the human race could be traced to its influence. Grapes and wine have induced whole communities to emigrate from their fatherland, to settle on places more favorable to wine growing,—and here, in our own United States, very much of German emigration is to be traced to the influence which the capacity of the soil or climate for grape growing, has on the German mind.

In the wilds of New Jersey, and elsewhere, settlements are spring up like mushrooms, with the grape principally for the pabulum which supports their magic growth.

The cultivation of the grape, and the production of wine, are so intimately connected, that it is almost impossible to separate them. For every one vine set out for the mere fruit, ten thousand will be set for the wine; and with the great success, as compared with former years, that has attended modern cultivation, not even the disgust that some have taken at the course of certain grape speculators, will prevent the grape question from being one of the most interesting of horticultural topics for many years to come. [Gardner's Monthly.

WHAT THE WIND SAYS.—"Do you know what the wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No, puss; what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the poor! grandpa; when it comes down the chimney it roars, remember the poor; when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole, it whistles, remember the poor; when it strides through a crack in the door, it whispers it; and grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair about in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does not it get to your ear and say so too, in a small, still voice, grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon. A pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."

"No, grandpa," said the child, earnestly, shaking her head, "no; it's no muff-and-tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try to."

"After the next storm, the old merchant sent pounds to the treasurer of a Relief Society, and said, 'Call for more when you want it.' The treasurer started with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a pound from him, and that, he thought, came grudgingly.

"Why," said the rich merchant afterwards, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

The Middlesex Journal,
—AND—
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.
WOBURN:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.
To Business Men.
THE
MIDDLESEX JOURNAL
And Woburn Townsman.

Has a large and rapidly increasing Subscription List, and finds its way into nearly all the best families in Woburn. It also has a large Circulation throughout Middlesex County, and is one of the best mediums for Advertising in this portion of the State.

Those of our Readers who desire to give a wide publicity to their Business Notices, will please bear this fact in mind when dispensing their favors to the Press. All Advertisements will be well displayed and made attractive, so that readers can see them at a glance.

E. MARCHANT, Proprietor.

PAPER.—The high price of paper of all kinds has long been a subject of complaint, and a modification of the duties on that which is imported promises but a slight, if any reduction. New materials for the manufacture are being sought out, and we may hope for some success in the experiments. Newspaper publishers have been great losers by the rise in value, and should have relief; but our wise lawmakers seem to have no interest in the matter. It would astonish many to know how many tons of paper were daily used for printing by the whole newspaper press throughout the country. The quantity consumed by book and pamphlet printers is enormous. We do not believe that the quantity of paper has in any considerable degree decreased by the additional expenditure for paper, although the publication of many periodicals has been suspended, and occasional pamphlets somewhat diminished; but the light literature magazines and the solid quarterlies, seem to maintain their ground with great pertinacity. The war has kept up the interest in newspapers, and made their reading, as it were, one of the necessities of life, and it has, also, created a war literature of music and song, and descriptive books, so that mighty as has been the sword of late, the strength and activity of the pen has seemed to vie with it. Could all the war items and the literature our strife has called out, be collected in one place, the sum total would show a vast contribution to history, biography and poetry. Paper, paper, is the great demand of the age, and myriad are the pens ceaselessly employed and the types made use of to ink it over with words, while engravings on wood, stone, copper and steel, are multiplied in quantity beyond all former precedent. In business life and in epistolary correspondence, paper is in great demand, and the mail-bags bearing letters to and from the army, and from one extremity of the country to the other, are big enough to build mountains with, and load a very respectable navy.

In the early history of the colonies of New England, and during the Revolutionary war, paper was scarce and the quantity used was small. This was true in printing as well as in writing. Hence, but few records remain in families and towns of those distant days, and the historian of the present day searching into the past, finds but few fragments on paper illustrating the early times. Our posterity, if a thousandth part of the writing and printing survive of our war period, will have material enough for minute and extended record, for romance writing and poetry and song; and for giving them the very form and pressure of the times, which are destined to occupy the attention and excite the wonder, not only of the present, but of coming generations.

The entertainment given by the young portion of the Unitarian Society, on Tuesday evening last, was a grand success. The hall was filled in every part, and the receipts must have been quite large. The tableaux were pronounced by all, faultless. The Dying Knight, Priscilla and John Alden, Mercy's Dream, and Victory Leading in Peace, were truly beautiful conceptions. The representation of Statuary was very finely done. Tom Thumb's Wedding was unique. The young lady who gave Readings from Whittier's Poems, displayed much talent, and her efforts to please were crowned with complete success. In a word, the whole affair was admirable, not forgetting the music, which charmed all present.

The Cleveland Plaindealer gives currency to the following startling statement:—

"No less than eleven boys were turned out of one of the district schools of this city, last week, for being drunk in school. And facts have brought to light the horrible truth that nearly half the boys, from the ages of ten to eighteen, are in the constant habit of frequenting the miserable grogeries that disgrace our city. When anxious fathers and fond mothers suppose their boys are at school, they are loitering about the dram shops and saloons, drinking down the deadly poisons that are found there, and forming habits that will bring them to disgraceful and untimely ends, sorrow and mourning to

their parents and a blight upon our city and nation."

THE FENIANS.—The Chicago Tribune has a long article severely denouncing the Fenians. We take from it the following:

"It appears that the Chicago Circle of Fenians have 5,000 men ready to fight England who are not ready to fight Jeff. Davis. They make no scruples of tendering their services in the former case and withholding them in the latter."

We are not about to enter the lists in favor of the Fenians; but we believe that great injustice is done them in the above paragraph. We have yet to learn that the Irish, as a body, or, indeed, any considerable portion of them, are unfaithful or unfriendly to the cause of our union. There may be men among them who will not fight for us; but can we not say the same of many who are known to be natives of the soil, and who live and prosper in the land? The truth is, the Irish have been engaged in many bloody fights since the war broke out, and many of them have distinguished themselves while engaged on the battle-field. We think our people are too hasty in condemning them. We all know with what alacrity the late lamented Arch Bishop Hughes came to the support of the union cause. But for him New York city, and possibly the whole State, would have sided with the rebellion. His efforts were all in favor of the union, which he loved. New York, at the breaking out of the rebellion, was terribly infected with secession proclivities, and a word from him in that direction, and the whole Irish population would have been a unit for the South. As it was, they readily espoused the cause of the North, and regiment after regiment took the field against the South, and fought, as all Irishmen do, with a will and a relish. Why not give them credit for it? Is it because they are foreigners? We were all so once. Indeed, we are almost all so now. How many American citizens are there, who are not of mixed blood? And is it not a fact that the descendants of the Irish in this country, are among our very smartest scholars and business men? Doubtless it is so. No man of fairness, no man who loves the truth, can contradict it. The Irish have their faults, but they love the country of their adoption, and until we have better proof than is given by the Chicago Tribune, which is a somewhat rabid sheet, we shall look upon them as good citizens, and deserving a word of praise, rather than wholesale, indiscriminate censure.

In this connection, we refer our readers to a well written article, addressed to the Fenians, in another portion of this paper. It was written by one of the most prominent Republicans in our county, and is worthy of consideration.

CO. K, 39TH MASS. REGT.—The following casualties occurred in Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., at the late engagement at Hatcher's Run, Va.:—
Sergt. George E. Fowle, side.
Private J. Horace Dean, ankle.
Private John McCarthy, bowels.
Lieut. Charles K. Conn, of Co. D, was slightly wounded in the ankle. All of the above wounds were slight.

FUNERAL OF A SOLDIER.—The funeral of Marshall Eaton, late of Co. G, 5th Regiment M. V. M., will take place at the Congregational Church, in Woburn, to-day, at 2 o'clock, P. M. His late companions in arms will attend the funeral.

FURLOUGH.—Private Horatio. Tidd, of Woburn, a member of Co. H, 1st Mass. Cavalry, is at home on furlough.

ANOTHER BALL.—The Phalanx Associates are making arrangements for another ball—to come off on Friday evening next—the proceeds to be devoted to the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission.

The "blue laws" are again gaining favor in Connecticut. Rev. Mr. Bulkeley, pastor of a church at Winsted, Conn., has been dismissed by his flock simply because he would skate.

SAD ACCIDENT AT THE PLYMPTON COTTON MILL, MASS.—On Wednesday morning, 1st inst., as Mr. Bradford, fireman, was oiling the machinery, his left arm was caught in the shaft, and terribly mangled. His side was badly crushed, and he received a large flesh wound in the back; his legs were also bruised and cut, and his face received a heavy blow, which knocked out his teeth and otherwise injured him. His arm has been amputated at the shoulder. It is yet uncertain whether he will live or die.

The draft which was ordered to take place on Wednesday, was postponed. Several of the deficient districts are vigorously at work recruiting, and they will be allowed to fill their quotas, but those where less activity is displayed are to be reported to Washington and the draft will probably be proceeded with immediately afterwards.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to adore.

The New York and New Haven Railroad used over three tons of white paper for tickets last year, costing over \$18,000.

See notice of Dr. Bodwell's last lecture in another column. It will doubtless be one of the most interesting of the course.

Edward Green.
MR. EDITOR.—A writer in your last paper is troubled because Green has not been put to death; and he is also troubled lest our excellent Governor should violate his oath of office and suffer in his noble reputation, hitherto so justly earned. The writer is mistaken in supposing that the Governor is bound by any obligation he has taken upon himself, to order the execution of every person whom the courts condemn. The law wisely or unwisely, especially confers upon the Governor and Council, a commuting and a pardoning power; and instead of censuring and reproving him for carefully examining the case of Green—who never had a trial by any Court!—we thank the Governor, rejoicing that amidst the overwhelming multiplicity of cares and duties that devolve on him, he has found time to investigate the matter for himself, so that even a wicked murderer shall not unjustly suffer for his crimes.

Neither Edward Green, nor any of his relatives, are relatives or friends of ours; but we have known him many years; his ancestors for half a century; and our fixed opinion is, that he is not sufficiently responsible to deserve the penalty of death. Were he an idiot, or insane, his life would not be forfeited for any crime he might commit. The question is, how far removed from idiocy, or insanity, a man must be, to be considered fully and every way responsible for his misdeeds and crimes?

Edward Green, is in every sense a dwarfed and puny specimen of a man. Lame, almost from his birth; his weight less than a hundred pounds; discharging ulcers always in his head; his education of the narrowest kind; his moral and religious culture wholly neglected; parental influence over him pernicious, it is not wonderful strange that he should have chosen the companionship of boys and frolicsome youth, rather than the society of intelligent men; nor that in the hour of sharp temptation he should violate his feeble conscience to gratify the avarice of his soul and satisfy a pressing want.

Several of his relatives, atheists; several imbecile; half a dozen insane, it is not marvellous that he—perhaps not either atheist, idiot, nor insane,—should yet be tainted with an inherent feebleness of mind, resulting from ancestral moral and intellectual infirmities, that renders him an easy prey to vice, and less accountable for crime than the majority of men.

It was recently remarked by a prominent clergyman, who has often visited and conversed with Green in jail, that he, in intellect and knowledge, is not above the average of boys at ten or twelve!

Ought Edward Green to be set at liberty? Never! Let him be imprisoned till he die!
JUSTICE.
South Reading, February, 1865.

The whole number of sick and wounded in the different military hospitals throughout the country, on the 31st of January last, was a little over seventy-nine thousand.

To the Fenian Brotherhood:

You are at present acquiring increasing prominence and notoriety in the community, as evinced by the fact that the newspapers are making so frequent mention of your organization. Some of the guessing, or more knowing ones, are stating your doings, your aims and your expectations. They say that you have in view ultimately, the liberation and disenthralment of Ireland, your native land, from the dominion and oppression of the English government. With your views of existing wrongs and your duty in regard to them, we do not blame you; we make no objection to your course. While your doings will be regarded with interest, they will meet with no opposition or interference, if they are confined solely to the cause stated and do not overstep the requirements of law. We shall bid you God-speed in every suitable effort to elevate and improve the condition of your people.

But you have a great, a serious undertaking before you—a death struggle—super-Irish in its character. You will need all the sympathy and material aid from other sources, which you can bring to co-operate in the undertaking. You are looking, it is said, for a rupture between the United States and England, when you may improve the advantage and press your cause. Such a calculation is natural, and there are too many reasons to apprehend that events may bring its fulfillment.

There is, however, one aspect of things which you seem, somehow, strangely to overlook, and which you will not object to be reminded of. If you would have the sympathy of our people hereafter in your cause, obtain it by giving them now your sympathy and co-operation in their struggle for union; for universal freedom and civilization; for a pure and unadulterated democracy. If you would secure for yourselves the future countenance and concurrence of our government, earn it by hearty and energetic aid in its present efforts to preserve its strength, its power, its nationality, its very life. Oppose us now—in our extremity—and you may be sure it will be remembered in all hereafter. Let our union be ruptured, and your future reliance will be on a broken reed. Having adopted this land for the abode of yourselves and your children, it is for

your interest and theirs, now and hereafter, that its government be preserved in its strength and entireness—of more importance is it to your nearest and best interests, than even the redemption of your native land.

The foregoing thoughts are presented to your notice, not in a captious but a friendly spirit. Give to them a serious consideration, and you will see their truthfulness and importance.

SIXTY THOUSAND PERSONS DROWNED IN INDIA.—The latest advices reveal the full extent of the disaster in India. A Calcutta letter to the London Times, just received, says:

"I see that the news of 12,000 persons having been lost in the cyclone was received with incredulity in England. The estimate was wide of the truth, but only because it vastly underrated the calamity. As every one who knows this country will readily conceive, there is no possibility of ascertaining precisely the loss of life, because hundreds might be swept away and leave no trace behind. But we are not without data for arriving at a conclusion, and it has now been calculated that there cannot be fewer than 60,000 persons drowned or otherwise killed by that fearful storm. In the Island of Saugor alone, before the cyclone, there were 8,200 persons. There are now about 1,200—not have any left it to go elsewhere. 7,000 were carried clean away by the storm wave. All up the river the population has been swept off, if not in the same proportion, yet in very large numbers. As we all anticipated, disease is raging everywhere—cholera, fever and small-pox. The epidemic fever, which I have mentioned in previous letters this year is depopulating whole districts. A magistrate told me the other day that he had been riding through a village in which there was hardly a grown up person left. They had died without hope of assistance, without medicine, without food—for the crops are rotting on the ground in many parts, where the salt water rushed in. The Bengalee are in a deplorable plight, and the zemindars increase the general misery by turning the ryots out of their huts because they are behindhand with their rents. There is money enough here to give relief—such relief as can be got for money. But human means seem quite powerless to stop the awful diseases that are walking through the land, carrying thousands before them. The native feels himself ill, wraps himself in his blanket, says it is fate, and so perishes. In this enormous population—let it be remembered that here in Bengal alone we have at least 45,000,000 of people—the few Europeans can only do good here and there, and yet it is solely by Europeans that good is being done. The rich native will not help his countrymen. God gave him his money, and God intended him to keep it. That is pretty much his mode of reasoning. Sometimes the fever strikes him, and then in abject terror he offers English doctors a fee of 500 rupees to come and visit him. In a recent case of that sort, the man—who was worth about four millions sterling—had refused to give a penny to the poor after the cyclone. When death was at his throat he altered his mind, and promised large benefactions if he recovered. He was not spared to add falsehood to his cruel service."

Boarding-house keepers and their patrons, as well as all other consumers, will rejoice at the prospect of a fall in the price of that necessary accompaniment of a table—butter. Speculators operating for a rise have been hoarding immense quantities of the article until they have tons of it on hand, which, as the season is fast advancing and the spring time will give us a new crop, must soon be thrown upon the market. The consequence cannot be otherwise than a great fall in price, and the monopolists are becoming alarmed at the prospect of a downward tendency.

Hair-brushing by machinery, which originated in Bristol, England, has now become so common in London that any hair-dresser who wishes to retain his business must put up machinery which costs about £50.

The New York Times says that the rebel congressman Henry S. Foote sailed for Europe on Saturday in the steamer City of Cork. The report that he had been sent to Fort Warren is without foundation.

Two hundred and seventy-five persons have been run over and killed while walking or lying upon the railroad tracks in this state, during the last ten years. The largest number in any one year was 38 (in 1862), and the smallest 22 (in 1861). With these facts published from year to year, it is extraordinary that people will persist in the dangerous practice of using the railroad tracks, instead of the highway, either for walking or sleeping.

At New Haven, Connecticut, S. S. Hyde, U. S. detective, connected with the Provost-Marshal's office in that city, on returning home about ten o'clock Tuesday night, asked his wife to get some cartridges, that he might reload his revolver. As she started to comply with the request the hammer of the weapon slipped from his fingers and discharged it, the ball entering the heart of his wife. The unfortunate woman sprang forward, exclaiming, "I am killed, kiss me before I die," and in a moment was dead.

First Report of the Woburn Branch of the New England Freedmen's Aid Society. [Presented Feb. 13, 1865.]

The first year of the Woburn Branch of the N. E. F. A. Society is closed, and we are about entering upon a second year. Let us hope that our future prospects as a society may be more cheering, and much more useful than the past. The necessity of harmonious and united action in behalf of the Freedmen is quite apparent, and has become continually greater, as their numbers so largely increased. For economy and thoroughness of operation, the same mutual understanding which has existed between us, will be indispensable.

For the purpose of creating and increasing an interest in the welfare of the Freedmen, and for procuring contributions of clothing and funds, the society has made frequent calls upon families in town for assistance. The Committee appointed for that purpose have succeeded as well as the society could expect, when we take into consideration the many calls for similar purposes, the inhabitants of Woburn are taxed with. But there is still room for a larger work to be done. We have not had any public lectures or leaves to increase our funds, although such was a report circulated, whereby the society lost a small amount of money which was intended for its use, consequently the society so had to depend upon its own resources, and has been sustained by members' fees, donations and contributions.

It is one year since the first feeble beginning of our society was made; not feeble, we would say, because faith in the righteousness of our cause gave us strength.

The plan was simple: It was to form an auxiliary to the N. E. F. A. Society, and as far as we could to help that society in its good work. We commenced at once to meet monthly, to procure clothing for the contrabands, and sustain a teacher.

We started with 16 members, and increased to 100; but one hundred members could not support the society and carry into effect the work we proposed to do, as the annual subscription had been put at one dollar only. We needed more resources, before we could venture to secure the services of a teacher,—but fortunately a few gentlemen very kindly gave us donations, which, together with our fees at once put us in a position to select one, and for this end we began to husband our funds in order to support a teacher; one who would be our teacher, to go in our stead among the Freedmen, to distribute among them the garments we should send, to teach them the elements of knowledge, and to be a guardian among them.

Being unable to procure the services of a teacher from Woburn, we applied to the Boston Society, who named Miss Canedy and Miss Gardiner, then in Newberne, but not immediately connected with a Society. We at once availed ourselves of the services of Miss Canedy—and in March last we undertook the support of a teacher at Newberne, at a salary of \$20 per month. We were privileged in securing the services of one of the most efficient teachers at Newberne. We at once opened a correspondence with her, and from that time to the present, have been cheered by her pleasant and instructive letters, full of self-denial and perseverance.

This Society has forwarded to Newberne during its first year, 626 garments, besides 2 doz. slates, books and papers.

We were privileged in October last with a visit from our Teacher, and found her to be all we could desire. She seemed zealous in the work she had undertaken, and determined to devote her time and talents for the benefit of the Freedmen.

One gratifying feature of this, the first year's report of our society, is the perfect harmony that has prevailed in all our meetings and plans. Let us go on thus and success will crown our effort.

To those gentlemen who so kindly gave us such large donations, we tender our sincere thanks. To Mrs. Tidd, for donation to assist in purchasing slates, we are largely indebted.

To the several Committees who have assisted us in collecting clothing and funds, we shall ever feel grateful.

And now that we meet again to elect officers for the ensuing year, may we predict that our successors will achieve a larger and greater work for the cause in which we have labored, and that they may form themselves into a living, working union, for the benefit of the Freedmen.

We feel that there is a plain duty for us to perform, in striving to assist the parent society in improving the condition of those slaves now called Free Men! Respectfully submitted.

Donations, or subscriptions, in aid of the freedmen, will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mrs. CHAS. CHOATE.

The board of inquiry as to the cause of the explosion of the magazine in Fort Fisher, on the morning after its capture, have made their report. They found that intoxicated soldiers, sailors and marines were running about with lights, searching for plunder, but a few minutes before the explosion took place, and are of the opinion that it was caused by their carelessness. Guards had been stationed at several small magazines, but this main magazine had not, it appeared, been discovered by the commanding officers, and no blame is attached to them by reason of the disaster.

Our Army Correspondence.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Before Petersburg, Feb. 5th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR.—Though not personally acquainted with you, I am with your paper, and not knowing of any correspondent for it in this part of the army, I thought I would write a few lines. Our regiment (the 59th,) lie in the front line facing Petersburg, which is nearly west of us, and less than a mile distant. Our picket line is only about ten rods in front of the trenches, though in some places it is much more, and in some less, between which is a kind of fence, (called abatis,) which consists of poles, twelve or fifteen feet long, with one end fixed firmly in the ground, and the other raised breast high and pointed; these are all wired firmly together, about six or eight inches apart, so it would be quite hard for the Johnnies to come over, even if they should charge with four or five lines, as they usually do, should we be behind the breastworks waiting for them. What would we be doing while they were at the abatis trying to tear them away? Behind the trenches, and running parallel and about ten rods from them, is the Petersburg turnpike, which is a plank road, as most of the travelled roads have to be in Virginia. There, behind a bank thrown up on one side of the road, are all the cooks of the regiment, two or three to each company, and the headquarters of the commanding officer of our company. The headquarters of the other companies and the regiment are in the rear and a little to the left of the regiment, on a hill, on which lie the 14th New York Heavy Artillery. We have one of the most unhealthy positions in the whole line, being quite low and wet. The picket, which is relieved just after dark, often get into the mud more than knee deep. We have now been here two months, and there is some talk of our being relieved; but no one knows how soon.

In a fort about a half mile to our right is the 11th Mass. Battery, in which are some Woburn boys. The forts and mortar batteries are quite near, all along the lines. There are eight of them within a half mile, so that we can shell the city at any time. Shelling is often going on from each side, both rifled and mortar shells, when some stand trembling and watching the missiles as they burst, and others keep out of sight in their bombproofs, which nearly all the companies in the front line have.

The Confederate Vice President, Stevens, came across the lines here a few days ago, under a flag of truce, and yesterday came back again, having been permitted to go only to City Point, where he was not allowed to get off the boat. There is considerable talk of peace with us, both among the officers and men.

Last Wednesday morning we had orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice. We drew six days' rations to carry with us. After waiting two days, we were permitted to unpack again.

This morning we were inspected by Gen. McLaughlin, commanding the brigade. We are now under command of the Major, the Lieutenant Colonel's time having expired. We have only four Lieutenants now, for regular duty, picket, guard and officer of the day, making the duty for them come oftener than for the non-commissioned officers and privates, as they are on either picket or guard, every other day, now, besides fatigue duty.

There is an office of the Sanitary Commission and one of the Christian Commission, at Meade's Station, about two miles from the front; but a soldier can get nothing at the Sanitary, without an order from the Chaplain of the regiment, and he is not always to be found. The Sanitary may be a very useful and efficient society; but as far as my observation goes, the Christian Commission is the most useful of the two. The delegates work for nothing and are often of much service to sick soldiers on the field and on the march, and any sick man can get something to help him if they have it.

There is a chapel at Meade's Station, where they have services every Sunday night, and sometimes in the afternoon; but it is too far for the men to go from here as much as they might desire to; and many would go if they could get permission from their officers to be gone so long. I see by the Boston Recorder, that the churches in Philadelphia are, many of them, each giving a chapel tent, and some are sending out their pastors for six or eight weeks to preach in them, which gives them both a change of labor and climate, and thus rest; and at the same time gives them new and interesting subjects for application and illustration in sermons after they come home again.

Is Woburn behind other towns and cities of equal wealth and population? I hope not. I hear that the work of home evangelization is going on fast and well. Why should not the soldiers here have a part of your prayers, as well as others? We who lie here face to face to the enemy, both physical and moral, and expect at any hour of the day or night to hear the bugle call for "Lanagan's ball," when many will fall never to rise again, and yet many here are turning to the Lord. The harvest is ripe, but laborers are scarce.

There are some exchanges on picket, and many of the Johns come in and give themselves up.

For the present, adieu, J. Q.

PETROLEUM !!
COLL. J. TURNER,
118 WATER STREET,
NEW YORK,

STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE
DIVIDEND PAYING
PETROLEUM
OIL COMPANIES

Parties desirous of making investments in

These Money-making Schemes,

may rely upon his knowledge of the various Companies, and for his integrity and business qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Editor of this paper, and to

MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER.

107 & 109 STATE STREET,

Boston.

dec 31-3m

That was a tough rooster that crowed after
being boiled two hours, and then kicked all
the potatoes out of the pot. 1t*

Always Successful.
To all those Suffering from
**DEBILITY and SEMINAL WEAK-
NESS.**
DR. CARSWELL & HUNTER, regularly ed-
ucted, highly eminent and successful prac-
titioners, after a very extensive practice in Bos-
ton, for over 20 years, need hardly appeal to their
medical qualifications, or remind strangers not to

The papers were not boasting about advertisements in all its forms, pretending, as some self styled Doctors, to cure all the most difficult and chronic diseases, and to make a fortune out of the system of the modus operandi of the most simple drugs.

Drs. C. & H., since 1840, having confined their whole attention to an office practice for the cure of the most difficult and chronic Complaints, they acknowledge no superiors.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY OR SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Drs. C. & H. are pre eminently successful in the treatment of the above most difficult and perplexing complaint, which is the result of the operation of a secret habit in youth, if neglected or improperly treated, it proves one of the greatest evils that can befall a human being. Dr. H. has given particular notice and foretold of \$5000. for years, and so thoroughly has he become acquainted with pathology and treatment that he will warrant to cure all cases of this complaint, and he will be in the cure of this complaint acknowledge no superior in this country, or even in the world. Come, then, all you who are afflicted, come to the

SYMPLECTIC AND SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.—Such as Ulcers and Caries of the throat and nose, and running sores on the legs and arms, hard, painful and Scaly Eruptions on the head, back, etc., pains in the joints, and all the other diseases of the skin, which are venereal or scrofulous in their origin, and which are venereal in their nature, disappear if made to yield, and entirely cured by the use of the above medicine. In the treatment of the venereal diseases, the patient should be kept in bed, and the diet should be very light, and the bowels should be kept open. In the treatment of the scrofulous diseases, the patient should be kept in bed, and the diet should be very light, and the bowels should be kept open. In the treatment of the venereal diseases, the patient should be kept in bed, and the diet should be very light, and the bowels should be kept open. In the treatment of the scrofulous diseases, the patient should be kept in bed, and the diet should be very light, and the bowels should be kept open.

Ladies troubled with irregularity, weakness, and other complaints peculiar to the female system, will find a speedy cure by calling on us above. No mercury used, and no charge for advice. The afflicted are invited to give us a call.

25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE enabled us to cure every disease of a private nature in a shorter space of time and for a smaller amount of money than any other doctor in the country and to cure and treat all female complaints with perfect success, and on the most satisfactory terms. Patients furnished with board if desired. Please give us a call at our office, No. 13 Radcliff st., Boston, Mass.

Boston, Feb. 15th, 1865.

tapl-65.

CAUTION

FEMALES IN DELICATE HEALTH

R. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 FEN-
NELL ST., BOSTON, is consulted daily for all
disorders incident to the female system. Pro-
lapsus Uteri or Floor Abax, Suppression, and oth-
er mental derangements, are all treated on
new pathological principles, and speedily re-
gularized in a very few days. So invariably cer-
tain is the mode of treatment, that most ob-
stinate complaints will yield under it, and the afflicted
person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the
treatment of diseases of women than any other
physician in Boston.

Boarding accommodations for patients who may
wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treat-
ment.

Dr. Dow, since 1846, having confined his whole
attention to the treatment of Female Diseases, Pri-
vate diseases and Female Complaints, acknowl-
edges no superior in the United States.

His prescriptions contain one dollar, or
they will not be answered.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Boston, Feb. 18th, '65. toJy21

Highly Important to Suffering and Unfortunate Females.

R. DRISCOE'S FEMALE DROPS are un-
surpassed by virtue and efficacy in removing all
complaints of whatever nature, incident to
female weakness, and which are not cured by
medically and surgically remove all Obstructions,
Enlargements, Leucorrhoeas, Whites, General De-
bility, and all suppurations of the
complaints of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Spleen,
Bladder, &c.

Remedy will be sent to any part of the coun-
try by express or mail; address by a communi-
cation to


Persons at a distance can consult Dr. DRISCOE by letter, describing the case, and have the medicine securely put up and forwarded to any part of the United States, with full directions for use. Office arranged with separate apartments, so that the patients see none but the Doctor himself, Office, No. 23 Endicott street.

Address Dr. DRISCOE, at No. 23 Endicott st., Boston, Mass., stating symptoms. All communications are confidential.

Patients furnished with rooms and board if de-

Office hours from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Boston Feb. 16th.

to July 1, '05,



A black and white illustration of a man in a top hat and coat riding a horse. The horse is galloping to the right. The man is holding a large, rectangular sign in front of him. The sign has the text: "GET Hovey's HAIR BALM AT C. S. ADKINS'". The sign is tilted slightly to the left. The horse has a flowing mane and tail. The man is looking towards the viewer.

VALUABLE RECEIPT.—In the "Memoirs of the Count Segur," vol. 2, p. 168, there is the following anecdote:—"My mother (the Countess de Segur), being asked by Voltaire respecting her health, told him that the most painful feeling she had arose from the decay of her stomach, and the difficulty of finding any kind of aliment that it could bear. Voltaire, by way of consolation, assured her that he was once for nearly a year in the same state, and believed to be incurable; but that, nevertheless, a very simple remedy had restored him. It consisted in taking no other nourishment than the yolks of eggs, beaten up with flower and potatoes and water." Though this circumstance took place as far back as fifty years ago, and respected so singular a personage as Voltaire, it is astonishing how little it is known, and how rarely the remedy has been practised. Its efficacy, however, in cases of debility, cannot be questioned, and the following is the mode of preparing this valuable article of food as recommended by Sir John Sinclair: Receipt—Beat up an egg in a bowl, and then add six table-spoonsful of cold water, mix the whole well together; then add two table-spoonsful of the farina of potatoes, to be mixed thoroughly with the liquor in the bowl. Then pour in as much boiling water as will convert the whole into jelly, and mix it well. It may be taken either alone or with the addition of milk, and moist or beat sugar, not only for breakfast, but in cases of great stomachic debility, or in consumptive disorders, at the other meals. The dish is light, easily digested, extremely wholesome and nourishing. Bread or biscuit may be taken with it, as the stomach gets stronger.

RECOVERY FROM THE EFFECTS OF WAR.—Mills, in his Political Economy, speaks of the rapidity with which people recover from the effects of war, and explains the reason as follows:

This perpetual consumption and reproduction of capital affords the explanation of what has so often excited wonder, the great rapidity with which countries recover from a state of devastation; the disappearance in a short time of all traces of the mischiefs done by earthquakes, floods, hurricanes, and the ravages of war. An enemy lays waste a country by fire and sword, and destroys or carries away nearly all the moveable wealth existing in it; all the inhabitants are ruined, and yet in a few years after everything is much as it was before. This *vis medicatrix nature* has been a subject of astonishment, or has been cited to exemplify the wonderful strength of the principle of saving, which can repair such enormous losses in such a brief interval. There is nothing at all wonderful in the matter. What the enemy has destroyed would have been destroyed in a little while by the inhabitants themselves; the wealth which they so rapidly reproduce would have needed to be reproduced, and would have been reproduced in any case, and probably in as short a time.

Nothing is changed, except that during the reproduction they have not now the advantage of consuming what had been produced previously. The possibility of a rapid repair of their disasters mainly depends on whether the country has been depopulated. If its effective population have not been exterminated at the time, and are not starved afterwards, then with the same skill and knowledge which they had before, with their land and its permanent improvements undestroyed, and the more durable buildings probably unimpaired, or only partially injured, they have nearly all the requisites for their former amount of production. If there is as much of food left to them, or of values to buy food, as enables them by any amount of privation to remain alive and in a working condition, they will in a short time have raised as great a produce, and acquired collectively as great wealth, and as great a capital as before, by the mere continuance of that ordinary amount of exertion which they are accustomed to employ in their occupations. Nor does this evince any strength in the principles of saving, in the popular sense of the term, since what takes place is not intentional abstinence, but involuntary privation.

A letter from Major-General Wool, to a friend in New York, contains the following opinion:—"The Rebellion appears to be tottering. To give the finishing blow, the national and state governments should put forth all their energies to procure recruits, to fill the ranks of the only trustworthy peace-makers, viz: Generals Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, Admiral Farragut, and others equally brave and gallant."

It is said that Henry Ward Beecher has asked and received from the Secretary of War permission to preach the Gospel in Charleston in the ripeness of time. He expressed a particular desire to preach an election sermon in the cradle of the Rebellion on the occasion of Ben. Butler's assumption of the Governorship of South Carolina.

The Missouri Senate has passed a bill providing that any person whose husband or wife has been engaged in the rebellion against the United States shall be entitled to a divorce on proper application to the courts.

AGAIN AND AGAIN.—Our readers may think it strange that we so often urge upon their attention a medicinal preparation. Already have we, for a number of weeks, urged the importance of a supply of *Coe's Cough Balm* in the house, ready for immediate use. But our excuse is the vast amount of sickness, sorrow and death that are the immediate result of sudden coughs, colds and pulmonary attacks; while thousands of our children are dying from croup and lung complaints. Time and experience have proved that *Coe's Cough Balm* is the most speedy and reliable preparation ever known to the world. Like magic it relieves the irritation of the throat, removes the stoppages that prevent breathing in croup, and heals all soreness of the throat, chest and lungs. No man should neglect to supply his family with a safe and reliable medicine like *Coe's Cough Balm*, any more than he should neglect the supply of their daily bread. It costs out forty cents, and the bottles contain twice as much as those of any other remedy at the same cost, while in merit it is superior to all others. All drug stores keep it for sale.

A CARD.
Editor of Journal. In reply to many letters and inquiries from people in this section of the country, the undersigned take great pleasure in saying through the columns of your paper, that our renowned preparation known as *COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE*, is a certain cure for Dyspepsia, in its worst stages. Many cures of long standing, within our own acquaintance, have been completely, and we believe permanently cured. It will stop distress after eating almost instantaneously, and enables the dyspeptic who has lived for years upon Graham bread and the plainest diet to eat as heartily as he pleases, and anything he chooses, without danger of distress, or souring, or rising on the stomach. It is an infallible corrector of indigestion and constipation, creates a healthy appetite, stops sick-headache, heart-burn, sickness at the stomach, pains, cramps, or colic in either stomach or bowels, and sweetens offensive breath, as soon as you take it, and by enabling the patient to take plenty of hearty food, "which is the parent of health," produces vigor, strength and energy. In every trial we have known it has speedily eradicated Dyspepsia with all its attendant sufferings, weakness, debility, and loss of power, giving instead, a proper activity and tone to the stomach and organs of digestion, and as we confidently believe, and as the published certificates in our circulars, almanacs, and in many of the leading Journals, from convalescent patients will confirm, completely, permanently, and almost miraculously "cure" the worst case of Dyspepsia in existence. We warrant it in every instance. It can be obtained at all the Drug Stores in the United States and Canada, at \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00.

C. G. CLARK & CO.,
Proprietors,
New Haven, Ct.
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House, Carriage and Sign Painting, Glazing & Paper Hanging.
The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he is now prepared to do any work in the above business, with promptness and in a workmanlike manner. Second-hand Carriages and all other articles usually kept by Druggists, Physicians, prescriptions carefully compounded. The above articles will be warranted as represented, at the lowest cash prices.
Stonham, Sept. 10, 1864.

WYMAN'S
AMBIOTYPE, MELANOTYPE, AND
DAGUERRETYPE ROOMS,
KELLEY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.
PARTICULAR attention given to copying pictures.

C. S. ADKINS,
DEALER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS, Confectionery, &c. &c.,
WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a good assortment of
Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Sand, Mucilage, Sealing Wax, and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store.
Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day. Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental. Violin and Guitar Strings.
Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality.

Also, **HOVEY'S HAIR BALM**, one of the best preparations for the hair, offered to the public.

OPPOSITE BAPTIST CHURCH,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE,
A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

This Salve is a vegetable preparation, invented in the 17th century, by Dr. Wm. Grace, surgeon in King James's army. Through its agency he cured thousands of most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Burns. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Scalds. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Flesh Wounds. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Corns. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Felons. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Frozen Limbs. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Wens. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Callosities. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Salt Rheum. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Chilblains. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Sores Breast. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Sores Lips. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Erysipelas Sores. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Abscesses. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Ulcers. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Chapped Hands. *Grace's Celebrated Salve* cures Ringworms. And from Sores and Wounds of the most serious nature down to a common Pimple. It eradicates Pimples from the face, and beautifies the skin. There is no preparation before the public that can equal this Salve in prompt and energetic action for the speedy cure of external diseases, as those who have tested its virtues testify. Soldiers, Sailors and Fishermen, will find this Salve their best friend.

It has none of the irritating, heating properties of other remedies, but cools, cleanses, and heals the most serious Sores and Wounds. Every family and especially those containing children, should keep a box on hand in case of accident, for it will save them much trouble, suffering, and money. All it wants is a fair trial to cure old and inveterate Sores.

MANUFACTURED BY
WILLIAM GRACE,
AMESBURY, MASS.
Price 25 cents and \$1 per box. A great saving is made by taking the large size. Each Box has the above cut and the facsimile of the proprietor's signature attached to it, which is duly copyrighted.
Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, general agents for New England.
Grace's Salve can be obtained at all respectable Druggists and country stores everywhere.
For sale in Woburn by **W. C. BRIGHAM.**

And from Sores and Wounds of the most serious nature down to a common Pimple. It eradicates Pimples from the face, and beautifies the skin. There is no preparation before the public that can equal this Salve in prompt and energetic action for the speedy cure of external diseases, as those who have tested its virtues testify. Soldiers, Sailors and Fishermen, will find this Salve their best friend.

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Meat and Vegetable Market.
THE subscriber having taken the store on Main street recently occupied by Hiram Wilford, would inform his friends and the public, that he intends to keep constantly on hand and for sale, a choice assortment of all kinds of fresh and salt Meats; Fish, smoked and pickled; Sauces, common and Bologna; Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, and a good variety of all the leading vegetables for the table. Every effort will be made to deserve and secure the patronage of the public.
FREDERIC A. HARTWELL.
Woburn, Nov. 5, 1864.—ly

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,
Just received and for sale by
W. C. BRIGHAM

COLTSFOOT ROCK,
A POPULAR
ENGLISH COUGH REMEDY,
is selling rapidly at Brigham's & Wade's Block.
dec24

REMOVAL.
COAL, WOOD, &c.

THE Subscriber informs the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has removed his Counting Room to the yard formerly occupied by the Haywards, just below the Railroad Depot, where he will continue the Coal Business, in all its branches, as heretofore. He trusts, by giving strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand the different kinds of COAL, WOOD, &c., to receive that generous share of public patronage which has heretofore been accorded to him.

LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
JOS. B. McDONALD.
Woburn Jan. 7, 1865.

NOTICE.
THE citizens of Stonham and vicinity, will always find at Dr. Hovey's Goodrich's **DRUG STORE,** a fresh supply of pure Drugs and Medicines, Perfumery and Fancy Goods, Letter, Cap, and Note Paper, Pens, Pencils, Superfine Ink, and all other articles usually kept by Druggists. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. The above articles will be warranted as represented, at the lowest cash prices.
Stonham, Sept. 10, 1864.

Western Massachusetts
INSURANCE
COMPANY,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS,
\$256,741.56.
This Company will insure Real and Personal Property against loss or damage by Fire on as favorable terms as any other responsible Companies.

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly PAID.
J. N. DUNHAM, ENSIGN H. KELLOGG,
Secretary.
SAMUEL E. HOWE, Assistant Secretary.

Sparrow Horton, Agt.
At Woburn Bookstore.
jan28-ly

OLD EYES MADE NEW
A PAMPHLET directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without the aid of doctor or medicine.—Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address,
E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
1130 Broadway, New York.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING relating to the human system, male and female; the causes and treatment of diseases; the marriage customs of the world; how to marry well and thousands of things never published before, read the revised and enlarged edition of "MEDICAL COMMON SENSE," a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages, 100 Illustrations. Price \$1.00. Contents table sent free to any address. Books may be had at the Book stores, or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price. Address,
Dr. E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
1130 Broadway, New York.

WOBURN MARBLE & GRANITE
STONE-WORKS.
THE subscribers offer for sale the largest and best assortment of MARBLE Monuments and Gravestones ever offered in Middlesex County, at prices which cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Particular attention given to the
Fitting up of Cemetery Lots
with GRANITE EDGE-STONE and POSTS. Also, all kinds of Granite Stone-work for Building purposes furnished to order.

OFFICE—Next door North of Allen's Coffin Warehouses, Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
A. SCOTT & CO.
Woburn, Feb. 15th, 1865.—21-y

CENTRAL HOUSE,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.
THE undersigned, having completed the alterations and repairs on this commodious and centrally located Hotel, is now prepared to receive transient and permanent boarders. Gentlemen, with their families, can be accommodated with excellent rooms, newly furnished. No expense will be spared in an endeavor to make the Central House equal to any hotel in the country. The tables are always supplied with the best market affords, and in this respect the proprietor feels sure that he can give satisfaction to his guests.

The STABLES connected with the establishment have recently been put in fine order, and horses and carriages are to let—day or night.
L. B. NORRIS, Proprietor.
Woburn, Aug. 20, 1864.

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.
SCHENK'S SYRUP,
SCHENK'S SEA WEED TONIC,
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP,
SICILIAN HAIR RENOWER,
AYERS' SARSAPARILLA,
Wistar's BALSAM WILD CHERRY,
Poland's White Pine Compound,
and all the popular Medicinal preparations of the day for sale at the lowest market rates by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.
dec24

TOILET EXTRACTS.
In endless variety, many of which will be sold at a low figure. By
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

Woburn Branch.
Trains for Woburn leave Boston, 6.45, 7.30, 11.30, a. m., 12.15, 2.45, 5.15, 8.20, 7.30, 9.30, p. m. Trains leave Woburn for Boston, at 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 8.15, 1.15, 5.00, 6.30, 8.15 p. m. On Wednesdays at 10.10 p. m. On Saturdays at 10.15 p. m.

Stonham Branch.
The Train for Stonham leaves Boston (from Lowell Railroad Depot) for Stonham, at 7.30 and 12.15 a. m., 2.45, 5.15, 8.20, 7.30, 9.30, p. m. Leave Stonham for Boston, at 5.59, and 7.30, 8.52, 10.15, a. m., 1.00, and 4.20 p. m. A train will leave Stonham for Boston, on Wednesdays at 11.30 p. m., and Saturdays at 10 p. m. A train will leave Stonham for Boston at 10.00 p. m., and Saturdays at 8.05 p. m.
J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.
B. & N. & L. R. R.

A FEW LOTS OF
LADIES' COLLARS
AND
Cuffs; also Chenille, NETS and KID GLOVES,
At MRS. HALE'S.

Woburn Branch.
Trains for Woburn leave Boston, 6.45, 7.30, 11.30, a. m., 12.15, 2.45, 5.15, 8.20, 7.30, 9.30, p. m. Trains leave Woburn for Boston, at 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 8.15, 1.15, 5.00, 6.30, 8.15 p. m. On Wednesdays at 10.10 p. m. On Saturdays at 10.15 p. m.

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J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.
B. & N. & L. R. R.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.
250,000 Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.

Worth over one million dollars, all to be sold for one dollar each, without regard to value. Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive. Splendid list of articles. All to be sold for \$1 each.

250 Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches, 50 to \$150
250 Gents' Gold and Enamelled-case Watches, 35 to 70
500 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches, 35 to 70
2000 Diamond Rings, 20 to 100
2000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains, 15 to 30
2000 Gold Oval Hand Bracelets, 15 to 30
5000 Chased Gold Bracelets, 5 to 10
2000 Chateaux Chains & Guard Chains, 5 to 10
7000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches, 4 to 10
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches, 4 to 10
5000 Coral, Opal & Emerald Brooches, 4 to 10
5000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Brooches, 4 to 10
7500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ring Drops, 4 to 10
4000 California Diamond Breast Pins, 25 to 50
2000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys, 25 to 50
4000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides, 25 to 50
5000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, 3 to 8
5000 Chased Gold Rings, 4 to 10
5000 Gold Thumb-rings, Pencils, &c., 4 to 10
5000 Miniature Lockets, 25 to 50
4000 Magic Springs, 25 to 50
3000 Gold Tooth-picks, Crosses, &c., 4 to 10
5000 Plain Gold Rings, 4 to 10
5000 Chased Gold Rings, 4 to 10
10,000 Stone set and Signet Rings, 25 to 50
10,000 California Diamond Rings, 25 to 50
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jawls & Goggles, 25 to 50
6000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, &c., 4 to 15
10,000 Ear Drops, Silver Extension Holders, and Pencils, 4 to 15
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders, 4 to 15
5000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders, 4 to 15
5000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups, 5 to 50
5000 Silver Castors, 25 to 50
5000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets, 25 to 50
Messrs. T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO., 116 Broadway, New York, extensive manufacturers and importers of all the leading and most fashionable styles of Watches and Jewelry, desiring to increase their business to an unlimited extent, have resolved upon a GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION, subject to the regulations following:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

ALL ARTICLES SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of jewelry on our list, for ONE DOLLAR, and in no case can they get less than one dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. The price of certificates is as follows:

One for 25 cents; five for \$1; eleven for \$2; thirty for \$5; sixty-five for \$10; one hundred for \$15.

Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amount to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in Cash or Postage Stamps.

T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO.,
116 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Papers giving this six insertions and sending us marked copy of the same will be entitled to one hundred certificates. At feb11

Commercial Education
BAY STATE COMMERCIAL
COLLEGE,
—AND—
Telegraph Institute,
228 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Headquarters of the American Chain of Commercial Colleges. This institution offers unequal facilities for obtaining a COMPLETE BUSINESS EDUCATION—the course of instruction combining both Theory and Practice. Scholarships issued from this college are good for an unlimited period throughout the entire Chain.

For Circulars and specimens of penmanship, address (enclosing stamp),
WORTHINGTON, WARNER & CHAMBERLIN,
228 Washington street.
sept24-covwin

BOSTON AND LOWELL
And Nashua & Lowell, Wilton, Stony Brook, Lowell & Lawrence, and Salem & Lowell Railroads.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15, 1865, trains will leave BOSTON for—
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.
Nashua, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.
Wilton, Milford, Danforth's Corner, S. Merrimack, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.
Nashua, 7.00, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 5.00 p. m.
Tyngsboro', No. Chelmsford, 7.30 a. m., 12.00, 2.30, 5.00 p. m.
Groton Junction, 10.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30, 10.00, 12.00 a. m., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00 p. m.
North Billerica, Billerica & Wilmington, 7.30, 10, a. m., 2.30, 5.00 p. m.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
Woburn, W. S., 7.30, 10.00 a. m., 2.30, 6.00 p. m.
E. Woburn, 7.30, 10.00, 12.15, a. m., 2.45, 5.15, 6.30 p. m.
Winchester and West Medford, 6.45, 7.30, 10.00, 12.15, 2.15, 5.15, 6.00, 7.30, 9.30 p. m.
College Hill, 6.45, 10.00, 11.30 a. m., 2.45, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30 p. m.

Mondays at 11.30 p. m., a train leaves for Lowell, and College Hill, via Way Stations.
The 10.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m. Trains from Boston stop at Milk River, Somerville Centre and College Hill Stations, to leave passengers for Stations above Winchester.
Wednesdays at 11.30 p. m., Saturdays at 10 p. m. TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE—
Wilton at 5.15, 10.45 a. m., 2.30 p. m.
Milford 6.20, 11.50, a. m., 3.55 p. m.
Danforth's Corner, 6.30, 11.00, a. m., 4.05 p. m.
S. Merrimack, 6.35, 11.05 a. m., 4.10 p. m.
Nashua at 7.00, 8.30, 11.30, a. m., 5.00, 9.00 p. m.
Tyngsboro' 7.15, 11.45 a. m., 5.12 p. m.
Groton Junction, 12.32, 11.55 a. m., 5.19 p. m.
Lowell 7.30, 9.30 a. m., 12.00, 3.15, 5.30, 9.30 p. m.
North Billerica, 7.00, 9.30 a. m., 12.00, 3.15, 5.30, 9.30 p. m.
Billerica 7.15, 9.45 a. m., 2.35, 5.47 p. m.
Wilmington at 7.30, 9.55 a. m., 3.30, 5.55, 9.30 p. m.
South Wilmington 7.31 a. m., 3.43 p. m.
North Woburn 7.34 a. m., 3.46 p. m.
East Woburn at 6.00, 7.40, 10.21 a. m., 1.15, 2.54, 5.00 p. m.
Westchester at 6.05, 7.45, 10.25, 10.24 a. m., 1.20, 3.00, 5.05, 6.35, 8.20 p. m.
West Medford at 6.15, 7.15, 7.52, 9.15, 10.30 a. m., 1.30, 3.15, 4.45, 8.35 p. m.
College Hill 6.19, 7.19, 9.19 a. m., 1.33, 3.10, 5.19, 6.47, 8.28 p. m.
On or about trains from Nashua.
The 7.00 a. m. and 2.15 p. m. Trains from Lowell stop at College Hill, Somerville Centre, and Milk River Stations, to leave passengers for Stations above Winchester.

HARRIMAN,
HARNES & COLLAR MANUFACTURER.
Corner of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House), Woburn, Mass.
Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices.
Repairing neatly done.

MIDDLESEX
WAR-CLAIM ASSOCIATION,
Office, 4 Niles Block, 33 School St., Boston.
THIS ASSOCIATION has been formed to obtain PENSIONERS BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, PRIZE MONEY, LAND, and other claims against the Government.
Applications for the collection of claims should be made by letter, or in person, to the Attorney of the Association.
Advice will be given by the Attorney without charge.
Upon the collection of claims, small charges, established by the Directors, will be made.
HON. JOEL PARKER, President.
HON. D. W. GOUGH,
HON. G. O. S. BOUTWELL, Vice Presids.
DIRECTORS—Joel Parker, Geo. S. Boutwell, D. W. Gough, Leonard Huntress, James M. Shute, Phineas J. Stone, Chas. Hudson, E. J. Collins, Amos Stone, B. H. Hord, Horace Collamore, J. H. Waitt, Charles Kimball, John K. Goings.
A. B. COFFIN, Attorney. No. 33 School Street, Boston.
GEORGE W. COFFIN, Secretary and Treasurer, 5 Tremont Street, Boston.

INFORMATION FREE
TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.
A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility, Incompetency, Premature Decay and Youthful Error, actuated by a desire to benefit others, will be happy to furnish to all who need it (free of charge), the recipe and directions for making a simple remedy used in his case. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's bad experience, and possess a remedy, equally remedial, can do so by addressing him at once at his place of business. The Recipe and full information of vital importance will be cheerfully sent by return mail.
Address
JOHN B. OGDEN,
No. 60 Nassau Street, New York.
P. S.—Nervous sufferers of both sexes will find this information invaluable.
Dec-3m-a-p-n

HORACE COLLAMORE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX
COUNTY.
OFFICE—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre.

DR. C. T. LANG,
Surgeon-Dentist.
Cor. Winn and Pleasant Sts.
Woburn Centre, Mass.

EPHRAIM CUTTER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
CORNER OF PLEASANT AND BENNETT STREETS,
WOBURN CENTRE.

CHARLES A. SMITH,
DEALER IN
American and Foreign
DRY GOODS,
Bank Block, - - - Woburn

S. G. CHAUNCEY,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,
Shop near of Dike's Building.
Carriages and Sleighs repaired and painted.
All new work warranted.
Stonham, Sept. 10, 1864.

Encourage trade in its legitimate Channels.
Hovey's Balm
FOR THE
HAIR.
Half a gross of this valuable preparation for sale by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.
dec24

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 22.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

THE VISION.

Let a picture come before me
Of a million broken chains,
Lying caulked with old blood-drops
Which had oozed from tortured veins,
Reddening the fleecy cotton
Snowed upon the Southern plains.

And the picture's tints grew deeper,
Redder, blacker, as I gazed,
And my weak knees smote together,
And my eyes grew dim and glazed,
At the vision's spectral horrors
From the graves of vengeance raised.

For, where liveoaks and magnolias
Gloom the earth with densest shades,
Where the snake and alligator
Lark in endless everglades,
Where the bloodhound's hellish baying
Lingers, longest night evades.

Where the eagle builds his eyrie
Nearest to the fervid skies,
Where the buzzard swoops to fatten
On the prey that lingers dies,
Where the bloodhound's hellish baying
Still the hunted bondman cries.

There uprose, all ghostly shadowed,
Hosts of wasted, haggard forms;
And their wild eyes glared and glittered
Like heaven's fire in dark-browed storms,
And with outstretched arms toward me
They came rushing in thick swarms.

And I saw upon their foreheads
Letters where the iron burned,
And their backs left gashed and harrowed
Where the lash for life-blood yearned,
And their rank limbs, fester-eaten,
Showed where gnawing shackles turned.

There were gaunt and frenzied mothers
With wan children in their arms,
There were youths, and there were maidens,
Curses, tears, and wild alarms,
There were auction blocks and hammers
Where were battered beauty's charms.

Ah! my heart grew chill within me,
And my blood congealed,
And my soul's eye raised the shadows
Which like curtains half concealed
Deeper horrors, depths of anguish
Left till God's day unveiled!

And my soul went up in sighing
To God's ear: 'And Thou dost know,
High and Holy! men are devils,
Earth, like hell, is drowned in woe!
Come an answer: 'Hark! my war-blast
Dealing sin a staggering blow!

'Father! though the chains be broken,
Cried my soul, 'the wrongs remain,
Deeper than the iron were them,
'Neath the brow within the brain,
'Neath the body in the spirit!
Pails Thy war-blast not in vain!

'How shall knowledge, how shall virtue
Dwell with ignorance and sin?
Where is found that earthly saintship
Can consort with devils' din?
Who the saintly self-denying
Through hell's door would look within.

'E'en to save the devil's victims,
Snatch them from the cooling flames,
Kiss with love their long-charred spirits,
Breathe new souls into their names,
Wing them to the climes supernal,
And to angels' loud acclaims!"

Then came answer: 'Lo! I call them,
Ministers of love, I call!
Then I waited in silence,
With God waited over all,
Till I knew how He forgetteth
No one worthy, great or small.

For I saw from where the ocean
Drifts its rhythms to the beach,
From where mountain snows eternal
Far toward heaven as stainless reach,
From where gold and russet harvests
Of God's 'whelming bounty teach.

From where all are always freemen,
From where colleges and schools
Free the mind from Old-World trammels,
Unfit men for tyrants' tools,
From where frescoes and altars
Govern hearts with golden rules.

Came, as flowers come in spring-time
Dropt from Winter's icy hand,
Came to cheer, to teach, to brighten—
God's commissioned, shining band;
Came with hands and hearts 'erflowing
To renew the Southern land!

And I watched how spirit-anguish
Songs and smiles soon soothed, allayed,
And how soul-wounds touched by kindness,
As by Christ, heal and fade,
And how darkness fled affrighted
Where these angels wept and prayed.

And my soul went up in praising
To God's ear: 'Yea, Thou dost know,
High and Holy! men are devils,
Earth, like hell, is drowned in woe!
But Thy war-blast, in Thy mercy,
Hath dealt sin a staggering blow!"

Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest—the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impression of the beautiful and perfect—that every one should study to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things by every method in his power. For no man can hear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyment: it is only because they are not used to taste what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new; for this reason, one ought every day at least, to hear a song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if possible, to speak a few reasonable words.—Goethe.

A good story is told of a shrewd, but not over-honest stock raiser in Canada, who took the first prize at an agricultural show, for a bull on which he had fitted a handsome pair of horns taken from a dead animal, and whose skin he had puffed out artificially, in various places, to conceal defects, with numerous other deceptive contrivances, which he had learned, he said, by watching his wife, from time to time, as she made her toilet for a ball or party.

My Blind Hero.

BY NURSE GRUEL, OF WARD E.

'Mrs. Gruel.'

I turned to face the door of my small nurse's apartment and Dr. W.—at the same time. 'Can you make room for one more?'

'But, doctor,' I cried, aghast, 'every bed in the ward is full, and the double row even will not accommodate all to-day's arrivals. I am up to my eyes in work now, and I pointed to my waiter full of tumblers of punch, my piles of bandage, my soiled dress just from the hard service of receiving the new comers, and my long, long list of directions for the night.'

The doctor sighed. 'You are indeed overcrowded,' he said, turning away—'yet! well, come with me for a few moments at any rate.'

Through the long ward crowded with narrow iron beds, past pale, pain contracted faces, across the wide corridor heaped with knapsacks, canteens and blankets, we threaded our way to the office. Behind the desks, upon a settee used generally for an anxious seat for visitors, there lay a tall, stalwart form. Some kindly hand had thrown a white handkerchief across the face, but the tightly clenched hands, the short, hard breathing, and the rigid stillness of the whole frame told of some deep, agony, pent up by iron will from loud expression.

'It was a mistake in number,' whispered the doctor to me, 'they sent one more than I reported we could accommodate. I might send him back, as he was the last taken from the ambulance, but it is fearfully hot, he is nearly exhausted and—look here!'

He drew aside the white cloth from the poor face. I, nerved as I was to cruel sights, inured to scenes of suffering that it would sicken weaker women to describe—I, hardened as I had deemed myself, almost screamed with the pang of fierce pain that seized my heart as I looked. So young, not over twenty-five, so noble, with the high white forehead, the brown cheeks, childlike lips and clear cut features, he was almost revolting, for where the eyes had once finished the manly face, two blackened holes, a deep cut furrow crossing the nose and cheek, told where the bullet had passed across the face and carried away both eyes. I turned to the doctor, sick and shuddering—'Take him to my room, on my bed. Let him go now, now!' I pleaded, in a hoarse whisper.

'Thank you!' he answered, gratefully. 'It is only for a time. We will send for more beds, and meanwhile you shall have the settee. Here!' he beckoned to the attendants. 'Nurse's room, Ward E.'

Tenderly as a mother would lift her suffering babe, these war-worn warriors lifted their burden. One drew the cloth again over the poor face, the other said in a low tone—'We'll carry you easy, old boy,' and back through crowded corridor and ward I followed the sad burden.

I dared not trust my voice as the necessary dressing was applied to the ghastly wound. A nurse has no business to make fountains of her eyes, which are so needed for 'active service,' and a tremor of the fingers is altogether forbidden in her indentures. So I nerved myself to an assumed indifference, brought water, bandages, linen rags and sponges, and was eyes, fingers, and ears only for the doctor.

'There, Mrs. Gruel, give him this mixture every hour, keep the bandage wet, let him have a good bowl of beef tea, and I'll come in again after awhile. Do you feel easier now, my man?' and the doctor's voice sank to almost womanly tenderness, as he spoke.

The pale lips moved to answer, but only quivered, and with—'There! there! I see!' the doctor moved away, not in the least blinding me by an affected carelessness of manner, as he said, 'slightly nervous, keep him quiet.'

Keep him quiet! I looked at the locked fingers, the painful tension of every muscle in that nerved-up face, and I thought no wall of a strong man's agony could be half so pitiful. I was alone with him, and the bandaged face spoke volumes of mute appeal to my woman's heart. Crossing the room lightly, I bent down to bring my face on a level with my patient's and took his hand in mine. 'You bear your heavy cross bravely,' I said, trying to keep a steady voice, and failing ignominiously.

The strong, hard hand clasped mine convulsively, the brave lips quivered, but my hero said, 'Thank you, marm! I—I didn't know there was a lady here.'

Why, and the pale lips actually smiled, 'it is almost as good as getting home!'

There was something so pitiful in that childlike smile and tender voice, as contracted with the huge frame of my stricken giant, that I found great tears wetting my cheeks, and before I was aware two rolled down on the strong hands grasping mine. 'Oh, don't marm,' he said, groping to find my face, 'don't ye cry, now. Taint so bad as that. I didn't expect to be a soldier and get none of the hard knocks. Besides,' and a strange, wan smile came on the pale lips, 'it makes some things easier.'

I did not question him, though the phrase set me wondering what romance was hidden in that manly heart; but what a woman's hand, voice and sympathy could do to ease his pain and cruel sorrow, that I freely offered, meeting grateful words and a touching, submissive patience for my reward.

Of course, with a ward full of broken bones, bullet holes, shattered limbs and gaping cuts to attend to, Nurse Gruel had but little time for sentiment over any hero, however he might appeal to her heart, so after making my blind boy as comfortable as circumstances would allow, I left him, promising to return as soon as I could to his side. It was night before I could steal a moment. After seeing that all was in order, hot things on the stove, and cool ones on the ice, narcotics swallowed and grimaces reduced by doses of jelly, bandages moistened, the doctor's last orders obeyed, the lights turned down and the night attendants turned out, Nurse Gruel at last sought her own little snugery at the end of the ward, fully prepared for any summons between 10 P. M., and 6 A. M., that the exigencies of those hours might require.

My patient lay very still, but the relaxed muscles and peaceful face told that the first bitter agony of blindness was over. As he heard my step, he smiled and held out his hand. 'You must be very tired,' he said, gently. 'I have heard hour after hour strike since you left, the ward-master has been here twice, the doctor once, and you were always reported as 'very busy.''

'Not too tired to raise your head and turn your pillow to the cool side,' I said, 'nor to wet the bandage, and give you this drink I am mixing.'

'Would—would,' the words came very reluctantly.

'What is it? Do not hesitate to tell me,' I said.

'Only—that—mother does not know yet,' and again the fingers clenched, and the pale lips were crushed together to keep back a cry of pain.

'I will write in a few minutes,' I said, letting my hand fall on his thick curls. 'You need only tell me the name and address. I will add the rest.'

But he had no idea of shirking a duty because it was painful, my brave blind giant. 'Tell her,' he said, keeping his voice steady and his lips firm, 'that it was three days ago, but I was not conscious until to-day, about an hour before I came to this room. I heard the doctor tell some one down stairs. It was rather hard to bear there, all alone, but God knows best. Tell her that I am willing to give my sight if it will help to end this cruel strife, and—and—you may write please—give my love to Sarah, and tell her that it was for the best. I can see now why we were permitted to part so. Bid her comfort Sarah for me.' There was much more, patient words of Christian faith and gentle submission, and as I signed the 'John Harding' to the letter, more than one tear had to be cleared from my dim eyes.

Two days passed, and my blind man had become my solace and rest from the day's toil. He slept but little, and I had much night nursing to occupy me, but at whatever hour I came to rest for a time in my big chair, I found his smile awaiting me, his word of cheer ready to greet me. In these quiet chats, the still ward sleeping near us, he grew confidential. Shut out from the light he grew to talk himself out to me, and simple in his confidence told me his romance. There was nothing new about it, only the old story of a vain woman's caprice, a strong man's deep love turned back upon his own great heart. He never reproached Sarah, but spoke proudly of her beauty, her sweet voice, her winning ways. 'She did not want me to list,' he said, ignoring her selfishness, 'and perhaps it was not right; but the old mother, who had only me, bade me God speed, and the country needed all her sons; so, marm, I had to go. It did not seem to me a matter of choice but of duty, and I came out.

Sarah hardly thought I would go till she saw me in the blue dress, and then she grew angry, and said if I loved my country better than my promised wife I might take it in her stead, for she would never marry a common soldier. Perhaps, marm, she did not exactly mean that, but I was ordered off that very night, so she had no chance to take it back. You see God dealt kindly by us, for now we are accustomed to thinking of separate lives, and it would have been hard to have to give her up for this,' and he touched the bandaged brow, 'my little Sarah.'

All the woman in me had been roused to indignation over his tale, but the infinite tenderness of his tone as he spoke the last three words, stayed the torrent of language on my lips. I could not disturb his gentle, forgiving heart, and only pressed his hand in silent sympathy.

The next morning, while I was trying to persuade a refractory 'boy,' of forty-five or so, that lying in a strong draft was not the best medicine for rheumatism, my orderly, touching his cap, informed me that two ladies were in the office, asking for the nurse of Ward E. It was an everyday occurrence, so I followed Jim's red shirt and blue trousers to the anxious seat in the office.

A pale, elderly lady, in widow's mourning, rose as I entered, and a girl of about nineteen turned a pallid, grief-stricken face to mine. She had large violet eyes, pale golden hair, and a pretty winning face—so small, that many a child of twelve was taller; her anxious eyes and quivering lips seemed strangely out of place combined with her petite form and girlish face. 'My name is Harding,' the widow lady said to me.

'John's mother!' and I held out both hands, 'we hoped you would come! He is better!'

'Can I see him?'

'Now I answered, eagerly, 'if you will follow me!'

I went in first to speak a few words of preparation, and would have stolen out again, but even while he was in his mother's arms John held my hand fast. Mrs. Harding was very calm, stilling every emotion to speak words of love and sympathy; but even as she spoke I saw John's lips part and his whole form quiver with eager listening—'You are not alone! I hear—I hear,' and he dropped my hand, to reach both arms forward as he cried, 'Sarah!'

'Oh, John. Oh, John, forgive me! I will be a true, faithful wife'—and I stole away, leaving her kneeling by his pillow, his strong hand smoothing back her curls, his lips smiling as I had never seen them before.

The Hardings were not poor. John had left a comfortable home to follow a soldier's fortune, and there was no dread of poverty to add to the sting of his blindness. Of course he was 'honorably discharged,' and if, at parting, I pressed my lips upon the pale ones that had had no murmur pass them, why, Sarah took the kiss again from mine, and Mrs. Harding gave me a mother's blessing before she took her road homeward with her blind hero.

THE NEW FASHION IN HAIR.—The Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal, in a letter dated Jan. 12th, describes the latest fashion of wearing hair at the Tuilleries ball on the 17th. He says:—

The hair no longer hangs a *la Grecque* on the neck behind, but is brought forward, and threatens all offenders in helmet fashion on the summit of the head. 'The promissory organs,' as the satirists of phrenology denominate those low down towards the nape of the neck, and which have hitherto been concealed by the hair, now stand revealed in all their ugly indiscretion. It is a horrible thing to relate, but the truth must be told. The parting runs all along the top of the head without any straight line in front, and the short frizzy curls round the brow have replaced the noble looking bandeaux drawn back from the forehead, and showing 'the good bumps' to the best advantage. Is it any consolation to learn that the fashion has been imposed by the hair-dressers themselves, for we search in vain for any great name connected with its introduction? The matter was put to vote, so as we understand, at the last Assembly of Coiffeurs held at the Salle Molliere—the Assembly of Taste which takes place twice a year to determine the fashions. Twelve young ladies are submitted to the experimental practice of the newest thing of the great Paris hair-dressers, and this year, almost by unanimity, the preference was awarded to Leopold's coiffure empire, and thus ugliness proclaimed her supremacy over taste and elegance for the year.

The Professor's Choice.

Some years since, when I was in college, we had amongst our 'faculty,' a curious personage, whom every one regarded with considerable respect, and yet as a character *sui generis*. He had lived many years without a wife, and expected to live so always. Indeed, as he was the professor of mathematics, that abstraction of his science forbade his indulging in the idea of getting married. To the female sex, he showed no other regard than common politeness required. His character was purely negative. Of course, he was not popular with the ladies, and they kept themselves at a distance from him. But circumstances that often bring about a match in other cases, placed him in a peculiar dilemma. It seemed a whim that a necessity was laid upon him to get married. He was one of the faculty of the college—all the other professors were married and obliged to entertain the distinguished visitors of the institution. He had always *boarded*. Of course, it wasn't ever expected of him that he should ever give a party or dinner. But it began to be regarded as rather mean in him to shrink off this matter from year to year, and, 'well off' as he was pecuniarily, to throw upon the other members of the faculty the cost and trouble of entertaining the special friends and patrons of the college. The question was, therefore frequently asked:—

'Why doesn't the old miser entertain some of the distinguished visitors that visit us.'

Now, our professor wasn't a miser at all, and it often troubled him to think he was so situated that he couldn't bear his part of the burden. And yet, what could he do? Must he get married? And if so, to whom? He had no special regard for any one in the vicinity of the college and no one had any special regard for him. In his younger days he had seen at school a young lady, in the city of New York, in whom he felt a peculiar interest. But of her he had not heard for years. Doubtless before this time she was married or in her grave. Possibly, however, she was still living and waiting for him! Glorious thought! He was quite relieved at it, though, indeed, there might be no foundation for his relief. Nevertheless he could make due inquiry. Nor could he long delay, for commencement day was at hand, only a few weeks off. It was his turn, or rather would be if he was married, to give the great dinner to the distinguished personages who would be present on the occasion. There would be the Governor of the State, and his lady,—the trustees of the Institution and their friends, and others of equal repute. But who should be master of ceremonies? and who should grace the table? He could square the circle, perhaps, but such a circle as this, what could he do with it? If he were only married what a helpmeet would his wife be at such a time. And yet his wife must be a good looking, intelligent, and accomplished lady; otherwise the blank would be a blot.

Now there was a young lady in the neighborhood that the professor thought might answer. He had seen her at his boarding house, and spoken to her once or twice.

'But she may say no, and if she did, where in creation,' thought he, 'could I hide my head. And then what would become of the dinner?' The Governor must have a dinner and he must have a wife. And hence he lay awake about it all night. At last as the morning broke he cried out to himself, 'Contempt! She will say no, will she! What then? Other men have lived through it, and I shall. If not, I shall have a clear conscience about the dinner, and a clear conscience is the main thing, after all! I will write a note to Miss A. Stay a minute,' said he to himself, 'what will the Governor think of the lady? She is handsome and polite, but can she converse? Doubtful,' said he to himself, 'very doubtful,' and so he tore up the note! Alas! for a man on the verge of matrimony! In an hour or two, however, the Professor called on the President, and said:—

'I should like to be absent a few days?'

'Ah!' said the President, 'just at this time?'

'Yes, sir, I have my classes in readiness for the examination, and I wish to go to New York.'

'Has any death occurred in the family?'

'No, sir,' said the Professor; 'but I have a little matter of business that requires my immediate attention, and I thought it best to go.'

'You have my best wishes,' said the President, 'and may you return safely and not alone.'

The Professor almost smiled, but blushed rather than smiled, and left the President, and hastened to New York.

His first inquiry, on his arrival there, was for Miss Adeline G., the young lady whom he had seen some years before, at school, as we have mentioned.

'Why,' said the respondent, 'the family has been reduced, and she is cook. Perhaps you don't know it, sir?'

'A cook,' said he; 'that is just what I want!'

'Oh!' said the lady, 'we thought you wanted something else, possibly.'

'No, I have been half starved to death since I left New York, and I want some one to cook decently.'

'Well, she can do that, for she scarcely has her equal in that line in this city. Why, sir, she is a cook, *par excellence*.'

'And how does she look?'

'She is the handsomest cook in the city, too.'

'Not quite that, I presume,' said the Professor, 'but is she intelligent?—I speak confidentially.'

'Intelligent! She is, indeed—she can converse like an angel.'

'And as to manners. Is she accomplished?'

'As graceful as an actress.'

'When can I see her?'

'At eight o'clock this evening.'

'Couldn't I see her before that hour?'

'I think that would be the most convenient time for her to call, and to see you. She will be engaged in her duties till then.'

'I will wait, then. Please to tell her that Professor Mack, of Virginia, wishes to see her—an old acquaintance of hers.'

'Shall I tell her that you wish to engage a cook?'

'You may tell her that I wish to see her,' said the Professor.

'What name did you say?'

'Professor Mack, of Virginia, if you please madam.'

An everlasting long day was before him and he had nothing to do; not a problem to solve, except the one in hand, and that was one of a doubtful solution. Eight o'clock at last came, and the Professor called again to see the young lady.

'A cook indeed!' said the Professor to himself; 'she is a splendid woman, fit to grace any parlor in the world!' But how in creation should he make known his business? Poets, they say, begin in the middle of their story; but professors of mathematics, where do they begin? Finally, said the suitor, 'Miss G., how would you like to go to Virginia?'

'To Virginia!' said she, as if surprised. 'Are you not mistaken in the person whom you wished to see?'

'No, no,' said he, 'don't you remember when we attended school in Franklin street?'

'Oh,' said she, 'it is George Mack—I remember you well; why, I didn't know that you were alive!'

'And I have never forgotten you.'

'Ah! indeed, you are very kind to remember me so long! I thought every one had forgotten me in my calamities!'

'People often think they are overlooked when trials overtake them; but it is for you to say that your present trials are at an end.'

'Professor Mack! what do you mean? Why I am a mere—'

'If you have had any reverses I have had success, and have the means of making you comfortable for life.'

'But you do not know my circumstances now, for I would not deceive you, George?'

'It does not concern me what you are now, but what you are willing to be.'

'But I have an aged mother, Professor.'

'And I wish to have one; she can go too.'

Matters were soon arranged as to time, place, and ceremony, and this being over the party were off for Virginia—the Professor pleased that he had solved the problem so easily, and the lady that she was no longer at the world's bidding.

In the country of Virginia great ado is made for a newly married couple. Of course much was made in the case of the Professor. But some 'bird in the air' carried the story in advance, that Professor Mack had married a cook! What lady then would call upon her? What society could the F. F. V's of Virginia have with a cook! But the President advised his wife to call upon her out of decency, at least. If the Professor had married a cook, why, he didn't know any better. All that he knew was how to (Concluded on Fourth Page.)

The Middlesex Journal,

—AND—
WOBBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBBURN:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

Our Patriotic Women.

It is refreshing to enter the rooms of one of our female associations for the comfort and relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and behold women of all ranks, ages, and religious sects, engaged in cutting, sewing and knitting the various articles sent out to the hospitals. And there seems to be no weariness in the work, but an activity, cheerfulness, and enterprise, worthy of all praise. We see in all this, an illustration and proof of the sentiment, that Charity is twice blessed, blessing those who receive and those who give, in the reward of an approving conscience, and the pleasant expression of countenance of those who toil and sacrifice for the brave but unfortunate defenders of the flag of our Union. Many a soldier on his bed of pain and weakness, blesses the hands and hearts of the thoughtful and benevolent women, who far away in their country or city homes, count it all honor to labor for them. With curious eyes they examine the fabrics sent to them, admiring the taste exhibited, and the practical knowledge of their wants displayed, and surveying the stitches, as the handwriting of the fair ones, try to read their characters and form an opinion of their persons.

How admirably adapted are these gifts, widely known throughout the army among the privates and officers, to reanimate drooping hearts of those over whom steals the sadness of sickness and possible or probable death, far away from home and its endearments. Who can tell how many hearts have been kindled with gratitude and hope, and how many cures have been wrought by the timely and effectual aid sent by the ladies through the channels of the Sanitary and Christian commissions and other vehicles of transmission?

If we look at home for the valuable influences, we find among them the bringing together of ladies of different parishes into one association, and the laboring side by side of women who might otherwise never have met together on terms of equality and friendship, and never have known each other's worth. The example of one has stimulated another, and around the spirit of benevolence and the ardor of patriotism. The consciousness of laboring in a good cause has created that self-respect which is useful in all minds, and caused the introduction of noble thoughts to sway the action in other connection and duties of life.

We hope that returning peace may soon release these associations of women from their arduous and pressing duties in this field of labor, and permit them to return to home vocations and other fields of beneficence, but until then, we are persuaded they will not draw back, but work on cheerfully and persistently, while the cry of a wounded soldier shall be heard or the moan of a sick one be wafted to their ears.

History, writing down the tragic deeds of our times for unborn ages, while bestowing just praises on the heroic soldier and seaman will delight to record the deeds of woman in her appropriate and ever to be honored department, of alleviating human woe, and encouraging the soldier patriot in the work of saving the country from overthrow.

Charleston has fallen, and the Stars and Stripes now wave in majestic beauty over the rebel city and all the fortifications in the harbor. The rebels set fire to the cotton in the city, and 6,000 bales were burned. The fire consumed a large portion of the city before it could be subdued. The evacuation took place on Friday night, and was discovered on Saturday morning, when our troops at once took possession of the city and of the forts, and proceeded to attempt to extinguish the fire which had been applied to the doomed city. A blockade runner was trapped and there was a prospect of more being caught. Two hundred pieces of artillery and a fine supply of ammunition fell into the hands of the conquerors. We think we can now begin to see the "beginning of the end" of the war.

The last lecture in the course on England, was delivered by Rev. Dr. Bodwell on Tuesday evening last, when the large lecture room was packed full, so popular had these lectures become. His delineations of English character were true to life. John Bull is a queer fellow, and his self-conceit is not one of his virtues.

The public owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Bodwell for his instructive lectures, which he delivered without any pecuniary recompense whatever, it being understood that the receipts, over the expenses, are to be devoted to charitable purposes.

REMOVAL.—The Post Office in Woburn has been removed from the room in Lyceum Hall to the building next door south of Woodberry's dry goods store. Mr. Wyman, the post master, has fitted up his new rooms with much taste, and with a special desire to accommodate the public.

Peace rumors are again rife. Sharp war must bring peace, soon.

A NOBLE GIFT.—Rev. Dr. J. C. Bodwell, of the Congregational Church in this town, was the recipient of a truly generous gift, in money, on Saturday evening last—being no less a sum than \$1056—which was raised by a few of his parishioners (not over one quarter of the purpose,) in a very short time, who felt desirous of tendering to the reverend gentleman some substantial token of their appreciation of his christian labors and character. The gift was a noble one, but it was richly deserved. We know of no more faithful minister of Christ at the present day, than Mr. Bodwell. His sermons are prepared with much care, and he may be truly called a "teacher of the people" in holy things.

Since the above was in type, we learn that the sum given to Dr. Bodwell has been increased, by a subsequent donation, to \$1200.

Facts About the 7-30s--The Advantages they offer.

THEIR ABSOLUTE SECURITY.—Nearly all active credits are now based on Government securities, and banks hold them as the very best and strongest investment they can make. If it were possible to contemplate the financial failure of the Government, no bank would be any safer. If money is loaned on individual notes or bond and mortgage, it will be payable in the same currency as the Government pays with, and no better. The Government never has failed to meet its engagements, and the national debt is a first mortgage upon the whole property of the country. While other stocks fluctuate from ten to fifty, or even a greater per cent, Government stocks are always comparatively firm. Their value is fixed and reliable, beyond all other securities; for while a thousand speculative bubbles rise and burst, as a rule they are never below par, and are often above.

ITS LIBERAL INTEREST.—The general rate of interest is six per cent, payable annually. This is seven and three-tenths, payable semi-annually. If you lend on mortgage, there must be a searching of titles, lawyers' fees, stamp duties and delays, and you will finally have returned to you only the same kind of money you would receive from the Government, and less of it. If you invest in this loan, you have no trouble. Any bank or banker will obtain it for you without charge. To each note or bond are affixed five "coupons" or interest tickets, due at the expiration of each successive half-year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it to the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money. If you wish to borrow ninety cents on the dollar upon the notes, you have the highest security in the market to do it with. If you wish to sell, it will bring within a fraction of cost and interest at any moment. It will be very handy to have in the house.

IT IS CONVERTIBLE into a six per cent, gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 Loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent, gold-interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five, nor more than twenty years from its date, as the Government may elect. These bonds are held at such a premium as to make this privilege now worth two or three per cent, per annum, and adds so much to the interest. Notes of the same class, issued three years ago, are now selling at a rate that fully proves the correctness of this statement.

ITS EXEMPTION FROM STATE OR MUNICIPAL TAXATION.—But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation. On the average this exemption is worth about two per cent, per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK.—While this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive, they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is 5 per cent, upon sums over \$500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent, more. Thus the man who deposits \$1000 in a Private Savings Bank receives 50 dollars a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings Bank he receives 73 dollars. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient, and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

THE HIGHEST MOTIVE.—The war is evidently drawing to a close, but while it lasts the Treasury must have money to meet its cost, and every motive that patriotism can inspire should induce the people to supply its wants without delay. The Government can buy cheaper for cash in hand than on credit. Let us see that its wants are promptly and liberally satisfied.

WATER PROOF COMPOSITION.—The article advertised in our columns to-day is not only "something new and unrivalled," but it is the most useful composition ever made for the preservation of leather, a single application of it rendering leather perfectly soft and pliable and giving it new life. When this preparation is used upon the upper leather of boots and shoes they will remain in good order for an astonishing length of time. All should have it. It is for sale, in Woburn, by Augustus Roundy, Esq., and is manufactured by Edward Conihnan, in Charlestown, Mass.

The evidence before the legislative temperance committee is rather adverse to the existing liquor law, and favors those who contend for a stringent license system.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—The March number is full of good material, as usual. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

Godey's Lady's Book, for March, a very attractive number, is for sale at the same place.

Edward W. Green.

MR. EDITOR.—The case of Green, the murderer, stands at the present time, before our community, prominent and important, and will bear and seems to require further notice. Two weeks ago, the writer of this stated some points relating to it which were somewhat controverted in your last week's issue, by some one in So. Reading, who subscribes himself "Justice," and who, there is reason to suspect is opposed to the death penalty, or at least half way so.

The writer of this does not suppose that the governor is obliged to order the execution of every person whom the courts condemn, but admits the imperious necessity that he should review carefully all such cases. When however all law and evidence are settled affirmatively it is then his duty to act as the obeyer, the executor of the law, not as a nullifier. Our complaint now is, that after the Court have decided and the Council has affirmed the governor refuses to execute.

Your correspondent says, further, that Green "never had a trial by any court." Is this a quibble? Was he not taken into court where judge, jury and counsel, were convened, to ascertain his guilt or innocence? And to the first step in the inquiry, "guilty or not guilty?" did he not plead "guilty." He had no doubt himself, and he had sufficient reason, truth and self respect not to call himself crazy. His confession was received, the trial was considered sufficient, the proof ample, by the intelligent judge and jury, and he was sentenced to be hung. It then only remained for the governor to issue a warrant for his execution and for the sheriff to obey it; unless with the consent and advice of the council his excellency should, for satisfactory reasons, commute or relieve the sentence.

Time however was very properly taken to reconsider every doubtful point; sentimentalists and amateur philanthropists poured in petitions and appeared in person, objecting to the execution of the law; questionable legal points were referred to the highest tribunal for decision; and the former judgment reaffirmed; high medical authorities were consulted as to his sanity, and decided that he was responsible morally. Sensible, honest and intelligent physicians could not so warily think that a man who could so deliberately plan and so adroitly perpetrate a murder, and then so ingeniously and for so long a time conceal the guilt and the evidence, could be so crazy as not to know what he was about. It is understood that the Council abide by the legal and medical opinions expressed and refuse to advise any executive clemency. The responsibility, if so, must rest solely with the Governor, for hindering the execution of the law.

All the impediments lying in the way of Green's moral culture and improvement, which were stated by your correspondent Justice, are doubtless true and are to be deprecated—they will excite our pity and commiseration—but they are not sufficient to make him, in any sense, a man who should be believed capable of leaving countless victims unwhipped of justice, and our communities subjected to the merciless reign of violence and rapine. He had been trusted with the management of the post-office, and as a member of the community had been considered safe. Indeed it would be no compliment to the intelligence and discernment of the people of Malden to suppose them capable of allowing a mad man to go at large among them, for such a length of time, and to hold an important trust.

Let Edward W. Green be sent to prison for life, and how long before another warren will be murdered? and then what?

SUICIDE FASHIONABLE.—We understand that a man in this vicinity, within the past week, getting tired of his earthly existence, resolved to betake to himself the spiritual, whereupon he resorted to four ounces of laudanum, with which to cast off and destroy his earthly tabernacle that his soul might soar to happier realms. As is usual for light-headed individuals of such a character, he left a note stating the causes of his exit, which was found before the soul had time to clear itself from its tenement of clay, and the physician, with the proper restoratives, resuscitated him from his drowsiness, and instead of finding himself across the river Styx, he awoke in his own household, where sticks should have been applied to him.

This is no less than the third attempt that has been made by different individuals within the past year, to destroy life, one of which proved successful. We would advise persons premeditating any thing of this kind, to throw their lives into the balance of our country's redemption, and die the death of a patriot, instead of the ignominious death of a suicide.

THE EUTERPEANS.—One of the best entertainments which our citizens have had the pleasure of enjoying this season, came off at Lyceum Hall on last Friday evening, week. Mr. Covert, the veteran composer and singer, was in full voice, and charmed the audience by his clear enunciation and liquid notes. Madame Helen Lorraine and Miss Ella Lawrence, sang with fine effect and much power, while Messrs. Dayton and Stevens maintained to the full their former well-earned reputation. The readings, by Miss Lawrence, were more than good—admirable.

We understand that Mr. Covert will shortly favor our citizens with a Concert of his own. He will be assisted by a good array of talent.

The 22d, Washington's birth day, was celebrated throughout the country with uncommon honors,—the recent victories over the rebels conspiring to give a new

impulse to the Northern heart. In this place flags were thrown to the breeze, the bells rang out their merry notes, most of the stores were closed, and the people enjoyed a delightful holiday.

REVIVALS.—Some time since we made slight allusion to the revival spirit in the Baptist Society, of Woburn, which, we are happy to learn, has gathered many souls into our Master's vineyard, and promises a still greater harvest. Since then, we have learned from our exchanges that the same spirit which pervades this society, is prevalent over a portion of the New England States, extending from the Merrimac river, in northern Massachusetts, through the eastern part of the State, far down into Connecticut, an area of one hundred and twenty-five miles. There has been no time since the great revival of '57, when so great a religious element has been prevalent, as at the present time, and we have omens which predict a revolution of souls, in no way inferior to that great epoch of conversions to the faith of Christ.

A NEW FACE.—We are happy to see a new face in our community, which, though mounted upon the towering steeple of the new Unitarian Church and never smiling, yet always pointing to its gilded figures, and marking the flight of Time, finds a welcome; and though it does not have the vitality to arouse the idler, that its Orthodox brother across the way does possess, yet to the watchful it is as forcibly, though mutely, says *tempus fugit*.

SOMETHING GOOD COMING.—We are pleased to announce the expected appearance, on next Monday evening, of "That Golden Brown," who has won so many golden opinions from all who have heard him. He is to be assisted by some of the most eminent talent in the profession, and his whole programme will be new and fresh. Those who would secure eligible seats, should go early, as Lyceum Hall will be crowded on the occasion.

MILITARY ITEMS.

Second Lieutenant Chas. K. Conn, of Woburn, Co. D, 30th Mass. Vols., has been promoted to First Lieutenant, to date from Dec. 20th, 1864.

Sergeant George E. Fowle, Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., has been promoted to Second Lieutenant, to date from Jan. 15th, 1865.

Sergeant Daniel J. Murphy, of Co. F, 19th Mass. Reg., has been promoted to 2nd Lieutenant, to date from Jan. 31st, 1865. Mr. Murphy is now suffering from wounds received in the late battle at Hatcher's Run, Va., and the promotion was merited by heroic conduct in engagements, for which he has no superior.

First Lieutenant John E. Tidd, Co. A, 32d Mass. Vols., is at home on furlough. Private Thomas H. Bradley, Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., is at home on a furlough of twenty days.

S. Augustus Bennett, who went out with Capt. W. R. Bennett, Co. B, 11th Mass. Vols., returned home on last Saturday evening.

"Are not my ways equal saith the Lord." *Excerpt.* In a brief retrospect of our national affairs for a few years past, I have been impressed with the force of the above sacred interrogation. We have been a highly favored and a highly intelligent nation.

Our fathers knew and proclaimed the inalienable rights of human beings. We, from our childhood have been instructed in these grand principles; and yet as a nation, we have constantly and knowingly violated them, by not "doing to others whatsoever things we would that they should do to us."

Now, "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him emphatically it is sin."

The Lord has been waiting on us for many years to "consider our ways and do that which is lawful and right;" and been prospering us, as if to see if his "goodness might not lead us to repentance;" and as these means failed of accomplishing the object, he has brought upon us extraordinary judgments;—and in all these, "are not his ways equal?" What else could we have expected?

And as in the early part of the rebellion, when the great sin of oppression was not officially acknowledged, our military efforts were unprosperous, so, latterly since the rights of the colored man have been more regarded, our Arms have been more successful and more competent military leaders have been granted us; and in all these things, are not the Lord's ways equal? Is not all this as plain as sun-light at noon day.

"Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord." J. E.

South Reading.

The Boston Advertiser quotes from Dr. Franklin to show that our government taxes are not the heaviest we pay. The Dr. makes "Poor Richard" say:—"We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement." A less sagacious man can see to-day that the abominable spirit of speculation, which affects every purchasable article, is making additions to the debt daily to nearly double the amount it should bear.

WINCHESTER.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—The third and last Social Assembly of the season will come off on next Wednesday evening, March 1st, in Lyceum Hall. The price of tickets and the general arrangement for the evening's entertainment are the same as for the last one. As a large number have signified their intention to be present, it would be well for those who have not secured their tickets to do so at an early period.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—As a matter of interest to our town, it may be stated, that the commutation tickets to Melrose, on the Boston & Main Railroad, have recently been increased in price, so that now seven tickets can be bought for \$1.25, instead of six tickets for \$1.00 as heretofore; the regular fare is 20 cts. The season tickets, it is said, are also to be increased to \$20 per quarter, instead of \$15, the present price, and single tickets to 25 cents each. The Boston & Maine Railroad Corporation have heretofore been lower in their rates of fare than other roads and have secured a large amount of travel thereby. The Malden Horse Railroad, and a prospect of the extension, has heretofore checked somewhat the advance of prices on that road, but now it is reported that the Boston & Maine Railroad Corporation have made an arrangement with the Horse Railroad, so that the fares shall be the same for the same distances on both roads.

These facts are mentioned as a consolation to those who have felt dissatisfied with knowing that other roads were running at less rates of fare for the same distance than ours.

As Melrose is not so far out by one mile as this town, it will be seen that their package tickets are now nearly twenty-five cents on a dollar higher than to this place. This is no argument for an increase here; on the contrary these high prices must have a disastrous effect upon the suburban towns and consequently upon the railroads themselves. It is foolish for these corporations to allege that the short travel is no object and that it would be better to dispense with season tickets altogether. Those who know any thing about these roads, know better,—they know that the short routes have to pay in a great measure for the longer ones, and that the former contribute very materially towards the expenses of the corporation. The true policy is, low fares and good accommodations for passengers, at uniform rates for the same distance on all roads. No one can object to these corporations asking a remunerative sum for transportation, but many other things should be taken into account in connection therewith, which should affect it. On the Boston and Lowell Railroad, the last increase in the price of season tickets to this place was altogether too much and out of proportion, while the rates of commutation tickets were very reasonable, if not as low as it would have been for the interests of the Corporation to have made them at the present time. Whether this increase of prices is to be the same on other roads, we are not informed, but we trust that on the Boston and Lowell Railroad a wise policy will be adopted, which shall inure to the benefit of the road and all concerned in it.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The Middlesex Temperance Union will hold a Convention in this town on Tuesday next, in the Cong. Church, commencing at 10 o'clock. There will be reports of the state of the cause in the different towns, and addresses by prominent individuals.

EXCELSIOR.

RICH COLORED MEN.—Ciprian Riccaud is worth over a million dollars, and is the richest colored man in the United States. The colored men in New York have many rich men, among them Peter Vandyke, Robert Watson, J. M. Gloucester and Mr. Crosby, who own about \$3,000,000 in property, real estate and otherwise. In Philadelphia there are out of four thousand families nearly three hundred living in their own houses. Among the rich men are Vidal, Frosser, White and Stephen Smith, the latter said to be worth over \$500,000.

There is a prospect of having short sermons in one of the Fall River churches. Coal is so high that the society has voted to do without fires for the remainder of this winter. The new plan was tried last Sunday, and the clergyman says that if it is to be continued, he shall preach only ten minutes hereafter.

The cultivation of frogs as an article of food is largely carried on in the neighborhood of New York. One of the principal hotels possesses ponds for its exclusive use, where the succulent reptiles can grow up from lively tadpoles, unmolested by pickerel or cruel boys.

DEATH OF A MONSTER.—Gen. John H. Winder who had charge of Federal prisoners at Richmond, and subsequently at Andersonville and Florence, S. C., died recently. He graduated in 1820 at West Point, where for his avarice he received the nickname of "Hog Winder," which stuck to him through life. He was brevetted twice during the Mexican war, and when the rebellion broke out he was a Major in the 3d U. S. artillery. He joined the rebels in April, 1861, and was at once promoted to Brig. General.

Fort Anderson has been captured, and it is reported that Wilmington has been abandoned. Whether the latter report be true or not, it must fall soon.

Report of the Committee on the late Promenade Concert.
Total receipts, \$151 75
Total expenses, 25 00

Net profit, \$126 75
The Committee feel grateful to John Cummings, Jr. Esq., who very liberally purchased on his own account 50 tickets. Fifty tickets were also sold by his partner, at their establishment.

A CARD.

The friends of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission, hereby extend their heartfelt thanks to the members of the Woburn Orchestral Society, for their patriotic liberality, in extending their services to the Committee, on the evening of the above Concert. They may feel assured that the friends of the Soldier will not soon forget their kind regard for his welfare, as expressed on this occasion.

PER ORDER COMMITTEE.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—This popular monthly comes before the public, for March, with its usual well filled pages. It is fast winning its way to public favor. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN, under Jay Cooke's management, is almost unexampled. Over Seventeen Millions have been subscribed during the past three days. At this rate the loan will soon be taken up, and persons desirous of obtaining seven-thirties had better send in their subscriptions at once.

On Saturday about 3 o'clock the orders by telegraph from various parts of the country and from Philadelphia, to Mr. Jay Cooke, for the new loan, in the space of a single minute exceeded one million of dollars.

MURDER IN CONCORD.—A farmer whose name is William Rice was killed by his son Warren, on Friday night of last week in Concord. The son, who had for some years been furiously insane at intervals, entered his father's house, where he was seated at the table with his wife, and assaulted him with an iron harrow tooth, and then threw him down cellar, where he afterwards completed the murder. After the deed was committed he went out and called in the neighbors, and said that the old man had fallen down stairs. The mother, fearing that her son would kill her, as he threatened to do if she revealed the act and did not keep quiet, had temporized with the madman and upheld him in what he had done. The deceased was about sixty years of age, and the son a powerful man of twenty-six.

READING.

Examinations of the schools occur this week preparatory to a vacation.

It is expected that the town will be called upon to fill two vacancies in the School Committee at the Annual Meeting in March.

The venerable Mr. Kingman, whose house was recently destroyed by fire, desires me, through the columns of the Journal, to tender his thanks to the fire department, and the citizens generally, for their persevering efforts to save his property.

As we were busily engaged in trying to save some of his household goods, the old gentleman remarked, "I shall not be here to be a trouble to you much longer." It is to be hoped his stay with us may yet be many years, and those years his best days.

A Record of Marriages, Births, and Deaths 1864. MARRIAGES.—Whole number during the year, 21; both parties American, 17; American and foreign, 3; both foreign, 1.

BIRTHS.—Whole number during the year, 35; males, 17; females, 18; of American parents, 26; foreign parentage, 9.

DEATHS.—Whole number of interments during the year, 54; males, 34; females, 20; residents of Reading, 44; residents of other places, 10; of American birth, 48; foreign, 4; unknown, 2.

DISEASES.—Scarlet fever, 6; chronic diarrhea, 6; consumption, 5; cholera infantum, 4; lung and throat diseases, 3; typhoid fever, 3; old age, 3; diphtheria, 2; insane, 2; burned, 1; accidental, 1; killed in battle, 1; other diseases, 17. LENO.

Died

In Woburn, Feb. 19, James Persons, aged 44 years, 6 months, 19 days.

In Woburn, Feb. 20, Mrs. Hattie E. Coffin, aged 25 years, 1 month, 29 days.

In Woburn, Feb. 22, Mary Ellen McCarthy, aged 1 year, 3 months, 15 days.

In Woburn, Feb. 23, Arthur French, aged 2 months.

In Reading, Feb. 17, James F. Weston, aged 38 years.

In Reading, Feb. 20, Deacon Joel M. Howard, aged 30 years.

[Deaths are recorded gratuitously; but all obituary poetry and notices are chargeable at 5 cents a line.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Died in Stoneham, Jan. 3d, Henry F. Stoddard, aged 26 years.

Son and Brother thou hast left us,
And our hearts are lone with grief,
God in mercy has bereft us,
By his aid we'll seek relief.
Life to thee was full of gladness,
In thy youthful strength and might,
But thou hast left this vale of sadness,
Gained a realm of pure delight.
When our foes with murderous meaning,
Sought to drench our land in gore,
Thou thy bayonet brightly gleaming,
Charged the streets of Baltimore.
We have wandered by the river,
Hunted far over hill and shore,
But we'll meet no more forever,
Till our toll with life is o'er.
She to whom thy vows were plighted,
Weeps in anguish o'er thy tomb,
Her early hours by death are blighted,
Stands she in the world alone.
But one day we'll stand beside thee;
Something says so in the heart,
Mother—brother—and thy loved one,
Then we'll meet no more to part.
Written by a Brother,
So. Woburn, Mass., Jan. 22, 1865.

Piano Forte Instruction.

Miss JULIA A. SULLIVAN respectfully announces to parents, guardians, and others who desire instruction upon the Piano Forte for their children or wards, that she is prepared to teach the instrument. She refers to Mrs. Dr. Ephraim Cutter, to whom application should be made. Terms, \$10.00 or \$12.00 for 20 lessons, according to the place where the lessons are given.
Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1864.—3m

CHALLENGE!

Something New and Unrivalled!

COUNIHAN'S WATER PROOF COMPOSITION, FOR BOOTS, SHOES, AND HARNESES.

Rendering them perfectly impervious to the wet, either snow or salt water, restoring the life and durability of the leather, making it perfectly soft and pliable. The inventor is a practical Currier, and he challenges the world to produce its equal.

The attention of Horse Railroad Companies, Stable Keepers, Expressmen, Farmers, and others, is called to the fact, that the Composition is put up in cans for Harnesses, Carriage Tops, &c. A can will save at least \$30 in the durability and neatness of one Harness. To Boot Manufacturers we say, for Treating Boots it is unequalled. Try it.

Retail price 30 cents per box, to be had of the Agents, AUGUSTUS ROUNDY, Woburn; C. H. MONTAGUE, Stoneham; W. W. ALLEN & SON, 32 Faneuil Hall square; MELROSE, STURGEON & CO., Nos. 39 and 41 Congress street; J. W. BARNARD, 77 and 79 Haver street, Boston.

Call for it in every shoe store, and take no other.

Agents Wanted in every City and Town in the U. S. and Canada.

Manufactured by EDWARD COUNIHAN, Charlestown, Mass.

Feb 25-51*

Enoch Arden; Boiled Down.

BY "JAMES SMITH."

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden
Both were "spoons" to Annie Lee;
Phil did not full-fill her notions,
She preferred to mate with E.

Him she wedded, and she bore him
Pretty little children three;
But becoming short of rhino,
Enoch went away to sea.

Leaving Mrs. Arden owner
Of a well-stocked village shop,
Selling butter, soap, and treading,
Beeswax, shipboard, lollipop.

Ten long years she waited for him,
But he neither came nor wrote,
Wherefore she concluded Enoch
Could no longer be afloat.

So when Philip came to ask her
If she would be Mrs. Ray,
She, believing she was widowed,
Could not say her suitor "nay."

And a second time was married,
Gave up selling bread and cheese,
And in due time Philip nursed a
Little Ray upon his knees.

But alas! the long lost Enoch
Turn'd up unexpected-ly,
And was vastly disconcerted
By this act of bigamy.

Yet reflecting on the subject,
He determined to atone
For his lengthened absence from her
By just leaving well alone.

Taking to his bed he dwindle
Down to nothing but a shade,
Settled with his good landlady,
Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered
How poor Enoch's life had ended,
They came out in a handsome style,
And gave his corpse a funeral send.

This is all I know about it,
If it's not sufficient, write
By next mail to Alfred Tenny-
son, P. L., the Isle of Wight.

[Melbourne Punch.]

A good assortment of
SCISSORS,
F. B. DODGE'S.

Feb 4-51

PETROLEUM!!

COLL J. TURNER,
118 WATER STREET,
NEW YORK,
Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE
DIVIDEND PAYING
PETROLEUM
OIL COMPANIES:

Parties desirous of making investments in
These Money-making Schemes,
may rely upon his knowledge of the various
Companies, and for his integrity and business
qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Edi-
tor of this paper, and to

MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER,
107 & 109 STATE STREET,
Boston.
dec 31-3m

Encourage trade in its legitimate
Channels.

SCHENK'S SYRUP,
SCHENK'S SEA WEED TONIC,
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER,
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
WISTAR'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY,
Poland's White Pine Compound,
and all the popular Medicinal preparations of
the day for sale at the lowest market rates by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed,

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN,
State of Massachusetts, 25th day of Feb. 1865.

To obtain any of these letters, the ap-
plicant must call for "advertisements," give the
date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising.
If not called for within one month, they will be
sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Algan Kate Mrs
Butler Edward
Conroy Mary E Miss
Doherty Michael
Fenby Michael
Grigley James
Johnson Louisa
Jones Mary P Mrs
Knight John H
Leonard E E Miss 2
Leonard Nellie Miss
Osgood Mary A Mrs
Parker Mary Mrs
Reed Julia Miss
Sawtelle M E Miss
Thompson Harriet Mrs
Thompson Nellie Miss
Wier Mary A Miss
Warren Minerva Miss
Clegh Hannah Mrs
Gillmore Alice M
Stiles Oliver C
Welsh Ellen Mrs
Wright Jane E Mrs
Young Alonzo P

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.

Positively for one night only.

Monday Eve'g, Feb. 27th,
"THAT COMICAL BROWN,"
vocalist, humorist, author, composer and comic
delineator, respectfully announces one of his
UNIQUE CONCERTS as above, on which occa-
sion he will be assisted by the favorite and talent-
ed contralto vocalist,
MISS ERMINIA AUGUSTA MARSH,
and also by the eminent baritone and author,
HARRY W. CANTERBURY.

An entire new programme will be presented, em-
bracing many of Mr. Brown's new and original
comic songs, new tris, duets, ballads, burlesque
phenomenological lecture, new Yankee eccentricities,
&c. For full particulars, see programmes, one of
which will be left at every house in the village.

TICKETS, 25 Cents.
Doors open at 7: Concert to commence
at 7 1-2 o'clock.

E. M. EUSTIS, Agent.
Woburn, Feb. 25, 1865.

Administrator's Sale of Real and Personal Property.

IN SOUTH READING.
BY virtue of a License from the Judge of
Probate for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, Feb. 25th, 1865, at two o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the homestead of the late Thomas Skinner, consisting of a two story Dwelling House, in good repair, Stable, with a good col-
lar, out buildings, &c. There is about two acres of excellent land connected with the buildings, with good bearing Fruit Trees.

The above property is situated on Salem street, about one mile from the R. R. depot, half a mile from churches, and in a pleasant neighborhood.

Also, at the same time and place, Household Furniture, Farming Tools, &c. &c.

Conditions at sale.

DANIEL ALLEN, Administrator.
South Reading, Feb. 21st, 1865. feb25-3t

EDITOR OF THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR:—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free) a Receipt with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm that will effectually remove in two days, Pimples, Blisters, Tan, Freckles and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads, or Bare Faces, simple directions and in-
formation that will enable them to start a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, or a Moustache, in less than thirty days.

All applications answered by return mail with-
out charge.

Respectfully yours,
THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
831 Broadway, New York.
Feb 25-3m

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale, given in a mortgage made by David F. Ingalls, of Newton to Adolphus Smith, recorded with Middlesex Reg-
istry of Deeds, Book 824, page 129, and for breach of condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public Auction, upon the premises, on TUESDAY, March 7th, at 4 o'clock, P. M., a lot of land lying in West Newton, containing about twelve hundred feet, and described as follows: viz: Com-
mencing at the northeasterly corner, by land of said Smith and land of Michael Smith, and running westerly by land of said Smith, thence southerly by land of said Smith to road leading to Auburn-
dence, thence by said road to said land, thence northerly by land of said Tafe to bound first mentioned, to place of beginning, or however far the line bounded. For more particular description of premises, see mortgage upon record.

Per Order of
ADOLPHUS SMITH, Mortgagee.
S. W. SMITH, Auctioneer.
West Newton, Feb. 15th, 1865. feb15-3t

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscrib-
er has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of DANIEL YOUNG, Junior, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are re-
quested to exhibit the same; and all persons in-
debted to said estate are called upon to make pay-
ment to the undersigned.

LYDIA A. YOUNG, Adm'r.
Woburn, February 14th, 1865. feb15-3t

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Two Houses and one Houselet, pleasantly
located on Church Street—one House con-
taining seven finished rooms in good repair, and
supplied by a spring. The other House contains
four rooms with a small shed attached.

For further particulars inquire of C. H. BLAIS-
DELL, on the premises, or of JACOB MUNROE,
of Burlington.

jan28-tf

L. H. ALLEN, FUNERAL UNDERTAKER,
FURNISHES at his Warehouse, four doors
north of depot, Caskets of all sizes and
qualities. Black Walnut, Mahogany, White Wood,
and Pine coffins, of every size and price. Plates
of various styles, and Plain and Fancy Handles.
Fluted, Cashmere, Colored, Lawn, Muslin, and
Cambric Shrouds. Metallic Caskets furnished at
the shortest notice. Everything furnished at the
lowest living prices.


The subscriber having received from the Board
of Selectmen the appointment of Funeral Un-
dertaker for the town, now offers to the public his
new and elegant HEARSE, which has been man-
ufactured expressly to his order, and which he will
furnish with one or a pair of horses, at the usual
price.

He likewise offers the new invention for pre-
serving the bodies of deceased persons by cold air
stone, without the direct application of ice, which
is so repugnant to the feelings. When preserved
by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any mo-
ment the features of the departed, and the corpse
will keep much longer than in the ordinary way.

The subscriber would take this opportunity to
thank his patrons for the liberal patronage he has
hitherto received, and hopes with his new in-
vention to continue to give his customers the
highest satisfaction.

All orders answered with promptness, and Coff-
ins delivered within ten miles free of expense.

L. H. ALLEN.
Woburn Center, March 4, 1864.—25-6m



GET Hovey's HAIR BALM,
AT
O. S. ADKINS'

U. S. 7-30 LOAN

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury,
the undersigned has assumed the General Sub-
scription Agency for the sale of United States
Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths
per cent. interest, per annum, known as the
SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of August 15th,
1864, and are payable three years from that
time, in currency, or are convertible at the option
of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.
Gold-Bearing Bonds

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine
per cent., including gold interest from Nov.,
which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan,
at current rates, including interest, about ten per
cent. per annum, besides its exemption from State
and municipal taxation, which adds from one, to
three per cent. more, according to the rate
levied on other property. The interest is payable
semi-annually by coupons attached to each note,
which may be cut off and sold to any bank or
banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.	
Two cents " " " \$100 "	
Ten " " " \$500 "	
20 " " " \$1000 "	
\$1 " " " \$5000 "	

Notes of all the denominations named will be
promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is con-
fidently expected that its superior advantages will
make it the

Great Popular loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 remain unsold, which
will probably be disposed of within the next 60
or 90 days, when the notes will undoubtedly com-
mand a premium, as has uniformly been the case
on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section
of the country may be afforded facilities for
taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks,
and Private Bankers throughout the country have
generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par.
Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom
they have confidence, and who only are to be re-
sponsible for the delivery of the notes for which
they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

Subscriptions will be received by the
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WOBURN.
feb25-2m

THE GREAT
German Heilmittel,
WILL POSITIVELY CURE
**CATARRH,
BRONCHITIS,
COUGHS,
COLDS,**
AND THE FIRST STAGES OF
CONSUMPTION.

IT IS A SURE PREVENTATIVE FOR
DIPHTHERIA.

This remedy is prepared by a regular Physi-
cian of fifteen years' experience, and an
extensive practice in diseases of the Pulmo-
nary mucous membrane, prescribing constantly
the Heilmittel with unfailing success, thus
curing thousands who, in vain, have ex-
hausted every other means to obtain relief. A
few of the many certificates of cures in the
possession of the Doctor are here annexed,
which the reader is desired to peruse. They
are not certificates of the dead, or names of
those who never existed, but parties well
known in Boston and vicinity.

To the PUBLIC.—My wife, having been
afflicted with cough for years, attended lat-
terly with a bad cough, having used many
remedies and tried the treatment of several of
our best medical men without success, I was
induced by my friends to try the Great Ger-
man Heilmittel. To my surprise, her cough
ceased at once, her catarrh melted away, and
now she is radically cured. With the cure of
the catarrh, all the symptoms attending this
disagreeable disease, such as discharges from
the nose and dripping into the throat, hawk-
ing, etc., etc., all disappeared. I would not
be without this invaluable remedy, and
advise every one afflicted with coughs, colds,
or catarrh, to try it. They will certainly find
it a cure.

J. H. SILSBY.
Newton Corner, Mass., Jan. 1, 1865, former-
ly of the Winthrop House, Boston.

The Great German Heilmittel has cured an
obstinate cough with which my family and
myself have been troubled, and, in spite of
our efforts, could not get cured. The cure
was effected in the remarkably short time of
two days.

My neighbor, Mrs. Merrill, had a child who
was suffering with a cough, and bleeding from
the lungs, and to them, also, I gave part of a
bottle. She reports a perfect cure of her
child by this remarkable remedy, the Great
German Heilmittel.

THEODORE COLLAMORE.
Cambridgeport, Jan. 1, 1865.

My little son was afflicted for a year or
more with a bad cough. Having lost my
husband with consumption, I was consequent-
ly fearful of losing my child by the same dis-
ease. My friends and physicians who saw
my child, pronounced it already consumption.
Although somewhat discouraged by these
counsels, I tried my best to save him, and I
am happy to state that I was successful by the
use of the German Heilmittel. My son's
cough disappeared, his general health im-
proved, and gained strength, and subsequent-
ly was radically cured, and has remained so
for the last two years, not even having the
cough return.

MRS. J. L. LANG,
No. 10 Bedford street, Boston, Mass.

I think if I had not used the Great Ger-
man Heilmittel, I should have certainly been
dead long ago. All that ever cured my
catarrh and saved me from consumption, I
owe to this invaluable remedy.

ROBERT WRIGHT.
Hartford, Conn.

The Great German Heilmittel has cured me
of a severe cough which almost ran me into
consumption—thanks to the Heilmittel—I
am now perfectly well.

WM. B. FISKE,
24th St. N. Y.

SELECTMEN'S OFFICE,
Woburn, Feb. 2d, 1865.

All persons having demands
against the Town of Woburn,
are requested to present the same for
settlement, before the first day of
March, 1865.

By order of the Board of
Selectmen.
A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.
feb11-3t

"ANNO DOMINI," 1865.
THE
**WOBURN
BOOKSTORE,**
SPARROW HORTON,
Proprietor.

Has constantly on hand and for sale, a GOOD
assortment of New and Standard BOOKS of
Fact and Fiction, SCHOOL BOOKS of all kinds,
BIBLES, TESTAMENTS,
HYMN BOOKS,
and SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.
Sets of Juvenile and Toy Books for young people,
ALMANACS and DIARIES, and the various
MAGAZINES and NEWSPAPERS
that are published. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
in rich or plain binding for the table or pocket.
TIN TYPE, AUTOGRAPH and LADIES' AL-
BUMS. SHEET MUSIC of Popular Songs and
Tunes, ENGRAVINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, and
PHOTOGRAPHY.

PRANG'S ALBUM PICTURES,
in Oil Colors, of
AUTUMN LEAVES, BIRDS & BUTTERFLIES,
FRUITS & FLOWERS, WOOD & SEA MOTIFS,
LANDSCAPES, FUNNY CHARACTERS, &c.
PICTURE FRAMES, Oval, Rustic and Square.
(Pictures framed to order promptly,) and PIC-
TURE CORD. PORTFOLIOS and WRITING
DESKS, BACKGAMMON and CHECKER
BOARDS, PLAYING CARDS, and numerous
GAMES.

ACCOUNT BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
and—
MEMORANDUMS.

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE STAMPS, &c.
A LARGE supply of STATIONERY, includ-
ing ENVELOPES of all sizes, from Billet to
Official WRITING PAPER, from Billet to
Foolscap and Bill Paper.

BLACK, RED & BLUE INK.
"A. MORTON'S" GOLD PENS, STEEL PENS
and QUILLS, PENHOLDERS and PENCILS, in
all varieties, and many other articles, too num-
erous to mention. FANCY GOODS and TOYS in
great variety. A good selection of PAPER
HANGINGS, consisting of HOUSE PAPERS of
latest patterns, BORDERES and WINDOW
SHADES.

The above named Goods are all bought for
CASH, and therefore will be sold LOW.

FOR CASH ONLY.
Persons in Woburn and vicinity are in-
vited to call, examine and purchase.
Main street, Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1865.

THE GREAT
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WILL POSITIVELY CURE
**CATARRH,
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am now perfectly well.

WM. B. FISKE,
24th St. N. Y.

My wife has suffered with catarrh and
bronchitis for years. About a year ago last
winter, she was completely run down in
strength, and my physician pronounced her
case consumption. Being anxious to do all
that could be done for her, I bought a bottle
of the German Heilmittel. By the use of
the very first bottle, my wife began to im-
prove, and after using but six bottles of it,
entirely recovered her health. I consider
myself very fortunate in trying this remedy,
and deem it my duty to recommend it to all
who are suffering with even the slightest cold
or cough.

EBEN S. NASH,
Wrentham, Mass.

Having used the Great German Heilmittel
in my family, and prescribed it in my prac-
tice, with the very best of success in the
treatment of coughs, colds, catarrh, bron-
chitis, I can but recommend it to the public
as a safe and speedy cure for the above named
diseases.

J. Q. A. FRENCH, M. D.
Hillsboro, N. H.

I have used the German Heilmittel for a
bad case of Catarrh, attended with a distress-
ing cough, with perfect success, and can but
recommend it to the public as the best rem-
edy for the above mentioned complaint.

NEWELL TOWLE,
Riding Academy, 416 Washington St. Boston.

The Great German Heilmittel
Is for Sale by all Druggists.

PRICE PER BOTTLE
\$2.00.
WEEKS & POTTER,
No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

General Agents,
For sale in Woburn by
William C. Brigham,
— AND —
Elbridge Trull.
feb4-3m

Sparrow Horton,
FIRE & LIFE
"Insurance Agent."

PENSIONS, Bounty, Back Pay and
other Claims on United States, obtained
promptly.

Passage Tickets between Liverpool and Boston,
per steamer or sailer, for sale. Also,
Drafts for £1 Sterling and upwards,
payable in ENGLAND, IRELAND or SCOTLAND.
Office at "WOBURN BOOKSTORE."
Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1865. 1y

MRS. HALE
Has a good assortment of
YARNS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
— ALSO —
BLUE, GRAY, RED,
and
FANCY FLANNELS,
LADIES & GENT'S SCARFS,
DRESS BUTTONS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!!

Round Combs,
Back Combs,
Waterfall Combs,
Hair Brushes,
Toilet Soaps,
— ALSO —
BREAKFAST SHAWLS,
SONTAGS, CLOUDS, HOODS!
— AND —
SKATING CAPS.
Also a nice line of
DRESS GOODS!
Cheap for the Times!!

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.
The undersigned, grateful for past fa-
vors, would solicit the
ATTENTION
— OF —
PERSONS IN WANT OF CLOTHING
to the Stock he has bought of Newell
Stiles.

THE STOCK OF
Overcoats and Heavy Goods
MUST BE SOLD!
and will be sold for CASH at
Less than Wholesale Prices!!

THE STOCK OF
FURNISHING GOODS!
HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,
EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES,
and is worthy of the attention of the most fasti-
dious.

J. W. HAMMOND,
Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65. 3m

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
Washington, January 24th, '65.

Whereas, satisfactory evidence presented to the
undersigned, it has been made to appear that the
First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of
Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State
of Massachusetts, has been duly organized under
and according to the requirements of the Act of
Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National
Currency, secured by a pledge of United States
bonds, and to provide for the circulation and re-
demption thereof," approved June third,
1864, and has complied with all the
provisions of said Act, required to be com-
plied with before commencing the business of
Banking under said Act.

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptrol-
ler of the Currency, do hereby certify that the
First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of
Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State
of Massachusetts, is authorized to commence the
business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and
seal of office this 24th day of January, 1865.

HUGH MCCULLOCK,
Comptroller of the Currency.

jan28-9t

MRS. M. E. FIELD,
MILINERY ROOMS,
BANK BUILDING,
WOBURN, MASS.

Rooms closed every evening (Saturdays
excepted), at 6 o'clock, until the 1st of April.
feb11-tf

HUNNEWELL'S
Universal Cough Remedy.

There is, probably, no line of diseases which
has been more erroneously treated than Throat
and Lung Complaints.

There is also no receipt written, nor a prepa-
ration before the public for the above complaints,
that does not contain Ipecac, Antimony, Lobelia,
or Opium, in some form or other, which I claim
to be entirely unnecessary in nine tenths of such
cases, as they produce nausea, cause the stomach
to reject food, and allow disease to triumph over
what nature requires to keep up strength.

Again, these objectionable components cause
disease to be placed so far apart, that the irritation
which causes the cough gets the upper hand, and
its free use after the cough is checked, to clear
away all remaining irritation, and make the cure
perfect.

Cases of most violent Sore Throat, with all the
symptoms of Diphtheria have been entirely cured
by making a constant use of the Cough Remedy
as a Gargle. For Hoarseness it is invaluable.

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, PROPRIETOR,
Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass.

For Sale by all dealers in Medicines. Sold in
Woburn, by W. C. Brigham, in Winchester, by
Geo. P. Brown. feb15-1m

PERFUMERY.
LUBINS, JACQUES, WRIGHTS,
PHILIPS, and HUBBARD'S
Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty
different odors. For sale by
sept 10 **W. C. BRIGHAM.**

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,

A Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the
Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel and Dropsical Swellings.
This Medicine increases the powers of digestion, and
excites the absorbents into healthy action, by which the
watery or calcareous depositions, and all unnatural en-
largements are reduced, as well as pain and inflammation,
and is good for men, women and children.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

For weakness arising from Excess, Habits of Disipa-
tion, Early Indulgence, attended with the following
Symptoms:

Indisposition to Exercise,	Loss of Power,
Loss of Memory,	Difficulty of Breathing,
Weak Nerves,	Trembling,
Horror of Disease,	Wakenings,
Dizziness of Vision,	Pain in the Back,
Hot Hands,	Flushing of the Face,
Dryness of the Skin,	Exhaustion of Force,
Universal Lassitude,	Pallid Countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on (which this Medi-
cine invariably removes), soon follow—
FATIGUE, EPILEPTIC FITS, &c.,
in one of which the patient may expire. Who can say
they are not frequently followed by these "dreadful dis-
eases?"

INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION?
Many are aware of the cause of the latter afflicting, but none
will confess. The records of the insane asylums and the
melancholy deaths by consumption bear ample witness to
the truth of this assertion.

The Constitution, once affected by organic weakness,
requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate
the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU
invariably does. A trial will convince the most sceptical.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

AND
IMPROVED ROSE WASH
Cures Secret Diseases
In all their stages. Little expense, little or no change of
diet, no inconvenience, and NO EXPOSURE.

137 No Family should be without it.

Take no Balsam, Mercury, or unpleasant medicine for
unpleasant and dangerous diseases.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
AND
IMPROVED ROSE WASH
Cures Secret Diseases
In all their stages. Little expense, little or no change of
diet, no inconvenience, and NO EXPOSURE.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

Is the Great Diuretic.
And it is certain to have the desired effect in all diseases
for which it is recommended.

HELMBOLD'S ROSE WASH,
An excellent Lotion for diseases arising from habits of
disipation, used in connection with the Extracts Buchu
and Sarsaparilla, in such diseases as recommended. Evi-
dence of the most responsible and reliable character will
accompany the medicines. Also explicit directions for
use, with hundreds of thousands living witnesses, and
upwards of 25,000 uncollected certificates and recommenda-
tory letters, many of which are from the highest sources,
including eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Statesmen, &c.
The Proprietor has never resorted to their publication in
the newspapers; he does not do this from the fact that his
articles rank as Standard Preparations, and do not need to
be proved up by certificates.

The Science of Medicine, like the Parle Column, should stand
simple, pure, majestic, having faith for its basis,
Induction for its pillar, and Truth alone for its Capital.

HELMBOLD'S ROSE WASH,

My Extract Sarsaparilla is a Blood Purifier; my Extract
Buchu is a Diuretic, and will act as such in all cases.

Both are prepared on purely scientific principles—
neither are the most active medicines of either that
can be made. A ready and conclusive test will be a com-
parison of their properties with those set forth in the fol-
lowing words:

See Dispensatory of the United States.
See Professor Dewees' valuable works on the Practice
of Physic.

See remarks made by the celebrated Dr. Parson, Phila.
See remarks made by Dr. Erasmus McNewman, a cele-
brated Physician and Member of the Royal College of
Surgeons, Ireland, and published in the Transactions of
the King and Queen's Journals.

See Medical-Chirurgical Review, published by Parry &
Travers, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.
See most of the late standard works on Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
Address letters for information, in confidence, to
H. T. HELMBOLD, Chemist,
PRINCIPAL DEPOT—
Helmbold's Drug and Chemical Warehouse,
No. 594 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, and
Helmbold's Medical Depot,
No. 104 SOUTH TENTH ST. PHILADELPHIA.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
ASK FOR HELMBOLD'S!
TAKE NO OTHER!

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIV : : No. 23.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

The Missionary.

A Sailor Story.—By Rev. J. S. C. Abbot.

The following story of a seaman was recently related to the writer. Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor dropped anchor at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbors at that Island. We had been months upon the ocean without seeing any land. And when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of the isles rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some region of fairy enchantment. We soon, however, found that we were still in the world of sin and woe, for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe, the revolting scene, the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed worse than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall on the head of his antagonist, and as he fell lifeless to the ground, his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of the deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or for some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbor to collect some fuel. I was sent with the party. We landed upon a beautiful beach, upon which a heavy surf was rolling. The savage scene we had witnessed, so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay, that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind angry clouds which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage men, warriors, with their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship the captain had informed us that an English Missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before, in his solitary home, and it was very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavor to find the missionary and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where, for some time, we heard the loud shouts of savages either in conflict or revelry. We cautiously approached the sounds, till we beheld a large war party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length, came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night fire of the savage New Zealander, or from the lamp of the Christian missionary, we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window. And when, through that window, we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one child, kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds.

Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise of the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors

enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor that night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety about her sailor boy in his first voyage. The scene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict with the remembrance of his hideous and fiend-like outcries, all united so to oppress my spirit that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning, a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me then, that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved us uninjured in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary, they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had for our retinue, a troop of rioting savages, brandishing their bloody war clubs over our heads, to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger very great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it further upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly of permitting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrance of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf.

As we rode from the shore, and looked back upon this devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and the days, weeks and months he must there pass in thankless labors, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach, and point the finger of scorn towards the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered this same harbor. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were to be seen New Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlors, sanctified by morning and evening prayers. The untiring efforts of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world. And the emotions of deep compassion with which I regarded him, when we left him on the beach alone with the savages, were transformed into sentiments of admiration and almost envy in view of his achievements. All other labors seemed trivial compared with his. And then I felt, and still feel, that if any man can lie down with joy upon a dying bed, it is he who can look back upon a life successfully devoted to raising a savage people to the comforts, refinements, and virtues of a Christian life.—[N. Y. Evangelist.]

MODERN MEANS OF INFORMATION.—It may be worth the while to pause a moment and contrast the present means of information with the restrictions that curbed the human mind within the lapse of a comparatively short period. Who will look over the library of some antiquarian, will detect a corpulent compilation of leaves which are fashioned of parchment and the chirography painfully couched by the human hand.

During the middle ages, the learning of

Europe was almost entirely confined to the denizens of monasteries. With the arrogance of ignorance, the proud lordlings would superciliously summon the shaven priest to their presence when the necessity arose for the transmission of some written message. A military adventure or the song of some errant minstrel, were the only means of knowledge of lands beyond their own. Of the great Past, with its throbs of enterprise and glory, men and women knew nothing save from hazy legend. The intellect was torpid, and greed and revenge and tyranny and lust were the controlling passions. It is a matter of wonderment, the topics of conversation in palace or bower in those dark and untutored days. The mental gloom was Cimmerian. Beneath the belted warrior and the courtly dame, the great masses were serfs, whose possessions and lives were at the beck of their self-constituted superiors.

We too there has been some change since that gloomy period. To be sure the Arcadian vision of old dreamers has not been realized; for there are poverty and crime and remorse in the most favored sections. Yet in civilized lands, at the present moment there is no attitude or phase of the human family that excludes any character of information. Learning, however abstruse and complicated, is forced upon every comprehension, however reluctant. Say, if you please, there are regions where adults have been unable to secure a knowledge of their native written tongue. The interfusing and contact of their intelligent fellows force upon them the accretions of their superiors. There is not a same man in the United States, who has not pretty accurate knowledge of planetary movements, and the laws of tides and seasons. He knows much of the geography of the earth, and of the habits and manners and governmental theories of all nations.

The printed sheet is as accessible and penetrable as the atmosphere. Very widely diffused is the modern gazette—become as much a necessity to the humblest and forlorn as the morning meal; and how diversified are its teachings! It has literary breathings from the most polished of every land. It utters every manner of scientific research. It gives the reverberation of distant wars, and the quarrels and amenities of the potentates of the earth. It engorges us with the past, with its deeds of daring and crime. It reveals the present as if by the unfolding of a scroll. Through its columns the electric wire pulsates, obliterating space, communicating the most distant event the moment of its transpiration.

The press has become to the people of our generation as was Mephistopheles to the German Faust, conveying all manner and variety of wisdom. It multiplies volumes with greater rapidity than the ephemeral insects their brood of myriads. So far as the dissemination of learning and fact is concerned, it is no harm to be plunged in the gulf of penury. Information is upon the wings of each breeze. It has no cloister now. Front de Boeuf, had he lived and rioted and oppressed in our day, could have found a "Clerk" to pen his missile in the first ragged urchin in his pathway.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A rebel prisoner asked a clean shirt for his young comrade, whose fresh but blood-stained bandages told of a recent amputation just above the knee. One of the Sanitary Commission gave the shirt, but said the boy must first be washed. "Who will do that?" "Oh, any of those women yonder." A kind looking woman from Philadelphia was asked if she was willing to wash a rebel prisoner. "Certainly," was the prompt reply. "I have a son in the Union army, and I would like to have somebody wash him."

With towel and water in a tin basin she cheerfully walked through the mud to the tent. Careful not to disturb the amputated leg, she gently removed the old shirt, and began to wash him; but the tenderness of a mother's heart was at work, and she began to cry over him, saying that she imagined she was washing her own son. This was more than he could bear. He too, began to weep, and to ask God to bless her for her kindness to him. The scene was too much for the bystanders, and they left the Northern mother and the Southern son to their sacred grief, wishing that tears could blot out the sin of this rebellion, and the blood of this unnatural war.

HORSE-HAIR JUSTICE.—Says S. G. Goodrich, "I once knew a boy, in the old time of Webster's Grammar, who found this definition in his book: 'A noun is the name of a thing: as horse, hair, justice.' But he chanced to misconceive it, and read it thus: 'A noun is the name of a thing; as, horse-hair justice.' He was of a reflective turn; and long he pondered over the wonderful mysteries of a noun. But in vain; he could not make it out. It so happened that his father was a justice of the peace; and, one day, when the boy went home the old gentleman was holding a justice's court. There he sat, in state, among a crowd of people, on an old-fashioned, horse-hair settee. A new light suddenly broke in upon our young hero's mind. 'My father,' said he mentally, 'is a horse-hair justice, and, therefore, a noun!'

Interesting Questions and Answers relative to the 7.30 U. S. Loan.

Mr. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, who for so long a time had the management of the popular 500 million 5.20 Loan, has just been appointed by Secretary Fessenden, the General Agent to dispose of the only popular Loan now offered for sale by the Government, viz.: the "Seven-Thirty."

In entering upon his duties he desires to answer plainly the large number of questions daily and hourly propounded to him, so that his fellow-countrymen may all understand what this "Seven-Thirty Loan" is—what are its peculiar merits,—how they can subscribe for or obtain the notes, &c.

1st Question. Why is this Loan called the "Seven-Thirty" Loan?

Answer. It bears interest, in currency, at the rate of Seven Dollars and thirty cents, each year, on every hundred dollars; making the interest as follows:

One cent per day on each	\$ 50 note.
Two cents " " "	100 "
Ten " " " "	500 "
Twenty " " " "	1,000 "
One dollar " " "	5,000 "

2d Question. When and how can they be obtained?

Answer. They are for sale, at par, and accrued interest, by all Sub-Treasuries, National and other Banks, and all Bankers and Brokers.

3d Question. When is the interest payable and how can it be collected?

Answer. The Coupons or Interest Tickets are due 15th of February and 15th of August in each year, and can be cut off from the note, and will be cashed by any Sub-Treasurer, U. S. Depository, National or other Bank or Broker.

4th Question. When must the Government pay off these 7.30s?

Answer. They are due in two years and a half from the 15th of February, 1865; viz.: on the 15th of August, 1867.

5th Question. Must I receive back my money as soon as 1867?

Answer. No! not unless you yourself prefer to do so—the law gives you the right to demand from the Government, at that time, either your money or an equal amount at par, of the famous and popular 5.20 Gold Bearing 6 per cent. Loan.

6th Question. How much do you consider this privilege of conversion, into 5.20 Loan to be worth?

Answer. 5.20s bearing Gold Interest from 1st of November, are to-day worth 9 per cent. premium. If they are worth no more at the end of the two years and a half, when you have a right to them, than they now are, this premium added to the interest you receive, will give you at least 10 per cent. per annum for your money—but the opinion is that they will be worth more than 9 per cent. premium at that time.

7th Question. What other advantage is there in investing in the 7.30 Loan?

Answer. It cannot be taxed by States, Counties, or Cities, and this adds from one to three per cent. per annum to the net income of the holder, according to the rate of taxation in various localities. All bonds and stocks, except those of the United States, and all mortgages, &c., are taxed, not only by the Government, but by States, Counties and Cities.

8th Question. How does the Government raise the money to pay the interest, and is it safe and sure?

Answer. The Government collects, by taxes internal revenue, and duties on imports, fully three hundred millions each year. This is nearly three times as much as is needed to pay the interest on all the debt, and as soon as the war is ended, the amount not needed to pay the interest will be used in paying off the debt. Our Government has twice paid off all its debt, and can easily do so again. The interest is sure to be paid promptly, and the debt itself is the very safest investment in the world. It is as safe as a mortgage on a good farm, and pays a better interest. It is, in fact, a First Mortgage on all lands, all incomes, all railroad and canal bonds, and bank or other stocks, mortgages, &c.

Nothing can be safer, for we are all bound for it, and all that we have is firmly held for the payment of principal and interest. How foolish those people are, who keep their gold and greenbacks idle and locked up, or purchase mortgages or railroad stocks and bonds, which pay only 5 or 6 per cent interest, when these Seven-Thirties pay (counting the premium on Five-Twenties) over ten per cent., and are so much safer and surer.

9th Question. How many seven-thirties are there, and how many remain unsold.

Answer. There are only about three

hundred and twenty-five millions authorized by law, and only about one hundred and ninety millions remain unsold.

10th Question. How long will it take you to sell the balance?

Answer. There are about 800 National Banks all engaged in selling them; also a large number of the old banks, and at least three thousand private bankers and brokers, and special agents will be engaged in all parts of the country in disposing of them to the people.

11th Question. How long will it take to sell the whole?

Answer. In less than three months they will be all sold, and will no doubt then sell at a premium, as was the case with the old Seven-Thirties, the first Twenty-Year Loan, and the Five-Twenties.

The above questions and answers, it is believed, will give full information to all. If not, the General Subscription Agent, or any of the Banks or Bankers employed to sell the Loan, will be glad to answer all questions, and to furnish the Seven-Thirties in small or large sums (as the notes are issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000,) and to render it easy for all to subscribe—thus fulfilling the instructions of Mr. Fessenden, who earnestly desires that the people of the whole land, (as well as the capitalists,) shall have every opportunity afforded them of obtaining a portion of this most desirable investment.

Let none delay, but Subscribe at once, through the Nearest Responsible Bank or Bankers.

HOW EVERY MAN MAY RAISE HIS OWN PEACHES.—To raise my own peaches I proceed as follows: I commence by digging the earth away from one side of the tree, at the distance of about 12 or 15 inches, deep enough to sever all the roots that interfere with my object. Running the spade also under the tree, so as to cut all the roots that descend vertically, the tree is in a condition to be bent over on one side and laid flat on the ground. Several of the stronger lateral roots on that side are not cut at all, only curved upward somewhat as the tree reaches the ground. This does not injure them. The branches of the tree being brought as close to the earth as possible, they are still further flattened down by laying an old post or some similar weight upon them, care being used not to break the limbs. The object is to get the top of the tree pretty close to the surface. A mound of earth is then raised over the upturned roots, so as to prevent their freezing in the open air, and the fruit bearing wood is covered lightly with some kind of litter, enough to conceal them mostly, but not so heavily as to furnish a harbor for mice. I use my old tomato or cucumber vines, potato tops, asparagus stalks, or any thing of that kind. My trees are now ready to be covered with snow as soon as winter sets in, which I keep piled over the whole top of the tree from six inches to a foot in depth. This is all that is required. The whole process may be described under the title of burying your trees in the snow. Keep the snow on all winter, until it goes off in the spring, and your fruit buds will come out as fresh and lively as they were when laid down at first.

In the fore part of April, or after the buds began to show signs of starting, set your trees up again by clearing out the space on which they stand, so that the shortened roots will go back naturally to their proper position, and can be secured there by pressing the earth in around them, or throwing up an extra quantity around the base of the trunk. Trees thus treated will exhibit no signs of injury, but will grow as vigorously during the summer as though their roots had not been disturbed; I think however, the operation is a somewhat dwarfing one, but the health of the tree is not in the least affected.

To grow peaches in this way, I shall depend mostly upon young and small trees. When they get to be old and stiff it may be better to throw them out altogether and replant. As far as is practicable, the tree should be forced into a fan-shaped form. This brings the branches closer to the ground for covering. My old trees are now ten feet high, and measure ten or twelve through the branches at the widest. Instead of having a spindling growth from the ends of the limbs, they grow quite bushy, and have new wood within three or four feet of the surface. Trees set in the spring of 1863 have many hundreds of blossom buds on them, and may bear a peck of fruit. Trees set last spring have many blossom buds, and will produce as much fruit as it will be safe to allow the trees to bear.

I have tested this method two years in succession successfully, with complete success this last season. I tried several other experiments, which all failed, until in the fall of 1862 I bethought myself of this plan.—[Country Gentleman.]

"Crow, I want to ax a conundrum."—"Well, Julius, succeed, Ise open for the queshum."—"Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like de riber at low tide?"—"No, Julius, I dont see no similarity between de two subjects, so darfor I guvs um up?"—"Well, den, I'll tells you; it is simply becase it developes de muscles. You is de most ignominous nigger I nebber seed."—"Yah, yah! I knowed all de time what dat was, only I didn't want to say nuffin; jiss ax me agin and see if I can't told you."

"Mother, can't I go and have my picture taken?" "No, my child, I guess it isn't worth your while." "Well, then, you might let me have a tooth pulled; I never go anywhere."

U. S. 7-30 LOAN

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of August 15th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible, at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold-Bearing Bonds

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from Nov., which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one, to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two cents " " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " " \$500 "
20 " " " " \$1000 "
\$1 " " " " \$5000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next 60 or 90 days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, Philadelphia.
SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WOBURN.
Feb 25—2m

PETROLEUM!!

COLL J. TURNER,
118 WATER STREET,
NEW YORK,
Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE
DIVIDEND PAYING
PETROLEUM
OIL COMPANIES:

Parties desirous of making investments in
These Money-making Schemes,

may rely upon his knowledge of the various
Companies, and for his integrity and business
qualifications, he is permitted to refer to the Editor of this paper, and to

MESSRS. BANKER & CARPENTER,
107 & 109 STATE STREET,
Boston.
dec 31-3m

Sparrow Horton, FIRE & LIFE "Insurance Agent."

PENSIONS, Bounty, Back Pay and other Claims on United States, obtained promptly.
Passage Tickets between Liverpool and Boston, per steamer or sailer, for sale. Also,
Drafts for £1 Sterling and upwards, payable in ENGLAND, IRELAND or SCOTLAND.
Office at "WOBURN BOOKSTORE."
Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1865. ly

WHISKERS!!!—Those wishing a fine set of whiskers, a nice moustache, or a beautiful head of glossy hair, will please read the card of THOS. F. CHAPMAN in another part of this paper.
Feb 25—3m

The Middlesex Journal,

— AND —
WOBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

Charleston, South Carolina.

The glory of this city has passed, probably never to return. It has a history which will make it figure in future romances as well as histories. Before the American Revolution it was spoken of for its refinement and elegant hospitality, its libraries and good English. The houses many of them were tasteful and handsome, with spacious accommodations for the luxurious inmates and friends, who shared in the princely hospitalities. The servants caught the air of their masters and mistresses, and wore an aristocratical expression. Illustrious names, like Pinckney, Rutledge, Pickens, Hamilton, Hayne and Calhoun, either living there, or visitors belonging to the State over which they shed a lustre, are bound up in history with this city, now so large a portion of it consumed with fire, and banded, and broken, and bent, with the shells which night and day, for so many months and almost years, have been hurled in indignant remonstrance against her. What is she now, after so long and so born a defence, and conquered only by a threatened fire in the rear, but a heap of smouldering ruins, as if God's most heavy judgement had been upon her? "Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days? her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn."

Few will weep over her ruins in the North, although some will lament when they think of what she was in former days, before she lifted up herself in pride and arrogance, and sent war defiance to the whole nation. But among the fugitives abandoning the place, where their fathers and mothers and more distant ancestry lived and enjoyed and hoped, there will be bitter recollections and scalding tears of agony, when they think of the change, and the blotting out as it were of existence, of their beloved city, and they will take up the lamentation of old, "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the princesses, how is she become tributary! Her adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper; for the Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions: her children are gone into captivity before the enemy."

Among those driven away is the only surviving child of Charles C. Pinckney, a woman some ninety three years of age, a christian female of piety, high social position, and culture and benevolence. We can hardly suppose that such a woman, so descended from the friend of Washington and so familiar in the recollection of the most illustrious men of the Revolution, guests at her father's bountiful table, could for a moment rejoice in the measures taken to dissolve our Union.

No one can read the account of burning by the rebels, and the fearful explosion and loss of life at the time of evacuation, without sorrow, as no doubt the poorer classes, the aged men and the women, and children destroyed or mutilated were innocent and deserving of charity rather than of being involved in such a devastation, their little remaining property taken as they were trying to save it.

We can but look upon the destruction of Charleston, and the humiliation of its inhabitants as a just retribution of Almighty God upon the people, for leading the way in the horrid war which is upon us, and her ashes and desolation rise up before us to testify that the way of the transgressor is hard.

MILITARY ITEMS.

PROMOTIONS.—Lieut. L. Flint Wyman, of Woburn, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., late Assistant Provost Marshal at Rock Island, Illinois, has been promoted by the President to the rank of Captain, and has been assigned to Co. A, 2d U. S. Vols.

Lieut. Joseph S. Wyman, of Co. E, 32d Mass. Vols., has been promoted 1st Lieutenant.

DISCHARGED. Private James Doorley, of Woburn, Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., has been discharged, from wounds received at Spotsylvania, Va., May 8, 1864.

AT HOME.—1st Sergt. L. J. Shedd, of Woburn, Co. I, 3d Mass. Cavalry, returned home on Thursday of last week.

EXCHANGED PRISONERS.—1st Lieut. L. R. Tidd, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., has been released after a captivity of about six months in Rebel prisons.

Corp. Arthur B. Wyman, Co. K, 59th Mass. Vols. has also been released.

Instead of a sermon next Sunday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Fay will read Rev. Dr. J. F. Clarke's review of Ralph Waldo Emerson's religious position, as defined by himself in a recent address in Boston. Dr. Clarke first gave the review to his own society in Boston, as a Sunday evening lecture, and was requested to repeat it in the Hollis St. Church, by Gov. Andrew, Hon. A. H. Bullock, Rev. Dr. Neale, Rev. Mr. Manning, and many other distinguished men, and clergymen of different denominations.

VALUATION OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, as made by the State Valuation Committee, 1864:

TOWNS.	POLLS.	PROPERTY.	Tax on \$1000, incl'dg' polls at 1-2 mill ea.
Acton,	391	\$ 854,719	\$ 92
Ashby,	300	609,393	58
Ashland,	446	632,632	77
Bedford,	196	489,123	52
Belmont,	339	3,521,429	3 17
Billerica,	402	1,086,563	1 13
Boxborough,	119	238,592	26
Brighton,	903	3,812,694	3 60
Burlington,	171	408,136	43
Cambridge,	6294	25,897,971	25 21
Carlisle,	150	354,122	38
Charlestown,	6780	18,292,644	18 48
Chelmsford,	534	1,546,608	1 59
Concord,	521	1,658,881	1 67
Dracont,	500	1,109,304	1 20
Dunstable,	139	391,146	40
Frammingham,	1024	2,799,308	2 90
Groton,	750	1,553,920	1 70
Holliston,	827	1,592,682	1 69
Hopkinton,	948	1,595,257	1 84
Lexington,	554	1,747,459	1 77
Lincoln,	204	606,833	62
Littleton,	244	632,380	66
Lowell,	5,735	20,980,041	20 74
Malden,	1,644	4,940,431	4 27
Marlborough,	1,815	2,530,622	3 06
Medford,	1,268	5,491,054	5 31
Melrose,	667	1,704,583	1 79
Natick,	1,168	1,841,121	2 16
Newton,	2,036	9,800,738	9 37
North Reading,	291	677,389	61
Pepperell,	440	924,405	94
Reading,	589	1,293,056	1 40
Sherburne,	269	869,539	88
Shirley,	300	676,275	73
Somerville,	1,843	5,683,244	5 77
South Reading,	736	1,778,756	1 87
Stonham,	866	1,333,367	1 59
Stowe,	375	764,278	84
Sudbury,	398	1,052,778	1 10
Tewksbury,	281	747,624	78
Townsend,	528	737,352	89
Tyngsborough,	147	348,137	37
Waltham,	1,391	5,552,109	5 43
Watertown,	882	2,757,957	2 79
Wayland,	269	658,073	70
W. Cambridge,	714	2,833,684	2 77
Westford,	386	998,438	1 05
Weston,	302	1,103,274	1 09
Wilmington,	214	563,181	59
Winchester,	446	1,455,772	1 47
Woburn,	1992	4,986,549	5 25
No. of polls,	49,739	\$155,324,723	\$157 20

For the Journal.

Treat Your Horses Kindly.

A friend of mine who knows about all that is to be known concerning a horse, and moreover who takes his wits with him wherever he goes, observed that in the pictures of English horses trained for the race-course, the bodies are slender and finely proportioned. He turned the matter over carefully, reached a conclusion, took the hint and gave his horses considerably less than he had been accustomed to do. The result was, a very decided improvement every way, in appearance, speed and power to work. My friend keeps horses for driving, coaching and hard work on the farm, and the result of moderate feeding is equally satisfactory in every case—health and strength and speed gained and fodder saved.

It must be so. That which a horse eats goes to make muscle, and to promote strength, only up to a certain point. All that is eaten beyond that point makes superfluous flesh or fat, fills the animal up, crowding the vital organs, diminishes speed and increases the fatigue. And every horse will eat considerably more than he can turn to good account, if you will let him, even of dry hay. If you doubt, try it, diminishing, little by little, till you reduce your horse to cleaner proportions, and you will be more than satisfied. My horse weighs not far from 900, and eats, by weight, just ten pounds a day, of dry, uncut hay, and four quarts of oats, dry, or when much used, in carriage and saddle, six quarts of oats. I have found, by careful experiments, that this is the best thing I can do for my horse, in all kindness to the animal; and certainly it is good for the master, with hay at \$45, and all other food in proportion. J. C. B.

RAPID EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The exchange of prisoners of war goes on bravely. All the Richmond prisons have been emptied of their inmates. Arrangements have also been perfected for the delivery of those who have been in prison at Columbia, Salisbury, and a part of those at Florence. The place named for this exchange is Wilmington. The Georgia and Alabama prisoners are to be delivered at Mobile; those west of the Mississippi at the mouth of Red River. Gen. Grant extends the utmost facilities necessary to make the exchange as perfect and as speedy as the circumstances will admit.

TOOTHACHE.—The great causes of toothache are cold and decay. The first is more easily guarded against than the second. All important as is the subject on account of the ever-recurring and constant pain it occasions, it has not received so much attention as it should, because it is not thought dangerous. It is, however, a greater evil than many dangerous maladies. From what we have read and heard, we attribute the decay of the teeth chiefly to acidity. This is counteracted by cleaning the teeth every night with magnesia. This is a prevention. A cure for a fit of toothache is not so easily given; a few drops of eucalypti cologne in the mouth and on the side affected often give relief. Another remedy is of a more homely nature, but no less effectual. Take a piece of coarse

brown paper, about the size of the cheek; steep it in Jamaica rum; then grate a thick layer of ginger over the saturated brown paper; apply it to the side of the face affected, and lie down for half an hour. This application will bring out a great deal of redness, but leave no mark whatever.

Editor of the Journal:

I have made a discovery which seems to me of so much value to all persons having furnaces in their houses, that I am anxious to communicate it for their benefit. After all the improvements which have been made in the best furnaces, there is still a dryness in the air which affects wood-work and furniture more or less, and produces various uncomfortable and injurious effects on the human system. These may all be obviated, and a most pleasant summer atmosphere secured by an extremely simple apparatus suspended at the mouth of each register. It is a porous earthen vessel filled with water, and evaporation takes place from the entire external surface. The surface of the vessel is kept cold by the constant process of evaporation, however great the heat in the register, and thus the moisture produced is altogether a different thing from the steam which rises from a heated surface of water. Not only this, but the amount of evaporation is much greater than can be obtained from any apparatus set in the heated air-chamber. From one to two quarts of water will be evaporated from each register every twenty four hours, according to the state of the weather, and the degree of heat kept up.

There is another very interesting and very valuable fact in the case, which is, that, with this moistened condition of the atmosphere a temperature at least five degrees lower is equally comfortable. If you have been accustomed to 70° you will find 65° far more pleasant and comfortable with the evaporator. Thus it is economical, and will soon pay for itself at the present cost of fuel. I am surprised that this beautiful and invaluable apparatus is not more extensively known, highly recommended as it is by Agassiz and other eminent scientific gentlemen. I had heard of such a thing and after searching for it in vain at the commencement of the winter, found it a week or two since, by accident, at 270 Washington St., and had it placed in all my registers at once. The effect was immediate and surprising. The evaporator ought to be, not only in every private dwelling, but in every church and school house where a furnace is used. It is, of course, much more necessary with the portable furnace than with the brick, inasmuch as the effects of that are more injurious in the exhaustion of moisture.

J. C. DODWELL.

Woburn, March 1st, 1865.

THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.—When Jay Cooke first took this loan the expectation was, and it was ridiculed by some as extravagant, that he would be able to negotiate three millions a day. On Saturday the subscriptions were between nine and ten millions; for the week, twenty-seven millions. Since the first of February the subscriptions amount to sixty-eight millions. The amount unsold is now only a hundred and twenty millions, and this promises to be absorbed in four or five weeks.

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF UNION PRISONERS.—The Herald's Wilmington correspondent says a large number of Union prisoners were released by the capture of the place. They were confined in Camp Lamb, about one mile from the city. Their treatment was of the most brutal character, and for three days preceding the evacuation they had not received a mouthful of food. The citizens had endeavored to feed them, but the food was taken away by the officer in charge. They presented a most sickening spectacle, many of them having been rendered idiotic and had forgotten their own names.

CAPE ANN ENTERPRISE.—The Newburyport Herald says that a Gloucester schooner of one hundred tons sailed on Monday, with a cargo of haddock's spawn, for Bordeaux, France, to be used there by the French fishermen in the sardine fishery for bait, and it is expected the voyage will prove quite a lucrative one. This is entirely a new business for our fishermen, and no doubt there will be quite a sensation among the French fishing fleet, when our clipper craft arrives in their waters, as she is the first fishing schooner from the United States direct with a cargo of bait for that port.

HEART POWER.—A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still, if his heart be full of love to a cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has a heart power, heart force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a good strong heart, that beats hard, and there is no mistake about his power. Let him have a heart that is full up to the brim with an object, and that man

will do the object, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. Heart is power.—[Spurgeon.]

WINCHESTER.

SCHOOLS.—The public examination of the several schools, for the winter term, closed on Friday of last week. At that of the High School, on the afternoon of the last day, a large number of visitors were present, in addition to the full Board of School Committee.

The recitations were of a varied and interesting character, showing great proficiency in the studies and thoroughness by the teachers in imparting them.

At the close of the examination, remarks were offered by Messrs. Joy, Prince, Hinckley and Stone, of the Committee, Dr. Chapin, of the visitors, and by the Principal of the School. Notwithstanding the frequent change of teachers in this school, it does not appear to have suffered from it; but has maintained its high rank, and is now in as good condition as it ever was. The want of a new building for this school was alluded to by several of the speakers, and the hope expressed, that ere long so desirable an object might be attained.

SOCIAL GATHERING.—Another social gathering under the auspices of Parkman Lodge, came off on Friday evening of last week, in Masonic Hall. The company numbered some one hundred, and comprised the families of the brethren, with many others outside of the Order, representing much of the beauty, talent and wealth of the community.

The time was agreeably occupied in social converse, interspersed with music, by brother J. C. Johnson, singing by Miss Whitten, Mrs. Bailey, and others, and reading of select pieces of poetry, by Miss Augusta Kimball and Miss Ellen Morse. Master Frank M. Stone, also recited, in a very excellent manner, "Belshazzar's Dream," and "The Raven," by Edgar A. Poe, both of which pieces were delivered at the exhibition of the English High School, in Boston, and elicited the highest encomiums from competent judges. The entertainment of the evening was brought to a close about ten and a half o'clock, by the singing of "America," in which all participated.

RELIGIOUS. Rev. Mr. Hinckley, of the Baptist Church, preached two Sundays since, a sermon against dancing, condemning it in strong terms; also, the use of tobacco, in its various forms. After the close of the services the congregation were requested to remain a few minutes, to witness an additional service, in behalf of one of the deacons of that church, a well known official connected with the railroad, who was then and there united in marriage to a lady of this town.

FISH.—Some of our citizens, not having the fear of law, or of the Fish Committee, before their eyes, and being desirous of having fresh pickerel among their relations, have been recently catching some of these fish in Wedge Pond. Mr. E. A. Brackett, of the Fish Committee, has been on the lookout for these transgressors, and entered a complaint against them. Among the victims, were three of the Lockes from West Side, and Mr. Andrew Todd. The examination of the three first named, took place before Trial Justice, P. L. Converse, on Tuesday afternoon, and that of the latter on Thursday afternoon.

The law under which these complaints are made, is in the General Statutes, Chap. 83, Sec. 2: "Whoever takes or catches any pickerel from the first day of December to the first day of May, shall forfeit one dollar for every pickerel so taken; and if he is a minor, his guardian shall be liable to said forfeiture." The town having adopted this law, its provisions are thereby applicable within its limits.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—Since my last communication upon this subject, the rates of the season tickets upon the Boston and Maine Railroad have been increased, to date from March 1st. To Melrose, it is \$16 per quarter, and to Melrose Highlands, which is eight miles, it is \$17 per quarter. The privilege according to the wives of season ticket passengers, to have season tickets at half price, has been done away with.

APPOINTMENT.—Andrew N. Shepard, Esq., has been commissioned as Justice of the Peace for the County of Middlesex.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—This Convention last Tuesday was rather thinly attended on account of the stormy weather. The address of the Rev. Mr. Mallace, of Charlestown, on this occasion, is spoken of in the highest terms. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Middlesex District Temperance Union, of which Rev. O. C. Everett is President, and Rev. J. M. Usher, Secretary.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—The third social Assembly last Wednesday evening was largely attended, and was a pleasant affair to its participants.

FISH.—The preliminary examination of the Messrs. Locke's was postponed from last Tuesday. Eminent counsel it is said are engaged in the case and the trial will doubtless be an interesting one.

SCHOOLS.—Miss Pitkin, of the Gifford Grammar, Miss Kimball, of the Mystic, and Miss Holmes, of the Adams Primary Schools, have severally tendered their resignation as Teachers of the same.

EXCELSIOR.

Army Notes,---No. 16.

HEADQUARTERS 25TH ARMY CORPS, }
"In the mud," Va., Feb. 24th, 1865. }

Dear Editor:—The truthfulness of the homely old aphorism, "Every day brings something new," has always been very apparent, even to the most obtuse intellect; but never more so than at the present particular era of our civil war. The continuous tide of our military successes during the past month must impress every mind with the sublime idea that we live in an age of great events,—an age which is constantly adding new lustre to the historic page of our country, and which will be referred to with pride by the generations that succeed us through all coming time.

The mighty power of our Government is now being fully developed, and foreign nations that have hitherto been the indifferent observers of this great struggle for national existence, may well become alarmed at the position which our country is fast assuming. However much the enemies of a republican form of government may have congratulated themselves upon the idea that we were soon to present the spectacle of a people having failed in establishing the cherished principles of a new political system, let such enemies now be fully given to understand that the day of their rejoicing over our anticipated national downfall is forever past and gone.

The fiery ordeal through which, for four long years, we have been passing, is soon, thank God, to come to a glorious and happy termination! Already the sky is bright with the effulgence of the ascending orb of peace, and the hour is near at hand when we shall arise purified and strengthened by this terrible fire of sectional strife.

One after another the props of this gigantic rebellion are being knocked away by the strong arm of a loyal people, and the miserable fabric of a Confederacy, which was to be built upon the ruins of the Union we so much cherish, is fast tottering, like ancient Babylon, to its fall. The strongholds of the enemy, that for a period of four years have withstood the repeated assaults of our gallant forces, and baffled the military skill of our greatest generals, are now fast coming into our possession; while the rebellious hordes that have fought with so much desperation beneath the folds of the bastard "White Cross" banner of treason are flying demoralized over the land.

The triumphant march of Gen. Sherman's army through the very heart of the rebellious states, and the consequent fall of Savannah, was but the initiative of a series of events which must speedily bring about a peaceful issue to our troubles, and secure for us the complete salvation of our country and our national honor and glory.

The loss of the port of Wilmington to the rebels, instead of being, as they would fain have us believe, "a blessing in disguise" to the Confederate cause, was one of the most disastrous reverses that they have been called upon to suffer since the war commenced. Well might the friends of our Government everywhere unite in hearty rejoicings over that truly auspicious event, for the guns that announced the fall of Fort Fisher sounded the very death knell of the rebellion.

Following close upon this victory, the electric wire, only four days ago, brought us the glad tidings of the simultaneous occupation of Charleston and Columbia by our forces, and this morning another despatch announced the triumphant entry of our brave "boys in blue" into the city of Wilmington.

In a moral sense the fall of Charleston is emphatically the most signal triumph of the war. As being the very birth place of the hideous abortion which the fanatics of the South have fondly hoped to rear in the name of a southern Confederacy,—as being the locality where the first outrage upon our national ensign was perpetrated,—the people of the loyal North have long nurtured a most bitter hatred of that diabolical hotbed of treason, and cherished a most intense desire to visit upon it that fearful and just retribution which the enormity of its offences has provoked.

Long and patiently did we toil among the sand hills of Morris Island for the accomplishment of this object,—suffering diseases, undergoing unspeakable privations and hardships, and passing through the most imminent peril,—and yet, after our guns had reduced the walls of Fort Sumter to a shapeless mass of ruins, the hated flag of the enemy still flaunted defiantly in our faces, and we were compelled to suffer, with the best grace we could command, the insult thus offered to our flag.

But to-day—all praise to the strategy of Gen. Sherman!—Charleston and Sumter are ours; and fully are we recompensed for all our arduous toil and persevering endeavors by the inward satisfaction felt at the glorious consummation of our ardent desires.

In transmitting the intelligence of the fall of Charleston and Columbia, Lieut. Gen. Grant ordered a salute to be fired along our lines at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, which was duly carried out.

Wednesday, the 22d, being the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the birthday of Washington, the occasion was observed here as a holiday, and no business of any account was transacted. A review of the 25th Corps by Gen. Weitzel took place in the forenoon, and the

troops made a very creditable appearance, both in cleanliness of person and in movement.

A salute was fired from "Fort Brady" at noon. Considerable heavy cannonading took place in the vicinity of Petersburg, lasting two or three hours, and apparently an engagement. A shotted salute was fired from the Bermuda Hundred line, and was replied to by the "Howlett House Battery," which initiated quite a lively interchange of shots. In the evening a general illumination took place at these headquarters; bonfires were kindled in the street, and a band of music was in attendance to heighten the enjoyment of the occasion.

Several hundred exchanged Union prisoners passed here this noon on their way to the boat that is to convey them North. The exchanges are now made on the line in front of us, instead of at Aiken's Landing, as formerly, as the rebel flag of truce boats will no longer venture down the river since the catastrophe to the exchange steamer "Schultz," last Friday. This vessel was on its way to Richmond after having brought down a load of prisoners, when it accidentally ran upon one of their own torpedoes and was destroyed. No rebel soldiers were on board, but the crew all perished. The poor fellows that were released from bondage to-day looked wretched and pitiable enough. Dressed in all sorts of garments, many of them with rags bound on their feet in place of stockings, and ragged and dirty in the extreme, they presented living evidence of the barbarous treatment that all Union prisoners are subjected to at the hands of the enemy. They were all quite emaciated and walked with tottering step.

It is an old story to speak of desertion from the rebel ranks, but I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that at no time since the war commenced has the influx been so great as at present. A dozen a day has been the average number that have made their appearance at these headquarters during the past fortnight. Is it not nearly time for the rebel leaders to hold another big meeting in Richmond for the purpose of "firing the Southern heart?" Or is this spirit of disaffection to be construed, like the fall of Fort Fisher, as "a blessing in disguise?"

This evening we have vague rumors that Petersburg is being evacuated, and the troops here are under orders to move at a moment's notice. The frequent whistle of locomotives on the Richmond and Petersburg R. R. seems to indicate that something unusual is in progress over the lines; and it will not be surprising if events of great importance take place in this section of Rebeldom before these inebrations of your correspondent appear in print. H. T. P.

The Phalanx Associates gave their ball in aid of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission, on Friday evening of last week. The attendance was good, and the receipts must have been quite large. The occasion was a very happy one.

A FULL HOUSE.—"That Comical Brown" was greeted with a full house on Monday night. The performance was received with marked favor.

Schooner Dearborn, from West Indies, reports that Feb. 8, off Cape Antonio, she was boarded by a rebel steam privateer of about 300 tons, barque rigged, with one smoke-stack, painted lead color, and saw her again on the 9th coming out of Grand Cayman.

Mrs. Thomas Ferry of Belchertown received a letter on Friday of last week, about 9 o'clock in the morning, from her son in the army, informing her that he was in want of stockings. She took down the spinning wheel, spun the yarn, doubled and twisted it, washed it and knit the stockings, finished the pair before 9 o'clock that night, and the stockings were forwarded in the next morning's mail.

The Springfield Republican says a young married woman, only 17 years of age, and poor, was recently left to suffer and die a shocking death at Monson for want of medical attendance, because it was uncertain whether she belonged to Monson or Palmer. The Selectmen of Monson refused to assist her, and the Selectmen of Palmer, being applied to, took no notice of the matter; and after her decease the former buried her without funeral ceremony.

In Pennsylvania there are 13,000 public schools, with 16,000 teachers, and 700,000 pupils.

It is said that the deaf mutes at the Hartford Asylum have a company who have acquired surprising proficiency in military drill, all the orders being, of course, given by signs.

A HORSE-FLESH DINNER.—A grand horse-flesh banquet took place in Paris on Tuesday. Horse soup, horse boiled *aux choux*, horse *en bœuf a la mode*, horse roast, horse *pate de foie* with truffles, were successively eaten and discussed. At dessert, M. de Quatrefoies, the chairman of the Horse-flesh Committee, drank to the memory of Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, who first suggested the idea of turning the horse to the vile use of feeding mankind. M. Gustave Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, the director of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, returned thanks for the honor done to his father. M. Jules Delbruck next addressed the company. He said that whereas now horses were abused and

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The right edge of the page is bound, showing dark stitching or thread. There is no text or other markings on the page.

This image shows a blank page from a document. The paper has a light beige or off-white color. There is a prominent dark vertical band running down the right side of the page, which appears to be a shadow or a binding artifact. The rest of the page is mostly uniform in color with some subtle texture and minor blemishes typical of aged paper.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 24.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Tidings of Victory.

When David's winning son rebelled,
They smote the traitor low,
And thought the monarch would rejoice
At riddance of his foe.

But in his chamber all alone
That kindly head was bowed,
And for the erring Absalom
His father wept aloud.

The ministers astonished stood
At such a burst of grief!
The traitor's death alone could bring
Their sovereign sure relief.

Back to their tents in sullen gloom
The faithful warriors fled;
While still he cried, "My son! my son!
Would I had died for thee!"

My country's wilful erring sons,
Disloyal men, but brave,
Such tears of anguish now she sheds
Above the traitor's grave!

Amid the pealing notes of joy
For glorious victory won,
Is heard Columbia's piercing cry,
"O Absalom, my son!"

Ye faithful men whose crimson blood
In her defence is shed,
Upraid her not if thus she weep
Above the guilty dead!

Her noble heart is true to you,
But generous as brave,
She mourns in royal grief apart
For those she could not save.

(Continental Monthly.)

The Sailor in Court.

Examination of the mate of the Prince of Wales in a case for damage in consequence of being run foul of by the Lady Elizabeth, in the Downs.

"You have already stated that the wind shifted in the evening. What time did the wind shift?"

"The latter part of the dog-watch," replied the witness.

"I ask not during which dog's watch it was; my question refers to time. What hour was it when the wind shifted?"

"About three bells."

"Three o'clock, eh?"

"I never said three o'clock," returned the witness, marking the lawyer's mistake. I said three bells—half past five, in the four-to-six watch."

"Three bells—half past five—four-to-six," iterated Waddy. "What a precise specification of time. Well then, sir, at three bells—how was the weather then?"

"Greasy looking to the south-west. Sun, too, looked wild and watery. Any one with half an eye could a-seed a breeze was a brewin'."

"When the Lady Elizabeth cast anchor, did she take up a position properly apart from the Prince of Wales?"

"She did, but—"

"Come, no buts, sir,—answer the question direct."

"Well then, I say, when one takes into account the circumstances as might deceive the best man in taking up a distance, I must say as the barque might 'ave taken up a worse berth."

"In what way could that deception arise?"

"Why, from our buoy not watching at the time."

"The buoy not watching at the time—lazy dog. The murder's coming out," said Waddy, exultingly; and then desiring the witness to reply direct to the next question which he was about to put to him, and, above all, to be cautious of prevarication, he thus proceeded:

"I ask you, sir, as a seaman, on your oath, would matters have gone the wrong way with the Prince of Wales, had there been a proper watch upon deck?"

The absurdity of this question, added to the pompous declamatory tone in which it was delivered, excited so much of noise and mirth amongst the nautical portion of the auditory that it became necessary to eject from Court a couple of Sunderland "skippers." Upon the restoration of order, and the repetition of the question the witness replied:

"There was a watch upon deck."

"My lud," said Waddy, turning to the bench, "this is positively the grossest case of prevarication I ever met with. Do you persist in swearing," he continued, interrogating the witness, "that a proper watch had been on deck when the wind shifted?"

"I do," replied the mate, in a firm and emphatic tone.

"Come you here, sir, to insult common sense? Is it possible you possess effrontery sufficient to tell those intelligent gentlemen, (pointing to the jury) that in a vessel situated as the Prince of Wales was—bad weather coming on withal—the watch should have devolved upon a dumb animal?"

The witness looked blank.

"Do you hear, sir?" vociferated the bully.

"I don't understand you," replied the despondent, with perfect composure.

"The question was shaped anew."

"I ask you, sir, whether it was fitting to entrust a vessel exposed to the elements, as well as the privateers of the enemy, to the vigilance of a dumb animal, to the watch of a dog?"

"There was never a dog on board," said the witness bluntly.

"And yet, gentlemen of the jury, the witness has had the audacity to assert upon oath that the wind shifted during the latter part of the Dog's Watch."

"Bill let's bolt," said an auditor addressing a brother tar, in the rear of the Court. "By the Lord Harry, there's no standing that squinting beggar's lubberly lip."

The judge decided that the witness was bound to state distinctly the description of the watch which had been left on the deck.

The witness said, "James Thompson, my lord, had charge of the deck, during the whole of the four-to-six watch. A better seaman never puddened in anchor, hauled out a weather earing, or took lead or helm in hand."

"Then how comes it," asked the lawyer of the witness, "that this super-excellent seaman was not as competent to prevent the Lady Elizabeth running aboard of the Prince as the boy of whom you so boast? (some brat of his own) added Waddy aside to the jury."

The witness not appearing to comprehend the question, the judge directed Waddy to repeat it.

"I ask the witness, my lud, if the boy, whose dexterity in taking up a distance he so much extols, could have prevented the dangerous proximity of the Lady Elizabeth to the Prince of Wales—why, then, I ask as a mere matter of precaution, was not this matchless, quick-sighted lad put upon watch?"

The mate remained mute.

"Put it more directly Mr. Waddy," said the judge. Waddy bowed to the bench.

"Why was not the boy put upon the watch?"

"Because 'twanted bleeding," was the reply.

"Had you a surgeon in the ship?"

At this question, the assumed gravity of the witness was put to a test. It was with difficulty he could refrain from laughing aloud—he, however, answered in the negative.

"No surgeon in the ship?"

"Sartinly not."

"Then, how, sir, can you take upon yourself to give an opinion upon a medical point? Pray, sir, have you made physic, as well as seamanship, a study?"

"Can't abide physic, never took a dose in my life."

"Then upon what grounds do you assert that the boy wanted bleeding?"

"Cause 'twas full of water."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Waddy, with extended arms—"was ever greater ignorance betrayed? My lud, the jury never can receive such testimony. Who ever heard of resorting to depletion in a dropsical case?"

"I say it again," rejoined the witness, looking Waddy full in the face, "the buoy wanted tapping."

"Never, never, was there a grosser prevarication! Note this, gentlemen of the jury, he first swears that the boy wanted bleeding, and now that he finds himself in error, he turns from the operation of bleeding to that of tapping."

"Well, I say so still—bleeding is just as proper a term as tapping—take the turns out of that if you can," said the mate in a tone of defiance.

"I can't suffer you, my man, to be insolent to witness in a peremptory tone."

"I'm not insolent, my lord; but who's the man, my lord, as can hear to be bullied and badgered by a lubberly-lawyer as doesn't know the main-brace from the captain's breeches?"

This burst of offended feeling excited in the Court a sensation not to be described. The sons of the sea were seen rubbing their hands with glee and delight, whilst expressions of surprise, and scowls of indignation betrayed themselves in the tell-tale features of the members of the bar.

AGAIN AND AGAIN. — Our readers may think it strange that we so often urge upon their attention a medicinal preparation. Alas! we have we, for a number of weeks, urged the importance of a supply of *Coe's Cough Balsam* in the house, ready for immediate use.

But our excuse is the vast amount of sickness, sorrow and death that are the immediate result of sudden coughs, colds and pulmonary attacks; while thousands of our children are dying from croup and lung complaints. Time and experience have proved that *Coe's Cough Balsam* is the most speedy and reliable preparation ever known to the world. Like magic it relieves the irritation of the throat, removes the stoppages that prevent breathing in croup, and heals all soreness of the throat, chest and lungs. No man should neglect to supply his family with a safe and reliable medicine like *Coe's Cough Balsam*, any more than he should neglect the supply of their daily bread. It costs but forty cents, and the bottles contain twice as much as those of any other remedy at the same cost, while in merit it is superior to all others. All drug stores keep it for sale.

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SURPRISED.

"Ticket, Sir, if you please!"

Between dusk and daylight—the warm gold of the sunset sky just fading into crimson, and the express train thundering over the iron track like some strong, furious demon. Carl Silver became dimly conscious of these things as he started from a brief, restless slumber, wherein his knapsack had served as a pillow, and stared vaguely into the sharp Yankee face of the obdurate conductor.

"Ticket! I suppose I've such a thing about me," he muttered drowsily, searching first one pocket and then the other. "Oh, here it is! I say, conductor, are we near New York?"

"Twenty minutes or so will bring us into Jersey City, Sir—we're making pretty good time."

And the sharp faced official passed on, to harass the next unfortunate man who had neglected to put his ticket in his hat band; while Capt. Silver dragged himself into a sitting posture, putting his two hands back of his head with a portentous yawn, and smiled to remember the fantastic dreams that had chased one another through his brain during that half hour of cramped, uneasy slumber from which the conductor's challenge had roused him—dreams in which bloody battle-fields and lonely night marches had blended oddly with sweet home voices, and the sulphurous breath of artillery had mingled with violet scents from the twilight woods around, and gusts of sweetness from tossing clouds of peach blooms, through which the flying express train shot remorselessly.

And then Carl Silver began to think of other things.

"Conductor!" whispered the fat old lady opposite, in the bombazine bonnet and snuff colored shawl.

"Yes'm," said the man of tickets, stopping abruptly in his transit through the cars, and inclining his car.

"That young man in the military cap, conductor—I hope he ain't an escaped lunatic dressed up in soldiers' clothes. I've heard of such things. And I don't a bit like the way he keeps grinning to himself and rubbing his two hands together. He's acted queer all day—and I'm traveling all alone, conductor!"

The conductor laughed and passed on. The old lady bridled in offended dignity. Bless her anxious heart! how was she to know that Capt. Silver was only rejoicing in the thoughts of the glorious "surprise" he had in store for his mother and dimpled faced sister that night? Was it not a year—twelve long, long months—since he had looked upon their faces last? And now—

Oh, speed on your way, express train, through quiet villages where daffodils sprinkle all the gardens with gold! Speed over the sloping hills, where springing grass sends up a faint, delicious smell, and brooks babble under swinging willows—past lonely church-yards, where the innumerable grave-stones beckon through the twilight and are gone; for every throb of your iron pulse brings one true heart nearer home! Shot and shell have spared him for this hour; fever and pestilence and foul malaria have passed him by; and now—

Suppose there should be an accident! He had heard of such things on these lightning routes. Suppose he should be carried home a dead, mangled corpse, the words of greeting frozen into eternal silence on his lips, the glad light sealed forever under the heavy eyelids! Strange that such morbid fancies should never have assailed him in the fire and smoke of Gettysburg, yet come to him now, like guests that would not be driven away, when he was within twenty minutes of home! Would it break his mother's heart; or would she live on? And would Kate Merriam care?—Kate Merriam, the blue-eyed, shy little fairy, who never would look at him save through her long brown lashes, whose coy mouth always made him think of scarlet cherries and roses dashed in dew.

"To think!" ejaculated Carl Silver, bringing down his bronzed fist on the window ledge with a force that made the glass rattle ominously and struck a chill to the heart of the old lady in the bombazine bonnet—"to think that I, who would knock down the man who ventured to tell me I was a coward, should be afraid to say frankly to a little tender girl that I love her! To think that the very touch of her glove, the sound of her footstep, the rustle of her ribbons can frighten my self-possession away, and make a staring, silent idiot of me! After all, what is a man's courage worth? There's no use in thinking of it. I shall

die an old bachelor, for I'll never marry any woman but Kate Merriam, and I shall never dare to plead my cause with Kate. I wish I hadn't such an absurd streak of cowardice through me."

Yet Capt. Silver's men had told a different tale when he led over the bridge in that dreadful charge at Antietam. Cowardice! there are several different interpretations to that word.

"Carriage! carriage! No, I won't have a carriage. Get away from me you fellows! you're worse than the locusts of Egypt, and ten times as noisy," growled Captain Silver, energetically elbowing his way through the swarms of eager hackmen, who were making night hideous at the foot of Cortlandt street. "Do you suppose I'm going to spoil my precious surprise with a carriage?"

Broadway by gaslight! How strange, yet how familiar it seemed to the returning exile, with its stately facades of freestone and marble, seeming literally to rest on foundations of quivering fire, and its throngs of people, coming and going in everlasting succession, like the tides of a never-resting sea. Carl Silver's heart leaped up in his breast with a quick, joyous throb at the old accustomed sights and sounds. It was good to feel his foot-steps ringing on Manhattan ground.

No lights in the house? His heart stood still a moment. That was strange—ominous. But then he remembered that his mother was fond of sitting in the twilight, and dismissed the lingering doubt from his mind. How lucky, the door was on the latch and swung noiselessly open.

Hush! not a creaking stair or clanking spur must betray him; through the old familiar hall he passed and into his mother's room, lighted only by the ruddy glimmer of a bright coal fire.

"Where the mischief are they all?" ejaculated Capt. Silver under his breath. "No matter—they'll be along soon; meantime I'll wheel this big chair up, and take a bask, for the air's chilly if it is the first week in May. Won't they be a little astonished, though, when they come in? Upon my word, things couldn't have happened nicer! Laugh! what a smell of paint—whitewash, too, as I'm a living sinner! Confound it I've kicked over a pail of the stuff! If the women folks aren't house-cleaning!"

The captain gave an indignant and contemptuous sniff as he surveyed the desolate scene.

"What comfort a female can find in turning things upside down, and deluging the house with soap and water twice a year, I can't imagine. Carpets all up, floors damp—curtains torn down—not one familiar object to greet a fellow's eyes after a twelve-month's absence from home. Heigh-ho! I think I'll light a cigar."

Which he did and began to smoke and meditate.

There was a rustle and a tripping foot-fall on the stairs. The Captain took out his cigar and listened.

"That's Minny," said he to himself. "Mamma doesn't dance up stairs like that."

He rose, and leaned against the door-case as the dancing feet came nearer and nearer. How his heart beat as the firelight shone upon a crimson merino dress and a little white apron on the threshold! And the next moment he had caught the slight form in his arms, and was showering kisses on cheek and brow and lips and hair.

"Caught for once, Miss Minny!" he exclaimed. "That's to pay you for presuming to clean house without my permission! No, you're not going to escape!"

Such a piercing scream as she rewarded his fraternal demonstrations with! Carl Silver let go her waist, and retreated against the wall with a faint idea of breaking through the lath and plaster, and hiding himself in the general ruin. For as truly as he stood there quaking in his regimentals, the voice was not that of his sister Minny, but—Kate Merriam!

"How dare you!" she ejaculated, with crimson cheeks and quivering lips. "I'll ring the bell and call the servants if you don't leave the house this instant!"

"Upon my word I'm not a burglar or an assassin," pleaded Carl, recovering his self-possession in a measure, as he saw Kate's breathless terror. "It was so dark I couldn't see your face, and I thought it was my sister Minny. Don't you know me, Miss Merriam—Captain Silver?"

"You are an impostor," said Kate, with spirit. "Capt. Silver is with the army of the Potomac."

"No, he's not, he's here," urged Carl.

"How shall I prove that I'm myself, Kate! Miss Merriam—"

For she had sunk into the chair and begun to cry. He knelt beside her with a rough attempt to comfort.

"Kate you are not sorry to see me back again?"

"No," she sobbed, "only—I was so frightened!"

The little, trembling, blue-eyed thing! Carl Silver had never seen her in tears before. No shy assumption of dignity now—no royal airs—only brown disheveled hair, and cheeks like red clover blossoms in a shower. He was the brave one now—how natural it seemed to clasp the tiny palms in his one strong hand!

"Kate, dearest, I love you! With my whole heart, Kate. Nay don't be so frightened—I would die to save you one moment's terror! Only tell me that your heart is mine!"

And when the tears were dried, leaving the eyes like drenched violets, and the cheeks flushed brightly, Carl Silver had leave and license to keep one little fluttering hand in his, and knew that he was an accepted lover.

"But where are my mother and sister?" he asked at length. "And what is the solution of this strange riddle?"

"Don't you know," laughed Kate, "they do not live here any more?"

"Not live here?"

"No, have you forgotten that yesterday was the 1st of May?" We occupy this house now, papa, and Aunt Milcent, and I."

"Oh?" quoth Captain Silver. "So they've moved. And I never to hear of it. Upon my word they treat me pretty coolly."

"Ah, but you would have heard of it," said Kate, "if you had staid quietly in camp to get your letters instead of roving over the country without a word of warning to your friends!"

"Give me one more kiss Katie, and I'm off to see them. One more my betrothed wife. Does it not seem like a dream?"

"And you are my soldier now," whispered Kate, playing with the gold buttons of his coat with tremulous fingers. "Mine to send out into the battle-field to dream of and to pray for. Carl, I have always repined that I had no gift for my country, now I can give my best and dearest to aid her cause."

"Spoken like a soldier's wife, Kate," said Silver, with kindling eyes. "If you but knew how much better we rough men fight for knowing that woman's love and woman's prayers enshrine us with a golden unseen armor—nonsense! I'm getting sentimental. Good-night."

So there were three surprises that May evening—one for Kate Merriam (wouldn't you have been surprised, Mademoiselle, to be caught and kissed in the dark, and never know who the kisser was?), one for Captain Silver (a very agreeable one though), and one—the original surprise, if we may so term it—for his mother and sister. Carl has not yet left off congratulating himself that his "leave of absence" happened to fall in the flowery and migratory month of May. For if he hadn't blundered into Miss Merriam's house and kissed her by mistake, thereby bringing matters precipitately to a focus, the probabilities are that to this day he never would have mustered courage to tell her of his love.

And when the golden armadas of the autumn leaves float down the forest brooks, and the blue mist of Indian Summer wraps the hills in dreamy light, Carl Silver is coming back to seal Kate Merriam's destiny with a wedding ring.

THE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 10, 1865.

Extravagance, extravagance is the order of the day. If it was only confined to princesses, ladies of honor, and lady diplomats we could forgive the folly; but alas! humbler folks, whose purses do not form a part of the inexhaustible public treasury, imitate this reckless expenditure, and sport jewels and laces totally unsuited either to their social position, or to the modest incomes possessed by the generality of womankind. We can offer our sincere admiration to the fair Empress, when, as at a late ball, she dazzles the sight by a costume so covered with gems that the eye instinctively closes after a moment's gaze, as it does when the cloudless ray of a summer sunshine is too painful from its brightness. She wears a wide Anne of Bretagne girdle, falling several inches over the skirt; a berthe reaching with its pendants to the waist; the throat encircled by a necklace of extraordinary width; a regal tiara above the forehead, and amongst the soft auburn curls behind there drooped strands, meant to recall the sparkling waters of a

cascade of all of gorgeous diamonds, and of emeralds of the rarest tone. The brightness of the vision fairly startled the guests at the palace, accustomed as they are to the blaze of precious stones. Her Majesty looked so delicate, so fragile, so mortal under all these resplendent decorations, the habitual touch of melancholy which renders her beauty peculiarly interesting was still a shade deeper than usual, and imagination seemed to hear her whisper of "vanity of vanities" and all is vanity" mingle with the courteous greeting she graciously bestowed upon the aristocratic throng. But when common place madames try to copy the sovereign's taste for rich trappings, and above all the gifts which nature has so liberally dispensed to her, by trying to make black or brown or yellow hair reflect auburn tints by the application of dyes and dusts which give to the tresses a brownish red hue, equally ugly and unbecoming, we can scarcely forgive them. And then the creams and milks and emollients and washes of all kinds that are employed to make dark ones look fair and fair ones still fairer, and black pencils for the eyes and blue pencils to trace the blue veins, and, lastly, the most dangerous of all these follies, the use of belladonna to dilate the pupil of the eye.

The afternoon visits on reception days are the occasion of a display of toilette which a few years back could only be seen at grand galas of royal bidding. Magnificent brocades and embroidered dresses are worn with trains a yard long; the skirts flounced and draped with lace and ribbons; more antiques are decorated with bands of dark velvet embroidered in bright colored floss silks; the embroidery of flowers in white chenilles and white silk braid upon a violet velvet ground has a very pleasing effect. The magnificent *point Bruxelles* and *point d'Angleterre* lace camails and rotondes from the looms of the celebrated *fabricant Viard, No. 3, rue de Choiseul*, form the wrapping which accompany these costumes; these lace garments are circular in form, and with the frills and flounces reach to the knee; they are very magnificent, and cost a magnificent price. The bonnet (if we dare give to this fanciful creation the good old fashioned name) is a combination of lace and tulle and flowers and feathers, impossible to describe, very light and very small, but always coquettish and becoming.

At this period of the year no toilette is thought of except that for full dress and evening wear; even the *ouvieres* of our great mourning establishment, *la Seabiscuse, 10, rue de la Paix*, are busy with the making up of ball costumes. The mixture of white and black is so much the fashion that these dresses are worn as well by those who are not in black as by others who are gradually passing from deep mourning into colors. The most attractive of these black and white costumes is composed of a black satin skirt, with a pinked ruche around the edge, the ruche made of vandyked crape trimmed with white blonde; over the satin skirt there is first one of black gauze, and a second one of black net worked all over with jet beads, and looped up at intervals with branches of white roses, the leaves of which are covered with hoar-frost; the low black satin bodice has a very small rounded point at the waist, and basques at the back; three narrow berthes are worn around the shoulders; the first of white blonde, the second of black lace, and the third of black satin.

Crinoline still holds its own, in spite of the "quartier St. Germain" having declared against—in spite of the war which the press daily wages against the wearers of hooped petticoats. The *crème de la crème* of the right bank of the Seine, all parvenues though they be, have more influence in setting and retaining the mode for some monstrosity in fashion than the daughters of the Montmorencies and of the Rochefoucaults in their laudable endeavors to bring back the fair sex to an appreciation of what approaches nearer to the classical in female attire. (New York Journal of Commerce.)

A BEAUTIFUL CITY.—Batavia—the capital city of the island of Java—according to the description of a newspaper correspondent, is a brilliant specimen of oriental splendor. The houses—which are as white as snow—are placed one hundred feet back from the street, the intervening space being filled with trees, literally alive with birds, and every variety of plants and flowers. Every house has a piazza in front, and is decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, cages, &c., while rocking chairs, lounges,

and ottomans, of the nicest description, furnish luxurious accommodations for the family, who sit here mornings and evenings.

At night the city is one blaze of light from the lamps. The hotels have grounds of eight and ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, with fountains, flower gardens, &c. Indeed so numerous are the trees, the city almost resembles a forest. The rooms are very high and spacious, without carpets, and but few curtains. Meals are served up about the same as at first class hotels in the United States, although the habits of living are quite different. At daylight, coffee and tea are taken to the guest's room, and again at eight o'clock light refreshments. At twelve, breakfast is served, and at seven, dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready, day and night. No business is done in the streets in the middle of the day, on account of the heat. The nights and mornings are cool and delightful; birds are singing all night. The thermometer stands at about eighty-two degrees throughout the year. The island of Java contains a population of ten thousand. The island abounds with tigers, leopards, anacondas, and poisonous insects of all kinds. The finest fruits in the world are produced in great profusion.

The Middlesex Journal, —AND— WOBBURN TOWNSMAN.

WOBBURN:

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

URIAH COTTING.—When the history of Boston comes to be written, particularly what took place in the early part of the nineteenth century, the name and services of Uriah Cotting should have a conspicuous place. To show this, it is merely necessary to mention him as the projector of the Mill Dam or Western Avenue, Central Wharf and Cornhill. Those great undertakings were conceived by him in times when enterprise was at a stand, and it was his energy of mind and persuasiveness of argument, acting upon men that procured the means of executing the great undertakings. It was about 1815, that he commenced some of these works. He was a man, at that time, of 40 or 50 years of age. His personal appearance was very plain, and he might be called a homely man. He was rather below than above the average height, of dark hair and complexion, long nose and chin, and an eye of fire. As he moved through the streets with his coat open, and an appearance of hurry, his countenance indicated that he had something earnest in hand. Rapidly passing through the crowd, he was daily seen on his mission, arousing the apathetic and imparting his own enthusiasm to those with whom he reasoned. He spoke quick and loud and his whole frame was alive with nervous energy. He looked like a common farmer, but he was a worker in his department such as Boston never saw before or since. If there had been any phrenologists in those days, they would have eagerly sought to get a cast of his head, that they might have a specimen of a first-class projector or builder. Boston should have a bronzed or marble statue of him in some of her public places, and it would be especially appropriate to put it in one of the squares at the South End, or in the public garden, for all the made land on the Back Bay came into being because of the erection of the Mill Dam.

As to the profits of shareholders or proprietors of these vast undertakings of Cotting's, those who built Central Wharf and Cornhill, did well, while the holders of stock in the Mill Dam lost money, the shares falling from the par value of \$100 a share, to \$75, \$50, and even \$35 a share, at the period of greatest decline. Many declined to pay any more assessments after one or two installments were paid in, and their stock was sold at a great reduction to others. The men who bought in at low prices made money, while the original subscribers lost. The Mills erected were not of sufficient magnitude and profit to pay for such an outlay of money, but Boston got a new and magnificent avenue of entrance, and the subsequent use of the land rescued from the water, has almost made a new city, and will continue to furnish streets and building lots, until the whole space is occupied with splendid houses.

Mr. Cotting died before the great improvement at the South End took place; but with his sagacious mind marching on to a great future for Boston, he may have foreseen much that has grown out of his schemes. We believe he made little or nothing for himself in these projections, but died as he had lived, a poor man. Thus it has ever been with men, whose minds teemed with great thoughts and inventions, and who seem to have been raised up for posterity and the progress of human affairs, and to have been born with an irrepressible zeal for its accomplishment.

Other names besides Uriah Cotting might be mentioned, among which, that of Charles Ewer is prominent, who twenty-five years before Boston had her famous public library, conceived the plan, and labored through the public press and in other ways for its accomplishment, but without success. We don't know

where Mr. Cotting died, or was buried, but presume that it was in Boston, and that a stone marks the place of his sepulchre. All honor to his memory. Let a subscription be started by the Bostonians to do something to honor his memory.

A large crop of maple sugar is expected this spring in the sugar producing districts, in consequence of the heavy falls of snow, and the unusual long time it has remained on the ground.

One Southern paper says that Sherman is just where they want him. Then both sides are suited.

The flag of the Union waves. That of the rebellion wavers.

Ripe strawberries are for sale in Baltimore.

The Great German Heilmittel, advertised in our columns, is selling with a rush. Five thousand bottles, we understand, were taken in one day. The proprietor has a fortune in the article, and he deserves it.

The southern leaders of secession in France have been ignored by Prince Napoleon, and they are now without much sympathy in that erratic country.

Bills on the State Bank, Boston, altered from one to five, are now in circulation.

Fort White, a splendid work mounting 17 heavy guns, which commands the approach to Georgetown, S. C., has been captured by a naval force, after which the city fell into our hands, the gallant blue jackets fighting in the streets for the possession of it.

It is now stated that the supposed rebel raid at Castine, Me., last fall, was executed by some Union soldiers stationed there.

Regular mail communication has been opened with Charleston, S. C.

The ceremonies at the inauguration of President Lincoln, on Saturday last, were very impressive. Everything passed off quietly. In the evening the President had a grand reception, when the White House was crowded. The inauguration ball was on a most extensive scale, and it was graced by the President himself.

The clothes of a man who died of small-pox in Providence, the other day, were buried to prevent infection. A negro dug them up and took them to an auction room, where they were sold. By handling the goods the auctioneer took the disease, and has since died. The negro was arrested and fined \$3 and costs.

Real happiness don't consist so much in what a man don't have, as it does in what he don't want.

The Governor will not take action in the case of Green, the Malden murderer, until legislative action is taken upon the subject of the abolition of capital punishment, referred to in the message of his Excellency.

In the United States Senate an order has been adopted directing the Sergeant-at-arms to remove forthwith from so much of the Capitol as is under his care, all intoxicating liquors, and hereafter to exclude liquors in every form from the Senate portion of the Capitol.

All study out of school hours is prohibited in Boston.

In boaring for oil in Wirt county, West Virginia, recently, some parties struck a rich vein of antimony. The sum of \$360 per ton was at once offered for all the discoverers could supply, and at these rates their profits will rival those of the silver mines of Washoe and the oil wells of Venango.

The wheat prospects for 1865 are all favorable. The extensive and long continued snows of the winter have well protected the wheat, and it seems to be coming out in the finest condition.

Gen. Early, with his command, 1800 men, has been gobbled up by that prince of gobs, General Sheridan, who will doubtless soon march into Lynchburg, one of the most important points now held by the rebels. P. S. Early escaped.

Cotton is coming freely from the South. Nine thousand bales arrived at New York on Monday from Savannah. Those who hold cotton goods should sell at once.

Butter at New York has declined about five cents this week and is still falling. The highest quotations were 40 a 42 cents, against 60 a 65 cents three months ago. Those who hoarded their butter last fall and winter, when it was really wanted at high prices, will lose some 20 cents a pound, to say nothing of the trouble of keeping it three months.

S. S. Hyde, Assistant Provost Marshal at New Haven, Ct., has been arrested for purposely shooting and killing his wife some weeks ago. At the time, it was supposed she was accidentally shot. But facts which have since come to light, added to the knowledge of the neighbors of the parties that they had lived together unhappily, and that he had been known to threaten her life, have led to his arrest. Persons in the tenement adjoining the one in which they lived heard angry voices only a short time before he alarmed them, and supposed that Hyde and his wife were quarreling. The woman was found dead on the floor, shot through the chest, in a manner that must have caused instant death.

The Confederacy, considering how little liquor it can get, staggers awfully, says Prentice.

IMPROVEMENT.—We learn that the Baptist Church in Woburn is soon to undergo extensive repairs and alterations. The house now occupied by J. M. Harlow, M. D., is to be removed, the church placed in the centre of the lot, a new steeply built, the house remodeled, and a handsome iron fence will surround the structure. It is proposed to expend about \$15,000 in making the alterations, &c., which, when completed, will make this Church, like its sisters of the Congregational and Unitarian persuasions, an ornament to the place.

We trust that our Methodist friends will now make an effort to secure the old Unitarian Church. Their present house of worship is evidently far too small for their accommodation. We have reason to believe that the good people of Woburn, connected with other Societies, would cheerfully aid them in such an enterprise. With this house in their possession, every religious society in town would have an elegant, or suitable, church edifice.

READING.

The annual town meeting was held on Monday, and the following persons elected town officers for the ensuing year: Town Clerk, W. J. Wightman; Selectmen, J. S. Campbell, Solon A. Parker, Joseph L. Pratt, (same board as last year); Treasurer and Collector, George Batchelder; School Committee, for three years, H. P. Wakefield; for two years, Hiram Barrus; Constables, Ezra B. Robinson, Daniel B. Lovejoy; Auditors, J. B. Leathe, Andrew Howes, John H. Addin. The Selectmen were the Surveyors of Highways, also Assessors and Overseers of the Poor. Appropriations for ordinary charges and aid to the families of volunteers, \$5,500; for Highways, \$1,300, to be raised in money; for Schools, \$4,000.

The committee chosen March 7th, 1864, to investigate the subject of erecting a monument to commemorate the deeds, and perpetuate the memory of the Soldiers of Reading, respectfully recommend that the town accept the legacy of \$500, bequeathed by the late Abiel Holden, Esq., for that purpose, and they would also recommend that the town appropriate a sum not less than \$500, nor exceeding \$1,000, for the purpose of complying with the provisions of the will of the late Abiel Holden, Esq., in relation thereto. The report was adopted.

Voted, To have a well dug in the Cemetery.

Voted, That the ringing of the Bell at 12 M., and 9 P. M., be dispensed with.

A Surprise Party, of nearly a hundred persons, assembled at the house of Deacon Thomas H. Sweetser, on Monday evening of last week, and a fine time they all had, no doubt. The Deacon, and his other and better half, were away visiting some friends about a mile distant, but ere long were called upon by their accomplished daughter, Miss S. A. Sweetser, to return home, ostensibly for the purpose of receiving a brother Deacon and his wife, who were among the number.

So Deacon S. started for home, first calling, however, at a store for a package of goods, and while thus delayed, his neighbor, Noyes Carleton, Esq., and his wife whom he was visiting, stole the march on him and arrived at the Deacon's residence in good time to receive and welcome him upon his arrival. The Deacon found the Fort completely invested by the yankees, but discovered no signs of a bombardment, so he ventured in, and, of course, had to submit to the rules and regulations of the garrison. Unmeasured extension tables loomed up on every hand, where there was "bread enough and to spare," so those say who were there. Before the company parted, the Rev. Mr. Barrows made some remarks and presented the Deacon on behalf of those present, a splendid Easy Chair, which was made to order and for the recipient. May his bones never ache while sitting in it.

THE LECTURES ON ENGLAND.—We learn that the sum of \$100, the full amount of the proceeds of the lectures delivered in this place by Rev. Dr. Bodwell, after all expenses were paid, has been given, or soon will be, to the Christian Commission.

Maria R. Hinckley has received a divorce from her husband, Luther P. Hinckley, and the custody of their child has been awarded to the mother.

The reader is referred to the announcement of a Promenade Concert by the Woburn Orchestral Society, at Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 14th. We trust they will receive a substantial token of the appreciation in which they are deservedly held by the public.

The Rev. J. S. Bingham, of East Boston, will preach in Mr. Bodwell's Church next Sunday, in the morning, afternoon, and evening.

Mr. G. R. GAGE will send a box on Tuesday noon, to the Woburn men of the 11th and 39th Mass. Regiments. Friends having boxes, or packages, will please have them ready by 9 o'clock of said day.

The newspapers of Scotland report that the past winter has been more severe in that country than any for twenty-nine years.

The contributions to the Edward Everett statue amount to \$31,014.

WINCHESTER.

STATISTICS.—For the last year, the following record appears as to Marriages, Births and Deaths, viz:

Marriages—8; all the parties with one exception being American born.

Births—32; male, 18, female, 14; both parents American born 16; both foreign 14; American and foreign, 2.

Deaths—25; 15 male, 10 female; 5 between 80 and 90 years; 1 of 75 years; 1 of 69 years; 1 of 54 years; 4 between 40 and 50 years; 2 between 30 and 40 years; 1 of 20 years; 3 between 10 and 20 years; 7 under 10 years.

Cases—Consumption, 7; dropsy, 2; old age, 3; throat diseases, 3; various, 10.

FISHERIES.—The examination of Mr. Andrew Todd before Trial Justice P. L. Converse, for violation of the law in catching pickerel in Wedge Pond, resulted in his conviction and the imposition of a fine of two dollars, (one for each fish) and some eleven dollars costs. He was defended by Charles Russell, Esq., of Medford.

The hearing in the case of Josiah Lock, against whom only the prosecution was brought, instead of the three brothers, was resumed last Tuesday afternoon. J. P. Converse, Esq., appeared for Mr. Lock. A plea of *nole contendere* was entered by the accused, and a fine of three dollars for the three pickerel caught was imposed, together with the costs of Court, amounting to some twenty dollars. These complaints for violation of the fish law have called forth considerable discussion, and many have given vent to their indignation in the strongest terms. The result will be that instead of stopping the catching of these fish, it will induce a larger number to participate in it.

The feeling is very generally against these prosecutions, as not called for and unnecessary. It is contended, that the law was not expected to be enforced against such petty violations of it by our own citizens, but to such wholesale disregard of its provisions, as would seriously affect the quantity of fish remaining in these waters.

The Act for the regulation of the fisheries in this town, passed April 9, 1861, applies to the fish "called shad and alewives." The Act provides that "the Committee for the preservation of Fish" in this town, may be elected either in the month of March or April, annually. Their duties are specifically in reference to the preservation of those kind of fish mentioned in the Act, and do not include pickerel. The violation of the law in reference to catching pickerel does not seem to be particularly under the cognizance of the Fish Committee any more than any one else, unless it be that their official position would put the matter under their general care and oversight. It is probable that at the next Town Meeting the subject of Fish will receive due consideration.

READINGS.—James Jennison, A. M., Tutor in Harvard University, will give some select readings in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening next, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society.

It is hoped that there will be large attendance so that the exhausted treasury of this excellent society may be somewhat replenished with funds.

MILITARY.—A petition for a military company in this town has already received the signatures of many of our young men. To those wishing to unite in this movement, an excellent opportunity is thus afforded to become familiar with military drill, and render themselves qualified for service at home or abroad, should occasion require it.

EXCERPTS.

WILMINGTON, March 7, 1865.

Editor of the Journal: At a legal meeting of the citizens of said town, on Monday, the 6th of March, the following named persons were duly elected to office:

Jona. Carter, 2d, Moderator.
William H. Carter, Town Clerk.
Lemuel C. Eames, Othniel Eames, Samuel H. Gowing, Selectmen and Overseers of Poor.

Warren Eames, Treasurer and Collector.

Levi Swain, Jr., Constable.
Rev. S. H. Tolman, S. Committee, 3 years. Sylvester Carter, Jr., S. Committee, 2 years.

Respectfully,
WM. H. CARTER.

DEATHS FROM AN AVALANCHE.—The Marysville Express of 31st January says:

On Saturday last George Nichols, of this city, and a man whose name we did not learn, were killed on the Virginia Road, near Donner Lake, under the following circumstances: Nichols was engaged in helping a roadman cut a passage through a small snow slide, when an avalanche, about 100 yards in width, came from half a mile above, burying the two to a depth of 20 feet. The slide covered five or six acres from 20 to 30 feet deep. Several persons have been searching for the unfortunate men since Friday evening, but without success. A despatch was received in this city from Donner Lake, yesterday afternoon. At that time neither of the bodies had been recovered. They had been under the snow some 72 hours. Mr. Nichols was a resident of this city. He has heretofore been engaged in running a stage line between Marysville and Brown's Valley. He was a native of Woburn, Mass., and aged about 35 years.

"Come here, Johnny, and tell me what the four seasons are." Young Prodigy: "Pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar."

A German chemist in Cincinnati is making a good quality of sugar from Indian corn.

MILITARY ITEMS.

Lieut. Luke R. Tidd, of Woburn, Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., who was taken prisoner Aug. 19, 1864, at the battle of Weldon R. R., has been paroled and has arrived home on furlough.

Private Moses D. Reed, of same company and Regiment, who was taken prisoner at the same battle, has been paroled and is at Annapolis, Md., sick. He states in a letter received by his wife, that Richardson and Kingsbury, of Co. K, were left at Richmond, Va., sick.

Corporal Arthur B. Wyman, Co. K, 39th Regt. Mass. Vols., taken prisoner at Petersburg, July 30, 1864, and who has been confined at Danville, Va., has been paroled, and has arrived home.

Private George H. Dennett, Co. K, 39th Regt. Mass. Vols., has been promoted to Sergeant Major. Co. K has now furnished two Sergeant Majors for the Regiment, and four officers for other companies.

Private Henry Wendell, Co. E, 10th New Hampshire Regt., who was wounded in the head and face at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3d, 1864, has arrived home on a furlough of twenty-five days.

Corporal Edward G. Eastman, Co. M, 1st Mass. Cavalry, has returned home on furlough.

Private William P. Warren, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., has lately been promoted Corporal.

From paroled prisoners who have arrived at Annapolis, Md., we learn that the following additional members of Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., have died at Salisbury, N. C.:

Jonas Bacon, Dec. 30, 1864.
John Branagan, Jan. —, 1865.
Frank M. Bryant, Jan. —, 1865.
Moses F. Butler, Jan. —, 1865.
E. O. Hemminway, Jan. 1, 1865.
Peter Parks, Jr., Jan. 27, 1865.

Private E. O. Hemminway belongs in Pittsfield, and was transferred from the 12th Regiment. He was captured Dec. 11th, and the others Aug. 19th, 1864.

Private Micah B. Baldwin was left at Richmond, Va., in January, very sick.

Lieut. Patrick Branagan, of Co. D, 1st U. S. Infantry, (regulars), is at home on a short leave of absence. He has been in the service nearly 11 years. Both of his brothers died in rebel prisons.

Private Parker Eaton, Co. K, 39th Regt. Mass. Vols., returned home Saturday evening, on furlough.

1st Sergt. John Gilchrist, Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., who was badly wounded at the battle of Laurel Hill, Va., has been discharged, and has arrived home.

The body of private Louis Monto Walker, Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., who died at Alexandria, Va., last June, of wounds received at Petersburg, June 18th, arrived in town last Saturday, and was buried from the Unitarian Church on Wednesday.

THE AFRICAN AT HOME.—Many of our home friends are anxious to know what is the character of the African in his native land. I should answer, it varies widely. There is a native manliness and dignity about them, that we do not find in America where slavery has exerted its crushing power. As a people, they are warm hearted and hospitable, ready at any time to share their dish of rice and fish with a stranger. Almost without exception they are indolent, seeming to have no idea of true value of time. They will idle away many precious days, severely trying the patience of those who are dependent upon them for labor. They have but little energy and "go-a-head-activeness," and are inclined to depend upon others instead of helping themselves. Laborers, for instance, look to their masters to furnish them with food and clothing, and having this they will scarcely lift a finger to obtain anything beyond. Many, even, who have been educated in mission-schools have utterly failed of success in life because they had not learned that every man must be his own helper, and that "God helps those who help themselves." The heathen, of course, like all other heathen, are full of superstition and revolting customs. There are many lingering relics of heathenism among those who have become partly christianized. Some, however, have already attained a high position, and prove beyond denial that Africa's children are capable of a great elevation.

The colony of Sierra Leone is a noble example of what may be accomplished through God's blessing, by missionary labor. Africans occupy high positions in all departments of life. They practice medicine; they plead at the bar; they preach the gospel; they edit newspapers; they teach High Schools; they hold responsible offices under the English government; in short they do the same things that white men would do under similar circumstances.

In Liberia, the African has made still greater progress. That little Republic is modelled after America, and its people have something of American energy and enterprise. They have established the institutions of civilization, schools, colleges, and churches. They have planted farms, and are raising sugar, coffee, and cotton. They are making the wilderness to bud and blossom, literally and morally. I look to Liberia to exert a powerful influence over the future of West Africa. Her people are now struggling amid many discouragements, and deserve the prayers and help of their friends.—Hartford Courant.

The ice is fast disappearing in the streets.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY AMENDMENT to the Constitution has excited great attention abroad, particularly among friends of the Union in Great Britain. The following article from the London Daily News, doubtless speaks the sentiments of the most intelligent of our friends in England:

"If the Canada had brought no other news on Tuesday than that the supreme legislature of the United States had decreed the abolition of slavery over the vast area subject to its authority, the act would have been justly regarded as one of the most momentous consequences of the war. But its real importance cannot be diminished, although it may be for the moment obscured, by the fact that the tidings find our minds pre-occupied with exciting thoughts, raised by hopes of peace, or depressed at their disappointment. The policy which Mr. Lincoln has steadily pursued from the moment when he took office—a policy necessarily unintelligible to those who have ignored all considerations of constitutional duty in their eagerness to see slavery abolished in whatever way or by whatever means, but clear and consistent when viewed in connection with the political condition under which every President of the United States exercises power—has now reached its culmination.

More than a million of slaves have already been set free, and the South has been brought to a condition in which it must either emancipate its slaves, in the hope of establishing independence by their aid, or return to a Union, of which freedom is now the universal and irrevocable law. It is a great thing to have lived to see this day."

The President recently said to an intimate friend pretty nearly these words: "I have made up my mind to make very few changes in the offices in my gift for my second term. The fact is, I think I will not remove a single man except for good and sufficient cause. It creates a great deal of dissatisfaction and grumbling to make changes. To remove a man is very easy, but when I go to fill his place there are twenty applicants, and of these I must make nineteen enemies."

Counterfeit fractional currency of the denomination of 25 cents is getting into circulation to an extent that is likely to prove not only troublesome, but expensive to persons of small means, who are the most likely to be imposed on. A mere glance at the counterfeit is sufficient to detect it, if the following points are noticed: The words "United States," on the face of the bills, in either corner, are very indistinct, hardly legible, indeed. The same is true of the steam boat in left hand lower corner, and the package of goods in lower left-hand corner. But the point most readily observed on the face of the bill is that the whole groundwork is shaded, while in the genuine, on the right of the figures 25, is a space of white paper. On the reverse, everything is indistinct—lettering, stars on the shield, &c.

A great many people in the Southern cities keep two flags each—one to be displayed when the Confederate troops are the spectators, and the other when the Federal forces are on hand.

An exchange states that Mr. William Sumner of Hartwellville, in this State, committed suicide by shooting himself on Friday, Feb. 24th. He left a wife and several children. Domestic troubles are assigned as the cause of this rash deed. His wife had left him, and he told his children at supper time that he should shoot himself. Two of them being frightened left the house, and on hearing the report of the gun ran to the neighbors and informed them what was done. Several persons went immediately to the house and found Sumner dead. His head was severed from his body and blown to fragments, presenting a horrid spectacle.

TERRIBLE DEATH IN A RAILROAD CAR.—The Buffalo papers give the particulars of the death of Mr. Godfrey Schultz, of that city: He was on his way to Warren, Pa., when a collision took place, and he grasped his carpet bag and essayed to make his escape from the car. Just then the baggage car came rushing in through the car he occupied, and before he could release himself he was jammed in between two seats. The stove was upset, and in a moment the car was in flames. Every effort was made to release him from his frightful position, but without avail. He cried in his agony to those who were near him not to let him perish, but they were powerless. Large quantities of snow were thrown in through the window of the burning car, and with desperate energy he stooped down, gathered it with his hands and applied it to his face and body. One man worked his way into the car but could not reach the helpless victim, and was got out with great difficulty after having been badly burned. But the merciless flames continued to wrap the unfortunate man in their folds, and for twenty minutes he was clothed in fire before the soul deserted the veriest clod of a body. He was a man of great strength and vitality, and his sufferings no pen can adequately describe. The body was identified by means of some business cards which were only partially consumed in the pocket-book of the unfortunate man, and the sad intelligence was forwarded to that city.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.
Flag of Mount Vernon's sacred pride,
Though traitors denounce thee and basely deride,
Plant forth to the breeze, in defiance to all,
For America's arms shall preserve thee from fall,
And her Freedom united around thee shall stand
To defend thee from danger with heart and hand.
Though traitors desert thee, for the stars and the stripes,
We'll stand by the Union, the Stars and the Stripes.
The glories undimmed on the sea and the shore,
Thy praises are sung by the loyal and true;
Let thy praises be sung by all, evermore,
For to thee and to liberty all honor is due.
Oh! glorious banner! Flag of the free,
The hopes of the nation are centered in thee,
To defend thee from danger and traitors' bars,
We'll fight for the Union, the Stars and the Stripes.
ALDEN.

Married
In Winchester, 2d inst., by Josiah Hovey, Esq., Joseph H. Adams to Elizabeth P. Doten, all of Winchester.

Died
In Woburn, March 4th, Gracie M., only daughter of Henry and Eliza A. Bulfinch, aged 4 years, 3 months, 7 days.
All is hard for us to part
With one so wedded to the heart.
But this dear child was lent, not given;
Faded on earth, yet blooms in heaven.
In Woburn, March 5, Nathan Sevens, aged 7 years, 21 days.
In Woburn, March 5, Jeanie Armstrong, aged 4 years.

WANTED.
ANY one having a convenient house to let, containing five or six rooms, without a cellar kitchen, may hear of a good tenant, by applying at this office. mch11-3t

Personal Property AT AUCTION.
Will be sold at Public Auction, on WEDNESDAY, 15th inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the house of the late CAPT. JAMES W. BROOKS, in WOBURN, 2 Cows, 1 Horse, 1 Market-wagon, 1 light do., 1 Farm do., 2 Horse-carts, 1 Ox-cart, 1 Ox-led and 1 Horse-led, 1 Sleigh, 1 Pump, Handcart, 2 Wheelbarrows, Farm Tools, such as: Axes, Saws, Shovels, Chains, Draught Chains, Trace Chains, Cart Harness, 2 sets wagon Harness.
Also, a lot of Meadow Hay, a lot of Lumber, and about 15 bush of Jackson White Potatoes.
Lot of Hot-bellies, bushel Boxes, 50 Apple barrels, 5 Pickle barrels, Cider barrels, hand Cider-mill and Press.
Also, 1 Piano Forte, Bureau, Bedsteads, half dozen stuffed and other Chairs, 1 Top Buggy, &c.
By order of Rebecca W. Brooks, Adm'r.
Wm. W. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, March 6th, 1865. mch11-1t

SOMETHING NEW.
HAVE you seen any of those beautiful Sets of PINS, EAR-RINGS and SLEEVE BUTTONS, made from Silver Coin, by DANIELS, the new Jeweler? If not, call right away! Next door to the Post Office.
Pins made from a Quarter of a Dollar, 75 cts. Ear-rings from five-cent-pieces, 75 a pair. Sleeve Buttons \$1 per pair.
P. S. The above work is made and engraved by himself, where it can be done cheaper than in Boston.
Next Door to the Post Office. mch11-3t

A FORTUNE!
Employment for Everybody.
Agents wanted throughout the U. S. and Canada.
300,000
Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Sleeves, Buttons, Silver Spoons and Forks, Cups, Cake Baskets, &c., worth Eight Hundred Thousand.
The entire stock of a large Importing House, retiring from business.
For the purpose of closing out the stock at the earliest possible date, the undersigned has decided on a great distribution made as follows: RICH and every ARTICLE, NO MATTER HOW VALUABLE, BEING SOLD AT HALF PRICE.
A Certificate of each article with its value printed upon it is placed in an envelope and sealed—these envelopes are thoroughly mixed and are divided into five parts each—the person receiving one of these envelopes is entitled to the article named therein by returning the Certificate to us with one dollar, and the article, no matter how valuable it may be, will be forwarded to him or her at once. There are NO BLANK certificates and therefore every one is sure to get at least the full value of his or her money. Should the article named on the Certificate not suit, a year other may select of the same value will be substituted. We sell the certificates as follows:
One for 25 cts., five for \$1, eleven for \$2, thirty for \$5, sixty-five for \$10, one hundred for \$15. This distribution affords a fine opportunity for Agents, as what lady or gentleman will not invest twenty-five cents with a prospect of getting five hundred or a thousand in such. All orders must be addressed to us at our old stand, No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York.
LIST OF ARTICLES.
ALL OF WHICH ARE TO BE SOLD FOR \$1 EACH.
300 Gent's Gold Hunting Case Watches. \$50 to \$150
300 Ladies' Gold and Enamel Case Watches. 35 " 70
600 Gent's Hunting-case Silver Watches. 25 " 50
200 Diamond Rings. 10 " 20
2,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains. 15 " 30
2,000 Gold Oval Hand Bracelets. 4 " 8
4,000 Chained Gold Bracelets. 5 " 10
2,000 Chained Chains & Guard Chains. 6 " 12
5,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches. 4 " 8
2,000 Lava and Emerald Brooches. 4 " 8
2,000 Coral, Opal & Emerald do. 4 " 8
2,000 Mosses, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 " 8
4,500 Coral, Opal and Emerald Ear Drops. 4 " 8
4,500 California Diamond Rings. 2 " 4
2,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Key. 2 " 4
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides. 3 " 6
4,000 Sets of Solitaire Silver Buttons. 3 " 6
2,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc. 3 " 6
6,000 Miniature Lockets. 2 " 4
4,000 Miniature Locket. Magic Spring. 2 " 4
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc. 2 " 4
5,000 Plain Gold Rings. 4 " 8
2,000 Chained Gold and Silver Rings. 2 " 4
8,000 California Diamond Rings. 2 " 4
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet & Gold. 5 " 10
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, etc. 4 " 8
6,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holder and Pencils. 4 " 10
6,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders. 3 " 6
6,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders. 3 " 6
5,000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups. 5 " 10
3,000 Silver Castors. 15 " 30
2,000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets. 20 " 40
Per Dozen.
5,000 Dose Silver Tea-Spoons. 10 " 20
5,000 " " Table Spoons & Forks. 20 " 40
AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such, will be allowed 10 cts. on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us.
Write plainly, say only what is necessary and be prompt.
GIRARD W. DEVAUGH & CO.
No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York.
mch11-3m

NOTICE.
The Public Schools will re-open on Monday, March 13th, instead of March 20th, as heretofore announced.
PER ORDER.
Woburn, Mar. 4th, 1865.

PROMENADE CONCERT!
THE WOBURN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.
P. L. CONVERSE, Esq., CONDUCTOR,
will give a promenade Concert, in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 14th.
The Orchestra Society have several new pieces in rehearsal, which will be performed on that evening.
Single Tickets, 15 cents. Package of four, 50 cents. May be had at the usual places, and at the door on the evening of the concert.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.
Woburn, Mar. 11th, 1865.

COLLECTOR'S SALE
—IN THE—
Town of Wilmington.
The following described parcels of Real Estate, in said Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, owned, or supposed to be owned, by the persons hereafter named, and assessed for the year 1864, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said assessments, will be offered for sale at Public Auction, at the store of Samuel B. Nichols, Esq., in the Centre of said Wilmington, on MONDAY, the 12th day of April, A. D. 1865, at 12 o'clock, P. M., and will be sold for non-payment of taxes assessed for the year 1864, and all incidental costs and charges, unless the same shall have been previously discharged.
WARREN EAMES, Collector.
Wilmington, March 1st, 1865.

Residents.
TAX FOR 1864.
Blanchard, William J. & his heirs—two dwelling houses and out-buildings, together with two hundred and eighty acres of land, bounded as follows: on the north, by land formerly owned by Sarah Pearson, and land of Oliver Buck and Newton North; on the east, by County road leading from Balladvale to Wilmington Centre; to the school house; thence, on County road leading from Salem to Lowell, until it comes to land of the heirs of Silas Brown; thence, on said Brown's heirs' land, and Jonathan Harden's heirs; on the south, by land of Jonathan Harden, Esq., J. P. Morton, Wm. H. Carter, and the County road leading from S. Gowing's to the Centre of said Wilmington; thence, on the east, by land of the heirs of John Carter, and land of Rich Carter and the Boston and Maine Railroad Company. (Tax \$102.62)
Also, twenty acres of pasture land, bounded on the east by Emerson Andrews, and on the south by land of Henry Harden; on the west, by Luther's brook, so-called; on the North by County road leading from Wilmington Centre to S. Gowing's. (Tax \$5.40)
Simonds, Mitter, heirs, two acres of meadow land, bounded on the east and south, by land of Joshua Bond. (Tax \$2.00)
Also, two acres of meadow, bounded on the south, by land of G. Stafford; southeast, by land of Timothy Bridgen; on the north by Maple Meadow Brook; and south and east, by land of Rich Carter. (Tax \$2.00)
Also, ten acres of land with buildings thereon bounded southeast, by land of Nathan Simonds and John Bailey; northwest, by land of John Bailey and J. A. Ames; northwest by land of said Ames and Samuel Worcester; southwest by land of Worcester and Nathan Simonds. (Tax \$15.85)

Non-Residents.
TAX FOR 1864.
Andrews, Emerson, house and fifty acres of land, bounded east, by Jonathan Harden & his heirs; on the south by land of said Carter and Perry; on the west, by land of Arthur Pickering; on the west, by land of Henry Harden and land of the heirs of the late Wm. Blanchard, Jr.; on the north, by County road leading from the Centre of said Wilmington. (Tax \$20.75)
A. J. Bellows, Lot No. 49 A, on plan of Holt's land, dated June 8th, 1851, registered in the Registry of Deeds, at Cambridge, in Book of Plans, No. 6. See Middlesex Reg. of Deeds, Book 7, page 291. (Tax \$2.81)
John Mullin, bounded southerly, by land of Sylvester Carter and Franklin Kidder, southeast by land now or late, of the heirs of Wm. Blanchard, northeast by land of N. George and the Boston and Maine Railroad; and northwest by land of J. Clark, and heirs of E. Foster. (Tax \$3.85)
Andrew Adamson—Lots 40 and 42 B, on plan of Holt's land. See Middlesex North District Reg. of Deeds, Book 9, page 75. (Tax \$1.35)
Hartz & Bird—Lot 70 A, on plan of land in Wilmington, belonging to Daniel Ayer, recorded in Middlesex Reg. of Deeds, at Cambridge, in Book of Plans, No. 6. See Middlesex North District Reg. of Deeds, Book 2, page 152
June 30th, in Middlesex Reg. of Deeds, at Cambridge, in Book of Plans, No. 6. See Middlesex North District Reg. of Deeds, Book 2, page 152
Gustavus Elliott—Lots 4 A, 4 B, 4 C, 4 D, 4 E, 4 F, 4 G, 4 H, 4 I, 4 J, 4 K, 4 L, 4 M, 4 N, 4 O, 4 P, 4 Q, 4 R, 4 S, 4 T, 4 U, 4 V, 4 W, 4 X, 4 Y, 4 Z, 4 AA, 4 AB, 4 AC, 4 AD, 4 AE, 4 AF, 4 AG, 4 AH, 4 AI, 4 AJ, 4 AK, 4 AL, 4 AM, 4 AN, 4 AO, 4 AP, 4 AQ, 4 AR, 4 AS, 4 AT, 4 AU, 4 AV, 4 AW, 4 AX, 4 AY, 4 AZ, 4 BA, 4 BB, 4 BC, 4 BD, 4 BE, 4 BF, 4 BG, 4 BH, 4 BI, 4 BJ, 4 BK, 4 BL, 4 BM, 4 BN, 4 BO, 4 BP, 4 BQ, 4 BR, 4 BS, 4 BT, 4 BU, 4 BV, 4 BW, 4 BX, 4 BY, 4 BZ, 4 CA, 4 CB, 4 CC, 4 CD, 4 CE, 4 CF, 4 CG, 4 CH, 4 CI, 4 CJ, 4 CK, 4 CL, 4 CM, 4 CN, 4 CO, 4 CP, 4 CQ, 4 CR, 4 CS, 4 CT, 4 CU, 4 CV, 4 CW, 4 CX, 4 CY, 4 CZ, 4 DA, 4 DB, 4 DC, 4 DD, 4 DE, 4 DF, 4 DG, 4 DH, 4 DI, 4 DJ, 4 DK, 4 DL, 4 DM, 4 DN, 4 DO, 4 DP, 4 DQ, 4 DR, 4 DS, 4 DT, 4 DU, 4 DV, 4 DW, 4 DX, 4 DY, 4 DZ, 4 EA, 4 EB, 4 EC, 4 ED, 4 EE, 4 EF, 4 EG, 4 EH, 4 EI, 4 EJ, 4 EK, 4 EL, 4 EM, 4 EN, 4 EO, 4 EP, 4 EQ, 4 ER, 4 ES, 4 ET, 4 EU, 4 EV, 4 EW, 4 EX, 4 EY, 4 EZ, 4 FA, 4 FB, 4 FC, 4 FD, 4 FE, 4 FF, 4 FG, 4 FH, 4 FI, 4 FJ, 4 FK, 4 FL, 4 FM, 4 FN, 4 FO, 4 FP, 4 FQ, 4 FR, 4 FS, 4 FT, 4 FU, 4 FV, 4 FW, 4 FX, 4 FY, 4 FZ, 4 GA, 4 GB, 4 GC, 4 GD, 4 GE, 4 GF, 4 GH, 4 GI, 4 GJ, 4 GK, 4 GL, 4 GM, 4 GN, 4 GO, 4 GP, 4 GQ, 4 GR, 4 GS, 4 GT, 4 GU, 4 GV, 4 GW, 4 GX, 4 GY, 4 GZ, 4 HA, 4 HB, 4 HC, 4 HD, 4 HE, 4 HF, 4 HG, 4 HH, 4 HI, 4 HJ, 4 HK, 4 HL, 4 HM, 4 HN, 4 HO, 4 HP, 4 HQ, 4 HR, 4 HS, 4 HT, 4 HU, 4 HV, 4 HW, 4 HX, 4 HY, 4 HZ, 4 IA, 4 IB, 4 IC, 4 ID, 4 IE, 4 IF, 4 IG, 4 IH, 4 II, 4 IJ, 4 IK, 4 IL, 4 IM, 4 IN, 4 IO, 4 IP, 4 IQ, 4 IR, 4 IS, 4 IT, 4 IU, 4 IV, 4 IW, 4 IX, 4 IY, 4 IZ, 4 JA, 4 JB, 4 JC, 4 JD, 4 JE, 4 JF, 4 JG, 4 JH, 4 JI, 4 JJ, 4 JK, 4 JL, 4 JM, 4 JN, 4 JO, 4 JP, 4 JQ, 4 JR, 4 JS, 4 JT, 4 JU, 4 JV, 4 JW, 4 JX, 4 JY, 4 JZ, 4 KA, 4 KB, 4 KC, 4 KD, 4 KE, 4 KF, 4 KG, 4 KH, 4 KI, 4 KJ, 4 KK, 4 KL, 4 KM, 4 KN, 4 KO, 4 KP, 4 KQ, 4 KR, 4 KS, 4 KT, 4 KU, 4 KV, 4 KW, 4 KX, 4 KY, 4 KZ, 4 LA, 4 LB, 4 LC, 4 LD, 4 LE, 4 LF, 4 LG, 4 LH, 4 LI, 4 LJ, 4 LK, 4 LL, 4 LM, 4 LN, 4 LO, 4 LP, 4 LQ, 4 LR, 4 LS, 4 LT, 4 LU, 4 LV, 4 LW, 4 LX, 4 LY, 4 LZ, 4 MA, 4 MB, 4 MC, 4 MD, 4 ME, 4 MF, 4 MG, 4 MH, 4 MI, 4 MJ, 4 MK, 4 ML, 4 MM, 4 MN, 4 MO, 4 MP, 4 MQ, 4 MR, 4 MS, 4 MT, 4 MU, 4 MV, 4 MW, 4 MX, 4 MY, 4 MZ, 4 NA, 4 NB, 4 NC, 4 ND, 4 NE, 4 NF, 4 NG, 4 NH, 4 NI, 4 NJ, 4 NK, 4 NL, 4 NM, 4 NN, 4 NO, 4 NP, 4 NQ, 4 NR, 4 NS, 4 NT, 4 NU, 4 NV, 4 NW, 4 NX, 4 NY, 4 NZ, 4 OA, 4 OB, 4 OC, 4 OD, 4 OE, 4 OF, 4 OG, 4 OH, 4 OI, 4 OJ, 4 OK, 4 OL, 4 OM, 4 ON, 4 OO, 4 OP, 4 OQ, 4 OR, 4 OS, 4 OT, 4 OU, 4 OV, 4 OW, 4 OX, 4 OY, 4 OZ, 4 PA, 4 PB, 4 PC, 4 PD, 4 PE, 4 PF, 4 PG, 4 PH, 4 PI, 4 PJ, 4 PK, 4 PL, 4 PM, 4 PN, 4 PO, 4 PP, 4 PQ, 4 PR, 4 PS, 4 PT, 4 PU, 4 PV, 4 PW, 4 PX, 4 PY, 4 PZ, 4 QA, 4 QB, 4 QC, 4 QD, 4 QE, 4 QF, 4 QG, 4 QH, 4 QI, 4 QJ, 4 QK, 4 QL, 4 QM, 4 QN, 4 QO, 4 QP, 4 QQ, 4 QR, 4 QS, 4 QT, 4 QU, 4 QV, 4 QW, 4 QX, 4 QY, 4 QZ, 4 RA, 4 RB, 4 RC, 4 RD, 4 RE, 4 RF, 4 RG, 4 RH, 4 RI, 4 RJ, 4 RK, 4 RL, 4 RM, 4 RN, 4 RO, 4 RP, 4 RQ, 4 RR, 4 RS, 4 RT, 4 RU, 4 RV, 4 RW, 4 RX, 4 RY, 4 RZ, 4 SA, 4 SB, 4 SC, 4 SD, 4 SE, 4 SF, 4 SG, 4 SH, 4 SI, 4 SJ, 4 SK, 4 SL, 4 SM, 4 SN, 4 SO, 4 SP, 4 SQ, 4 SR, 4 SS, 4 ST, 4 SU, 4 SV, 4 SW, 4 SX, 4 SY, 4 SZ, 4 TA, 4 TB, 4 TC, 4 TD, 4 TE, 4 TF, 4 TG, 4 TH, 4 TI, 4 TJ, 4 TK, 4 TL, 4 TM, 4 TN, 4 TO, 4 TP, 4 TQ, 4 TR, 4 TS, 4 TT, 4 TU, 4 TV, 4 TW, 4 TX, 4 TY, 4 TZ, 4 UA, 4 UB, 4 UC, 4 UD, 4 UE, 4 UF, 4 UG, 4 UH, 4 UI, 4 UJ, 4 UK, 4 UL, 4 UM, 4 UN, 4 UO, 4 UP, 4 UQ, 4 UR, 4 US, 4 UT, 4 UY, 4 UZ, 4 VA, 4 VB, 4 VC, 4 VD, 4 VE, 4 VF, 4 VG, 4 VH, 4 VI, 4 VJ, 4 VK, 4 VL, 4 VM, 4 VN, 4 VO, 4 VP, 4 VQ, 4 VR, 4 VS, 4 VT, 4 VU, 4 VV, 4 VW, 4 VX, 4 VY, 4 VZ, 4 WA, 4 WB, 4 WC, 4 WD, 4 WE, 4 WF, 4 WG, 4 WH, 4 WI, 4 WJ, 4 WK, 4 WL, 4 WM, 4 WN, 4 WO, 4 WP, 4 WQ, 4 WR, 4 WS, 4 WT, 4 WU, 4 WV, 4 WW, 4 WX, 4 WY, 4 WZ, 4 XA, 4 XB, 4 XC, 4 XD, 4 XE, 4 XF, 4 XG, 4 XH, 4 XI, 4 XJ, 4 XK, 4 XL, 4 XM, 4 XN, 4 XO, 4 XP, 4 XQ, 4 XR, 4 XS, 4 XT, 4 XU, 4 XV, 4 XW, 4 XX, 4 XY, 4 XZ, 4 YA, 4 YB, 4 YC, 4 YD, 4 YE, 4 YF, 4 YG, 4 YH, 4 YI, 4 YJ, 4 YK, 4 YL, 4 YM, 4 YN, 4 YO, 4 YP, 4 YQ, 4 YR, 4 YS, 4 YT, 4 YU, 4 YV, 4 YW, 4 YX, 4 YY, 4 YZ, 4 ZA, 4 ZB, 4 ZC, 4 ZD, 4 ZE, 4 ZF, 4 ZG, 4 ZH, 4 ZI, 4 ZJ, 4 ZK, 4 ZL, 4 ZM, 4 ZN, 4 ZO, 4 ZP, 4 ZQ, 4 ZR, 4 ZS, 4 ZT, 4 ZU, 4 ZV, 4 ZW, 4 ZX, 4 ZY, 4 ZZ.

Owners Unknown.
Lots 56 and 57—Holt's plan. (Tax \$3.08). mch4-3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
BY order of WM. A. RICHARDSON, Esq., Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Public Auction, on MONDAY, the third day of April, at 2 o'clock, P. M., one half of the two story dwelling house, on the land under and adjoining the same, being the property of AARON BURDITT, late of South Reading, deceased, situated near the station on the Georgetown and Newburyport railroad, at its junction with Lowell street. Said house is in good repair, and its immediate vicinity schools, churches, and depot, render it a valuable place for a summer residence.
Also, another lot of Land, containing 7 acres, adjoining one of the above lots, on the South side of Lowell street. The whole of this property would make a very desirable place for a man doing business in the city, or one seeking retirement from the busy scenes of active life.
Sale on the premises.
J. A. A. OSGOOD, Administrator.
mch4-3t

BRUSHES.
FOR THE
HAIR, TEETH, AND CLOTHING.
For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN
By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.
These Notes are issued under date of August 15th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into
U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.
Gold-Bearing Bonds
These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from Nov., which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one, to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.
The interest amounts to
One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two cents " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " \$500 "
20 " " " \$1000 "
\$1 " " " \$5000 "
Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.
This is
THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET
now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the
Great Popular loan of the People.
Less than \$200,000,000 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next 60 or 90 days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.
In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.
JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WOBURN.
feb25-2m


REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
Two Houses and one Houselet, pleasantly located on Church Street—one House containing three finished rooms in good repair, and a shed attached. The water is in the house and supplied by a spring. The other House contains four rooms with a small shed attached.
For further particulars inquire of C. H. BLAIS-DELL, on the premises, or of JACOB MUNROE, of Burlington.
jan28-4f

FOR SALE.
EIGHT or TEN Houses in Woburn, ranging in price between \$700 and \$6,000.
Also a fine building lot. Call at Room 7, 15 Marshall st., Boston.
mch4-3t

Administrator's Sale of Real and Personal Property, IN SOUTH READING.
BY virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, March 25th, 1865, at two o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the homestead of the late Thomas Skinner, consisting of a two story Dwelling House, in good repair. Stable, with a good cellar, out buildings, &c. There is about two acres of excellent land connected with the buildings, with good bearing Fruit Trees.
The above property is situated on Salem street, about one mile from the R. R. depot, half a mile from churches, and in a pleasant neighborhood.
Also, at the same time and place, Household Furniture, Farming Tools, &c. &c.
Conditions as usual.
DANIEL ALLEN, Administrator.
South Reading, Feb. 21st, 1865. feb25-3t

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
Washington, January 24th, '65.
Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June third, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act, required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act.
Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.
In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office this 24th day of January, 1865.
HUGH MCCULLOCH,
Comptroller of the Currency.
jan28-9t

M. L. MORSE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STONEHAM.
Office over Store of C. H. Montague.
HADLEY CO. SIX CORD.
POOL COTTON,
The best in the Market. Also,
Cowan's Patent Cambric Frilling, A new Article at mch4
Brown Linen & Embossed TABLE COVERS, Swiss Muslins, Checked & Plain CAMBRICS,
at MRS. HALE'S.


THE GREAT German Heilmittel,
WILL POSITIVELY CURE
CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
AND THE FIRST STAGES OF
CONSUMPTION.
IT IS A SURE PREVENTATIVE FOR
DIPHTHERIA.

This remedy is prepared by a regular Physician of fifteen years' experience, and an extensive practice in diseases of the Pulmonary mucous membrane, prescribing constantly the Heilmittel with unfailing success, thus curing thousands who, in vain, have exhausted every other means to obtain relief. A few of the many certificates of cures in the possession of the Doctor are here annexed, which the reader is desired to peruse. They are not certificates of the dead, or names of those who never existed, but parties well known in Boston and vicinity.
To THE PUBLIC.—My wife, having been afflicted with catarrh for years, attended latterly with a bad cough, having used many remedies and tried the treatment of several of our best medical men without success, I was induced by my friends to try the Great German Heilmittel. To my surprise, her cough ceased at once, her catarrh melted away, and now she is radically cured. With the cure of the catarrh, all the symptoms attending this disagreeable disease, such as discharges from the nose and dropping into the throat, hawking, etc., etc., all disappeared. I would not be without this invaluable remedy, and advise every one afflicted with coughs, colds, or catarrh, to try it. They will certainly find it a sure cure.
J. H. SILSBY.
Newton Corner, Mass., Jan. 1, 1865, formerly of the Winthrop House, Boston.

The great German Heilmittel has cured an obstinate cough with which my family and myself have been troubled, and in spite of our efforts, could not get cured. The cure was effected in the remarkably short time of two days.
My neighbor, Mrs. Merrill, had a child who was suffering with a cough, and bleeding from the lungs, and to them, also, I gave part of a bottle. She reports a perfect cure of her child by this remarkable remedy, the Great German Heilmittel.
THEODORE COLLAMORE.
Cambridgeport, Jan. 1, 1865.

My little son was afflicted for a year or more with a bad cough. Having lost my husband with consumption, was consequently fearful of losing my child by the same disease. My friends and physicians who saw my child, pronounced it already consumptive. Although somewhat discouraged by these counsels, I tried my best to save him, and I am happy to state that I was successful by the use of the German Heilmittel. My son's cough disappeared, his general health improved, and gained strength, and subsequently was radically cured, and has remained so for the last two years, not even having the cough return.
MRS. J. L. LANG,
No. 10 Bedford street, Boston, Mass.

I think if I had not used the Great German Heilmittel, I should have certainly been dead long ago. All that ever cured my catarrh and saved me from consumption, I owe to this invaluable remedy.
ROBERT WRIGHT.
Hartford, Conn.
The Great German Heilmittel has cured me of a severe cough which almost led to consumption—thanks to the Heilmittel—I am now perfectly well.
WM. B. FISKE,
24th St. N. Y.

My wife has suffered with catarrh and bronchitis for years. About a year ago last winter, she was completely run down in strength, and my physician pronounced her case consumption. Being anxious to do all that could be done for her, I bought a bottle of The German Heilmittel. By the use of the very first bottle, my wife began to improve, and after using but six bottles of it, entirely recovered her health. I consider myself very fortunate in trying this remedy, and deem it my duty to recommend it to all who are suffering with even the slightest cold or cough.
EBEN S. NASH,
Wrentham, Mass.

Having used the great German Heilmittel in my family, and prescribed it in my practice, with the very best of success in the treatment of coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, I can but recommend it to the public as a safe and speedy cure for the named diseases.
J. Q. A. FRENCH, M. D., Hillsboro, N. H.

I have used the German Heilmittel for a bad case of Catarrh, attended with a distressing cough, with perfect success, and can but recommend it to the public as the best remedy for the above mentioned complaint.
NEWELL TOWLE,
Riding Academy, 415 Washington St. Boston.

CHALLENGE!
Something New and Unrivalled!
COUNIHAN'S WATER PROOF COMPOSITION, FOR BOOTS, SHOES, AND HARNESSES.
By rendering them perfectly impervious to the wet, either snow or salt water, restoring the life and durability of the leather, making it perfectly soft and pliable. The inventor is a practical Carrier, and he challenges the world to produce its equal.
The attention of Horse Railroad Companies, Stable-Keepers, Expressmen, Farmers, and others, is called to the fact, that the Composition is put up in cans for Harnesses, Carriage Tops, &c. A can will save at least \$20 in the durability and neatness of one Harness. To Boot Manufacturers we say, for Treating Boots it is unequalled. Try it.
Retail price 30 cents per box, to be had of the Agents, AUGUSTUS ROUNDEY, Woburn; C. H. MONTAGUE, Stoneham; W. M. ALLEN & SON, 25 Faneuil Hall square; MELROD, STURTEVANT & CO., Nos. 39 and 41 Congress street; J. W. BARRETT, 171 and 173 Hanover street, Boston.
Also for sale by E. H. Walton, So. Reading; K. Bassett, Reading.
Call for it in every shoe store, and take no other.
Agents Wanted in every City and Town in the U. States and Canadas.
Manufactured by EDWARD COUNIHAN, Charlestown, Mass.
feb25-51*

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.
The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the
ATTENTION
—OF—
PERSONS IN WANT OF CLOTHING
to the Stock he has bought of Newell Stiles.
THE STOCK OF
Overcoats & Heavy Goods MUST BE SOLD!
and will be sold for CASH at
Less than Wholesale Prices!!
THE STOCK OF
FURNISHING GOODS!
HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,
EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES, and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.
J. W. HAMMOND,
Lyceum Building.
Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65. 3m

"ANNO DOMINI," 1865.
THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE,
SPARROW HORTON, Proprietor.
Has constantly on hand and for sale, a GOOD assortment of New and Standard BOOKS of Fact and Fiction, SCHOOL BOOKS of all kinds, BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, HYMN BOOKS, and Sets of Juvenile and Toy Books for young people, ALMANACS and DIARIES, and the various MAGAZINES and NEWSPAPERS that are published. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS in rich or plain binding for the table or pocket. TIN TYPE, AUTOGRAPH and LADIES' ALBUMS. SHEET MUSIC of Popular Songs and Tunes, ENGRAVINGS, LITHOGRAPHS and PHOTOGRAPHS.
FRANK'S OIL PICTURES, in Oil Colors, of AUTUMN LEAVES, BIRDS & BUTTERFLIES, FRUITS & FLOWERS, WOOD & SEA MOTIVES, LANDSCAPES, FUNNY CHARACTERS, &c.
PICTURE FRAMES, Oval, Rustic and Square. (Pictures framed to order promptly.) and PICTURE CORDS, PORTFOLIOS and WRITING DESKS, BACKGAMMON and CHESS BOARDS, PLAYING CARDS, and numerous GAMES.
ACCOUNT BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, and MEMORANDUMS.
WAR MAPS.
U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE STAMPS, &c.
A LARGE supply of STATIONERY, including ENVELOPES of all sizes, from Billet to Official. WRITING PAPER, from Billet to Foolscap and Bill Paper.
BLACK, RED & BLUE INK.
"A. MORTON'S" GOLD PENS, STEEL PENS and QUILLS, PENHOLDERS and PENCILS, in all varieties, and many other articles, too numerous to mention. FANCY GOODS and TOYS in great variety. A good selection of PAPER HANGINGS, consisting of HOUSE PAPERS of latest patterns, BORDERS and WINDOW SHADES.
The above named Goods are all bought for CASH, and therefore will be sold LOW.
FOR CASH ONLY.
Persons in Woburn and vicinity are invited to call, examine and purchase.
Main street, Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1865.

PETROLEUM!!
COLL J. TURNER, NEW YORK,
Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE DIVIDEND PAYING PETROLEUM OIL COMPANIES:
Parties desirous of making investments in these Money-making Schemes, may rely upon his knowledge of the various Companies, and for his integrity and business tor of this paper, and to
MESSERS. BANNER & CARPENTER, 107 & 109 STATE STREET, Boston.
dec 31-3m

TOILET EXTRACTS.
In endless variety, many of which will be sold at a low figure, by
W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

Woburn Branch.
Trains for Woburn Centre, leave Boston, 6.45, 7.30, 11.30, a. m.; 12.15, 2.45, 5.15, 6.40, 7.30, 9.20, p. m.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.40, a. m.; 1.15, 5.00, 6.30, 8.15, p. m.
*Wednesday at 11.30 p. m. Saturdays at 10 p. m.
On Wednesday, at 10.15, p. m.
Stoneham Branch.
The Train on this Road will leave Boston (from Lowell Railroad Depot) for Stoneham, at 7.30, 8.15, 9.45, a. m.; 5.15, 6.30, p. m.
Leave Stoneham for Boston, at 5.50, and 7.30, a. m.; 10.15, a. m.; 1.00, and 4.30, p. m.
A train will leave Boston for Stoneham, on Wednesday at 11.30 p. m., and Saturdays at 10 p. m.
A train will leave Stoneham for Boston at 10.00 p. m., and Saturdays at 8.05 p. m.
J. B. WINSLOW, Superintendent.
march 4th. B. L. and N. L. R. R.

A good assortment of SCISSORS, F. B. DODGE'S.
feb4-4f

HUNNEWELL'S Universal Cough Remedy.
There is, probably, no line of diseases which has been more erroneously treated than Cough and Lung Complaints, and the remedy is not to be found in the public for the above complaints, or Opium, in some form or other, which is to be entirely unnecessary in nine tenths of such cases, as they produce nausea, cause the stomach to reject food, and allow disease to take deep root, what nature requires to keep up strength.
Again, these objectionable components cause done to be placed so far apart that the irritation which causes the cough gets the upper hand, and the foundation of weak lungs or consumption is permanently laid.
A true Cough Remedy should not only be the pocket, bedside, or nursery companion of all, and to be used just as often as there is tickling in the throat, or disposition to cough, but to allow of its free use after the cough is checked, to clear

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 25.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

THE ARMFUL OF WOOD.

BY FRANCES LEE.

The old homestead of the Marlborough family spread its capacious gambrel-roof and summed its red, weatherstained sides on the top of a high hill; one of those knobs on the face of nature which, in the general upheaving on the third day of creation, had mayhap been jostled—a lump of rock and earth—from a passing iceberg; being thus like the ark on Ararat in a measure isolated from the comparatively level world below.

Thus may in part have accounted for the old-fashioned notions which Dame Marlborough, in the simplicity of her gentle heart, still acted upon. Not only being thus somewhat lifted above the shallow selfishness of mankind in general, but also sufficiently off the beaten track of the travelling world to make a strange horse a wonder, and a passing procession of two unknown carriages a day's marvel. For the good soul was one of those simple countryfolk who have never suspected it to be possible for guests to be anything but a delight, a something whereupon to expand the superfluous warmth of hospitality and overflow of home dainties. One who hailed the sight of a carriage or the sound of a knock at the door as a signal for a genuine display of homely, hearty kindness and bustling welcome, and could not see so much as a tin peddler without yearning to offer him, at the least, a mug of beer or a glass of milk.

The solitude of a secluded country-life certainly tended to the preserving of these kindly qualities, but doubtless Mother Marlborough would have been the same cheery, generous-hearted body in the thick of London; or even, if that were possible, in the very place of St. James. For ceasing to be that she would cease to be Mother Marlborough.

"Yes, father! Thanksgiving doesn't come but once a year, and it is a pity if we can't have our children around us all together as often as that. I can't help but pity poor old neighbor Grammerley, only three boys and a girl to come home to Thanksgiving and only one grandchild to her name. It must seem real lonesome and desolate-like to sit down at such a small tableful," said Mother Marlborough, whose expansive heart could not imagine maternal affection satisfied with lavishing itself on the contracted sphere of less than a dozen or so of children. "And there is Mrs. Baker, without chick or child in the world she can call her own. It must be a dreary life never to know what it is to expect one's own folks home now and then. I suppose, though, the poor things don't miss what they never had, but after all I am sure they must feel a dreadful lack somehow."

While the good dame thus philosophized, one by one chickens and turkeys were yielding up their lives and their fathers, unconscious offerings to the great natural law whereby "Life everywhere is fed by death."

As the first step in the course of preparation, from the dark corners under the garret eaves to the potato bins in the cellar, every spot in the house underwent a most thorough cleaning. From every nook and hiding-place heaps upon heaps of old-time valuables came forth to take their semi-annual polishing and glimpse of daylight, then stowed away again to be appreciated by nothing but spiders and bright-eyed mice until time for spring whitewashing. Not a foot of space or an article of furniture escaped, and the air was fairly burdened with the wholesome fragrance of soap-suds and whitewash as everything was righted for the great festival.

Then came the cooking, and there was no end to the boiling and baking, the stewing and mixing that went on for a full week; but when you consider the size of the Marlborough family, children and grandchildren you will not wonder.

Finally, all in good time, the night before the great day came. Already the stage-coaches were doubly freighted with happy people who, good-naturedly for once, endured crowding and squeezing, and the highways were lively with travelers. For almost every house had its absent ones coming to the annual gatherings, as well as the red, gambrel-roofed house on the hill, which Mother Marlborough filled with a happy flutter and bustle of expectation.

The wind, which is not ill enough to blow nobody some good, had, in leaving some one friendless on this day of all the days in the year, blown in the path of Mother Marlborough a great blessing in the shape of Rachel Greenwood, a treasure, a mint of gold, a right hand in short. What she would have done without her

is too dreadful to consider, and there is no need of considering it, for there she was, red cheeked, hardy and untiring. There she was, and what was more and better, there she was likely to be, for only a Thanksgiving before Charles Marlborough—youngest and best beloved of the long line of Mother Marlborough's boys and girls, the son who was expected to succeed on the parental acres—had taken unto himself, as his lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold till death should them part, this same red rosy which I am praising. In token whereof behold, not only the plain gold ring on the fourth finger of her dexterous left hand, but as well, the two-months' baby, plump and wholesome, passing the busy hours of Thanksgiving morning in peaceable slumber as any well-behaved baby should; lying in the red wooden cradle, which had been the resting place successively of every member of the Marlborough family. There it had amiably lain during all the hours of previous preparations as Mother Marlborough and daughter-in-law Rachel, among other feats, stuffed a whole flock of turkeys, and made a couple of chicken pies large enough to contain four-and-twenty blackbirds four-and-twenty times over.

A few of the family, say something like a dozen, came on the day before Thanksgiving, but they were no more regarded than a few flies more or less in dog days. Not but that they met a hearty welcome, and put the whole household in a state of delightful bustle. Not but that the dining-table had an extra leaf or two, and the pile of plates and cups were proportionally increased, but these trifles were all attended to without any apparent exertion, and there was no visible diminution in the headsup supplies of the pantry and store-room.

Fortunately, for the accommodation of so many guests, the hands of the Marlborough family, sires and sons, had almost ever since the time of the Mayflower, allowed their surplus energy and love of novelty to express itself in throwing out here a bed-room or two, with extensive closets and roomy cupboards attached, and there a new "keeping-room," and a commodious wash-room; besides a whole wing of convenient apartments extending in the rear of the original mansion, which expended its red, old-fashioned front under the shadow of the scymore and ancient elm trees, planted by the first of the Marlboroughs. So, although the architectural effect of the whole pile was somewhat as though somebody having knocked off at auction a miscellaneous lot of box-traps, squirrel cages and hen-coops, had thrown them into an overgrown heap on the ground together, the result made almost literally "no end of room to stow folks away," as Duncy Meekins said. Being town charge Duncy Meekins was not particularly desired anywhere on Thanksgiving day, and so had come in to help.

While thus the house had been growing, room by room, turkeys, and geese, and ducks, and hens had been dying and leaving their feathers, and the thrifty, notable dames who one after another had rejoiced in the name and station of Mistress Marlborough, had been spinning and weaving, piecing up and quilting till there was also "no end" to the bed quilts, blankets and feather beds which the numberless clothes-chests and closets were ready to yield up at the shortest notice; in quantity, so it seemed, sufficient to quarter a regiment.

Thanksgiving morning, chilly and bleak as it should be, to make comforts within show the brighter in contrast with the unkindly weather without, brought the wandering ones all home—those who had not already come. From every possible point of the compass, wherever there was a settlement and a road leading from it, Marlboroughs and descendants of the Marlboroughs came jolting and jarring over the rough, frosty ground. People along the road looking from their windows that day need hardly wonder any more who was passing, but which.

And under the hospitable gambrel-roof every thing and everybody was astir and aglow. Sparkling fires crackled and flamed up the wide chimneys all over the house, from the parlor, with its freshly scoured floor, its pictures of King George and the Landing of the Pilgrims upon its walls, and its bouquets of globe-amaranth and life everlasting upon the mantel above the brass fire-set which shone like Solomon's Temple in the blazing fire-light, down to the kitchen, whose freshly whitewashed walls were decorated with links of sausages, rings of pumpkin, and rows of hams, and bunches of dried beef;

whose fireplace was widest, and whence all manner of savory odors came.

Over the broad, brick hearth before this roaring fire hung, by a stout cord, from the beam overhead, a mighty spare-rib, flanked by turkeys, roasting and sizzling with all the relish in the world, evidently considering individually that the highest honor to which meat could arrive was thus and then attained. The roasts were kept in motion slowly turning before the fire by first one and then another of the third generation of Marlboroughs, who were beguiled by the novelty of the task into transient forgetfulness of any constitutional antipathy they might have for the tedium of work in the abstract.

Mingling with the crackling of the fires and the sputtering of the meat chimed in the beating of Mother Marlborough's spoon, which was employed in stirring a substantial, old-fashioned pudding, thick with rasins, delicious with cream and eggs, and large enough for the King of Brobdingnag; while louder than that came the harsh grating of the heavy fire-shovel, as Rachel Marlborough drew out several bushels of glowing coals from the brick oven, whose huge mouth yawned to take in these Thanksgiving dainties. Loudest, and above all, sounded the music of the children's voices; and, no whit behind them in chatter and merriment, the voices of the papas and mamas. There were family matters enough to be disposed of without doubt. Several new babies to be admired and wondered over, the astonishing precocity of the older children, the history of their various little sicknesses and the most efficacious remedies used, new dresses to compare and the coming winter's styles to discuss, besides a thousand subjects of vital importance to every member of the Marlborough family, but not of the slightest interest to either you or me.

In the midst of this glee and merry-making, who could dream of the doom prowling without, relentless and pitiless as the inexorable hand which appeared upon the wall at the feast of the Chaldean king, throwing bitterness into his cup of gold, bringing mourning for the oil of joy, and the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise.

Smile, mother, in the warmth and glow of your cheerful heart, for it will be long before the cheerful heart will be so light again! Look up fondly, wife, at the manliness and strength which is yours to-day, for your home will soon be left unto you desolate! Wail, little blue-eyed baby, in your cradle, for the footsteps are even now approaching which seek to bereave you!

"Charles, I don't think this oven is quite hot enough; supposing you bring in an armful of that light pine to flash up quick and make a little more heat," said Rachel Marlborough, briskly.

Ah, Rachel, if you had but known, you would have sooner spoiled even the crowning glory of the dinner—you would have gone through all manner of deadly peril and pain of body to have spared what was then at your very door. But so it was not to be; therefore go out bravely, young man, to meet your coming fate.

Charles took his hat from its peg, and went through the shed to the woodpile beyond, where he had that morning been splitting some sticks of dry pine.

In the shadow of the barn, still farther on, lurking for a victim, were crouched three men in guise of drovers, but who had, indeed, quite another calling—dealers of men instead of cattle. For the time of my story is back in the far-away time, "when good King George was king," and when America, being virtually a part of England, was subject with it to occasional and peremptory calls for men to fill the ranks of the British navy. Not only were able-bodied seamen seized from shipboard and compelled to serve, but in many instances even landmen living near the coast were not safe from the ruthless clutch of adventurous press-gangs, who crept up from the seaboard to impress whomever they could into the naval service of George the king; men, as I imagine, who, living in our own day, and in the Confederacy, would be the guerrillas of the Southern Rebellion.

So you know why Rachel Marlborough waited long and vainly for her oven wood. Why the little boys, and then the women and the men, who went out to look for him, found no trace of the missing man. "I'll be finished what well begun," and it was a mournful feast-day after all at the red gambrel-roofed house on the hill.

Such seizures were common enough to make the suddenly bereaved family read-

ily suspect the cause of Charles's disappearance, and this suspicion was corroborated by learning that several other men were missing in the vicinity. In time, assurance was made doubly sure by a letter from Charles himself, informing them of his inevitable fate—an aggravating fate, which had added insult to injury by plucking its victim not only from the heart of his home and family, but taken him, of an days, on this public feast-day of New England, intensifying the contrast of his past and present life by that unmean Thanksgiving dinner.

The heavy years passed on; five times Thanksgiving day had dawned and faded upon the gambrel-roof, and found each time at the long, crowded table of Mother Marlborough one empty plate and vacant chair. The sixth came around in the fulness of time, and again every corner of the old Marlborough mansion, and of hundreds of other homes as well, was putting on a festive and holiday look, while every chimney-top was puffing out a welcome eloquently suggestive of hospitality, of warmth and of plenty.

Rachel Marlborough, ruddy and sturdy as seven years before, accustomed to her long-continued loneliness, though nowise reconciled to it, was again standing with the heavy fire-shovel clearing, as before, the large-mouthed oven of its fiery contents. Mother Marlborough was stirring a pudding as of yore; again the roasts sizzled and sputtered in happy contentment over the broad hearth, while the voices of the children and their elders filled the house with lively cheer. It was the same picture, and at first one might hardly note a change; but the flight of years was marked and made evident by the pinked cheeks of little dandel who had climbed from the old red cradle to be a tall young miss of seven, and who was turning and basting the spitted meat with all the expertness of Rachel the senior. While the acceptable duties of the day thus went on, each mayhap thinks of the absent one, who has been, and still may be, in scenes of danger and hardship, and of the day, whose anniversary this is, when he vanished from among them.

But if they think of these things, so does he. Whether the British colonies in America had yet set their seal upon the declaration that the inalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and, having become of themselves a nation acknowledged, had claimed this man among others as an American born citizen, or if he had in any other way found a discharge, the tradition which I am repeating does not say; but certain it is that somehow Charles Marlborough, in his own person, is at that very moment coming up the homestead hill and passing the piled-up wood in the very spot where he had been lured out to his destiny. He paused as he came to the pile, picked up an armful, and thus entered the kitchen from which he had gone unconsciously out on his so long journey. "Here is your wood," said he, throwing it down as though not seven months had passed between.

Rachel looked sharply at him. "Well, you have kept me waiting for it long enough," she replied, as coolly as he. Then, I imagine, came some hysterical laughing, and crying, and talking, while the seven-years-old girl looked wondering on. So

"Out of the shadow into the sun,
Well was ended what ill begun."

The empty plate and vacant chair were filled at last, and the thankfulness and joy, repressed for these weary years, had final, full fruition. Thus Charles Marlborough's Thanksgiving dinner, like old wine, was better for the waiting.

ABOUT BOYS.

BY EVELEEN L. MASON.

Of course I shall shock you—but all the same, I do love the boys. From the curly-headed little urchin who struts about in the full dignity of his first pants, and who declares "he don't wear girl's clothes now," to the big, downy boy, before whom we stand and stutter awhile, and at last, in desperation, give over the attempt of fitting on the Mister, and cosily sink back into the dear home-made name of Charlie, Eddie or Will. I do love the boys, and, with Sidney Smith, I believe they are a race of animals very little understood; especially the great full-of-life boys, who, if they don't have plenty of good work supplied for hands and brains, will supply themselves with such as they may find.

These hard-working, never-quiet boys, who "always get the most blame," and who, poor fellows, spend much of their time, getting out of one scrape into another,

are the boys who eventually make the stirring men. Stirring indeed! Some, stirring up all the evil there is in nature, and some stirring up all the good.

Mother, if you own one of the high-pressure kind of boys, you certainly have your hands full of business now; but be wise and patient, and you will, by-and-by, have your hearts full of happiness. "I hope so; for what a life the boy does lead me now," you say. True, but don't shut off the steam without leaving an escape valve open; if you do he will burst—out into open disobedience, I mean. Leave the steam on, and let him run, only look out that he keeps on the right track; if he is well loaded, his business freight alone will retard his lightening speed. Load him well, and he will come to no grief, notwithstanding his high-pressure system; otherwise, with all that steam, he will rush to destruction.

The high-pressure boy, evidently, has a partiality for tumbling from high trees, if there be any from which to tumble, if not, the roof of the house is made to answer the purpose. Various cuts and gashes with hatchets and knives, seem a favorite pastime, until his gentle, worried mother is in a constant shudder of fear at what her boy may do next. "All this is indisputably hard to bear. 'The boy is never still,' you say. No never! Then provide something upon which he may consume his energy; don't leave him to find work for himself, but keep him busy—not hands only, but thoughts also. One of the best men I know, and one whose stirring energy would be a fearful thing, if it were as fully in Satan's service as it is in the Lord's—has his sainted mother to thank for the gift he had in readiness for the Lord when he entered His service, the gift of unimpeded energy and healthy activity. He, as a boy, often awoke the sigh, and almost despairing thought, that he was untamable. But the mother worked on, and once when at a loss to know how to employ him, she told him she desired a needle-book, and brought him bright bits of silk and card-board, and with patient interest watched his awkward fingers as he labored away at his work of love, until a pretty "keep-sake for mother" was formed, and with it habits of industry and of concentrated effort; habits which still remained with the man, as does also the book, which never ceases to whisper something of a mother's care, of her tears and her prayers for her son.

"Something comical in the idea of a boy's sewing," did you say? Perhaps there is; but there is nothing comical in the idea of a boy's sinning, and while he sews he will scarcely sin.

If you would bring your boys up and on right nobly and purely through their boyhood, keep them busy, heart and hand, and the Lord will bless you in due season, and your son will not bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.—*Mother's Journal.*

Sugar can be manufactured from sorghum with complete success, according to the St. Louis Republican, which says: After experimenting for five years, Mr. Robert Moore, of Bloomington, Illinois, has discovered a method of crystallization, by which the syrup from jmphee and Chinese sugar cane can be advantageously reduced to sugar. During the past year Mr. Moore has made about 600 pounds of sugar, and samples sent to us show it to be of very good quality. While all kinds of cane syrup can be reduced to sugar, it is now agreed that the jmphee variety is the most profitable, on account of the purity of its juice and the superior richness of its saccharine matter. Mr. Moore states that he can produce sugar in large quantities, as quickly as it is obtained from the ordinary sugar cane, and at prices far more satisfactory to consumers than those now prevailing. The estimates are based on one gallon of syrup yielding about five pounds of sugar, leaving an excellent article of molasses.

Seek society. Keep your friendships in repair. Answer your letters. Meet good will half way. All good men excite each other's activity. Better things are said, more decisive, more wit and insight are dropped in talk and forgotten by the speaker, then get into books.

The elections in New Brunswick for delegates to the Confederation at Quebec, in the counties of St. John, York and Westmoreland, have resulted in the choice of the anti-Confederation tickets by very large majorities. It is thought that the result of the elections in New Brunswick will probably be in favor of a postponement of the Confederation scheme for an indefinite period. The Legislative union of Canada will probably go on.

HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

A lady or gentleman, having made up her or his mind to be photographed, naturally considers in the first place, how to be dressed so as to show off to the best advantage. This is by no means such an unimportant matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color for certain optical reasons, is, photographically black. Black is white; other shades or tones of color, and proportionally darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order of color stands thus—white, light blue, violet, pink mauve, dark blue, lemon, blue-green, leather bound, drab cerise, magenta, yellow-green, dark brown, purple, red, amber, maroon, orange, dead black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of color should be especially guarded against.

In photography, brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses loose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; whilst the "bonnie blue e'e," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer; for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair is to powder it nearly white; and it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions.

A freckle quite invisible a short distance, is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff box must be called into the assistance of the art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. Blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep complexion clear and free from tan freckles whilst taking your delightful rambles at the sea-side, discard, by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle offers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than white. Half a yard of yellow net, though perhaps not very becoming, will be more efficacious and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor.—*All the Year Round.*

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—We insert the following, which is credited to a distinguished physician, because it needs to be continually held up as a warning before parents. We are pleased to be able to state, however, that there has been a wonderful change of late years in the clothing of children. Not only the arms but the legs and feet are more carefully and warmly covered. The physician in question says:

"I believe that during the twenty years that I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked. Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities of witnessing the same cure."

TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Gov. Anderson of Ohio related a Texas practice in training dogs with sheep.

"A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are open and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb; grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man nor strange dog can come near the sheep; and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7-1-2 o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour."

MARCH 10TH, 1865.

This is one of the days of fasting and prayer, appointed by the rebel Confederacy to seek the Lord to help their cause; which undoubtedly is, as some members of their Congress acknowledge, the support and defence of Slavery;—a contest in which President Jefferson had the candor to admit, "The Almighty had no attribute which could take side with them."

If so, how vain must be their supplication and how hopeless their efforts.

Indeed, the language of the ancient prophet (Isaiah 58 chap.) seems wonderfully adapted to this day,—"Wherefore have we fasted say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul and thou takest no knowledge? Behold ye fast for strife and debate and to smite with the fist of wickedness; ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high. Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye brake every yoke?"

I look back on slavery in this country for the last 60 years and see how strangely and defiantly its deluded advocates have endeavored to extend and uphold it, till it now seems ready to fall and bury them in its ruins.

Though Jehovah is merciful, he asserts he will by no means "clear the guilty."

President Lincoln very justly quotes;—"Woe to the world because of offences;"—and to blot out our neighbor's manhood, reducing him to a mere chattel, can be no trifling offence.

When I think of the dreadful war which a just God has allowed to ravage this fair land, sending death and mourning into so many families, I am increasingly impressed with the propriety of that language which many years since denominated the system of American Slavery as "A stupendous wrong."

That this mighty injustice may be speedily and forever blotted from our record, let us most humbly and devoutly seek.

South Reading.

WINCHESTER.

MR. EDITOR.—Your regular correspondent, "Excelsior," in his remarks concerning the Fisheries, has made several erroneous statements, which, though doubtless unintentional, are none the less calculated to mislead and do mischief.

The prosecutions for catching pickeree were not instituted by the "Fish Committee," nor had that Com. any connection therewith, but were made by private citizens, who think it for the public benefit, not only that the fish should not be taken when full of spawn, but that the law should be respected.

Neither have there been the "petty violations" of the statute of which he speaks. The party, of which Mr. Locke was one, caught at one fishing nearly eighty pounds of pickeree, and nearly or quite four hundred pounds have been taken in all, while some persons have fished for the Boston market.

The party complaining merely desired the violation of law to be stopped, and not to punish any one; he therefore consented that the defendant might plead guilty to a small number of fish, instead of convicting him of a much larger.

The great majority of the law-abiding citizens of the town are in favor of enforcing the law.

CITIZEN.

SOLDIERS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—The undersigned respectfully appeal to the public in behalf of the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers.

It is estimated that there are over 25,000 soldiers' widows residing in the City of New York. Many of them are sick and unable to work, and have large families dependent upon them. This, together with the cold weather and high prices, renders their condition anything but desirable. Some have been compelled to sell most of their furniture and raiment.

Many of them really belong to the country. They have been induced hither by their husbands, who came here to enlist. And while these husbands have fallen in battle, their widows and children suffer in the cellars and garrets of our City. The province of the Christian Alliance is to hunt them up, and in every possible way to minister to their temporal and spiritual interests. A few thousand dollars are needed immediately, so as to relieve their pressing wants. We appeal to Churches and Sunday-schools for a collection and earnestly hope that every individual reading this statement will bear a helping hand. Drops fill the ocean. All subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged, must be sent to Rev. C. C. Goss, General Superintendent, or to CHAS. FANNING, Treasurer, No. 4 & 6 Burling Slip, New York.

C. H. MARSHALL.
S. B. CHITTENDEN.
DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.
A. V. STOUT.
MOSES H. GRINNELL.
H. EVERETT RUSSELL, Sec'y.

The Governor has appointed Thursday, April 13, as the State fast day of the present year.

The news of the fall of Charleston had created a great sensation in England, and rebel bonds had fallen four per cent.

Kingston, N. C., was surrendered by the mayor to our forces on the 12th inst.

We filled the empty baggage cars with

MILITARY ITEMS.

Private Moses D. Reed, of Woburn, Co. K, 39th Mass. Vols., whom we mentioned last week as having arrived at Annapolis, Md., sick, died on the 10th inst., at College Green Hospital.

Private George E. Ingerson, Co. F, 26th Mass. Regt., who was captured last October, by Mosby's men, has been paroled from Richmond.

Surgeon Samuel W. Abbott, 1st Mass. Cavalry, reached home Monday evening, on a furlough of twenty days.

Private Warren E. McKee, Co. G, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, has been transferred to Co. F, 17th Mass. Regt.

Major William T. Grammer, of the 5th Mass. V. M., has resigned his commission and has been honorably discharged.

Private Samuel Rinn, formerly of Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt., (nine months), enlisted a short time since in the Band of the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 24th Army Corps, Army of the James.

The remains of Corp. John S. Fullerton, Co. M, 1st Mass. Cavalry, who died from wounds received last August, in hospital at City Point, Va., reached here last Saturday and were buried on Tuesday.

The following paroled prisoners have arrived at Annapolis, Md., from rebel prisons:

Corp. Sam'l Richardson, Co. K, 39th Regt.
Private Micah B. Baldwin, " "
John H. Sheehan, " "
Timothy Mahoney, " "
Albert Richardson, " "
Thomas Foley, Co. F, 11th Regt.
Aaron Butler, Co. I, 2nd Regt.

The body of private John Barry, of Woburn, a member of Co. K, 10th N. H. Regiment, who died in Base Hospital, Point of Rocks, Va., Feb. 5th, 1865, of ague, arrived in town last Wednesday, and was buried yesterday.

Private Charles T. Blaisdell, Co. C, 17th Mass. Reg., was wounded in the right leg, at the battle of Kinston, N. C., March 8th, 1865.

PROMOTIONS IN CO. K, 39th MASS. REGT.—Sergt. A. S. Leslie, to Orderly Sergeant, vice Gilcrest, discharged.

Corporal McFeely, to be Sergeant, vice Leslie promoted.

Private N. Z. Taber, to be Corporal, vice McFeely promoted.

It is computed that fifteen millions of dollars of English capital, invested in blockade-runners, is at present lying useless in the harbor of Nassau. The people of that place are greatly troubled on account of the want and suffering which threaten their laboring population through the revulsion caused by the cessation of business. The master blockade-running population are carrying their energies elsewhere, and Nassau will soon be as it was before English neutrality gave it a brief but infamous prosperity.

The Mormons have commenced cutting a canal of a magnitude far exceeding anything of the kind ever undertaken in the Territory before, for the two-fold purpose of irrigation and navigation. Starting near the boundaries of Utah and Salt Lake counties, it will wind its way along the eastern side of the valley, watering the land on its course, including a very considerable tract yet unbroken, and reaching a terminus in the city, a short distance south and west of where the artesian well is being sunk; its entire length being over thirty-two miles.

GROWTH OF OUR POPULATION AND PROPERTY.—A "veteran observer" in the New York Times estimates the increase of our able-bodied men since the war began at 320,000, and the increase of the taxable property at \$4,800,000,000. He thus makes us richer, estimating the debt at \$2,300,000,000, by two and a half billions than we were in 1860.

It is all nonsense to call this planet the solid earth; it is simply an immense hollow sphere filled with oil, worth—manufactured—fifty cents a gallon.

HEAD QRS., FIRST BRIGADE,
2d Cavalry Div. Army of Potomac,
February 28th, 1865

To the Secretary of the Woburn Sanitary Commission.

If a word from the front will be of any service to you in encouraging you onward in your good work at home, a few lines shall not be wanting from me:

I have had frequent occasion during the past few months to witness the practical workings of the Sanitary Commission in this army; especially at the late battle of Hatcher's Run.

After the engagement, on the night of the 6th inst., I came to City Point, in charge of the wounded of our Division. Leaving the Field Hospital about midnight, we reached the railroad, a few miles distant, where the Agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions were all up and waiting for us. They had prepared large buckets full of hot coffee, boiled farina, milk punch and soft crackers, which they distributed unsparringly to those who were able to partake of them. Could you have been present and witnessed the welcome with which our wounded soldiers greeted these refreshments, you would have been amply repaid for your labors at home in their behalf. It was decidedly "the right thing, in the right place." Many of these poor fellows had had nothing to eat all day, except perhaps a hasty bite of hard tack.

We filled the empty baggage cars with

the wounded, proceeded to City Point, and there met another "squad" of Agents who gave us a similar reception, before going to the Corps Hospital.

I have always found the Agents of the Commission obliging and kind, furnishing many articles for the soldiers, which they could not obtain elsewhere.

With my best wishes for your success in this good cause,

I am respectfully,

SAMUEL W. ABBOTT,

Acting Surgeon in chief, First Brigade,
2d Cavalry Division.

WINCHESTER.

STATE TAX.—Of the State Tax of four million seven hundred thousand dollars, to be levied this year, this town has to pay six thousand nine hundred nine dollars, or an increase of two thousand eight hundred five dollars over last year.

SCHOOLS.—Mr. Jackson has been appointed teacher of the Gifford Grammar School for the ensuing term, at a salary of \$45 per month. Mr. Jackson has been through part of a collegiate term at Amherst College, leaving the same for the service of his country. Since has returned from the Army, he has been teaching school at Westford, with good success.

Miss M. Isabella Hanson has been appointed teacher of the Mystic School, at the wages of seven dollars per week. Miss Hanson is a graduate of our High School, and since then has taught the Wyman School to the entire satisfaction of the Committee and the parents of the pupils, declining a re-election some two years since in order to resume her studies at the Normal School, in Boston, and further fit herself for the responsible position of teacher. The Mystic Division are fortunate in securing as the teacher of their school one so well fitted for the place.

Miss Nettie Lindley, a graduate of the High School, in the Class of 1864, has been appointed teacher of the Adams Primary School, at five dollars per week. All the other teachers have been re-elected for the ensuing term. The salary of the Principal of the High School has been increased to \$1,000 per annum.

FISH.—The remarks of last week in reference to the prosecutions for catching fish, were based upon a misapprehension of the number and quantity of fish taken, and the position of the parties respecting the matter. The amount really taken from the pond, is stated upon good authority, to have been quite large and sufficient to warrant the course pursued, especially as the transgressors acted with the determination to do it in spite of law. The prosecutions were merely to test the question at issue and to serve as a warning to others, not for the full penalty for the violations of this law. Lest my remarks in relation to this matter may be mis-constructed, let me further say; that I do not counsel any violations of law, but hold it to be the duty of every good citizen to uphold and support all legislative enactments, however unpalatable they may be. In my comments upon the action of the Committee, I aimed to give the substance of the discussion among the citizens in relation to this subject and the law bearing upon those points, rather than an individual opinion. There can be no doubt in regard to the necessity of a law for the preservation of certain kinds of fish, both as a sanitary and humanitarian regulation and that if observed the ponds and rivers within our limits can be restored to at certain times and seasons with a certainty of catching these fish in large quantities, thus furnishing a means of sustenance to many poor persons as well as adding to the supplies of those of our more favored townsmen.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Subscription papers are in circulation by the Roman Catholics, to raise funds towards the erection of a suitable church edifice for their accommodation. A considerable amount has already been put down, and it is thought that the project is likely to succeed. Services it is said are to be held in Lyceum Hall, until a building is erected.

SURPRISE PARTY.—A newly married couple at the West Side, on their return from their bridal tour, were favored with a surprise visit on last Monday evening. A large number of neighbors and friends were present and the congratulations were numerous. A band of music enlivened the occasion and the party was a very pleasant one.

EXCELSIOR.

READING.

The Bethesda Society have raised the salary of their pastor to \$1400. Twenty five per cent. has been added to rent of pews, and all of them were sold at auction, as is their custom annually, on Monday evening last, every pew bringing a premium, the choice money to one hundred and eighty one dollars. They appropriated \$125 for the support of singing. It is presumed they expect something pretty nice this year from the choir. Just think of it, the enormous sum of \$125 for such a purpose, when without the aid of a choir, well sustained, there is not a minister in Middlesex County who can keep a congregation together for one year.

LENO.

"Leno's" remarks concerning his visit to the State Alms House at Tewksbury, shall appear in our next.

Read the advertisements—profit in it.

SUPPER AT THE CENTRAL HOUSE.—The Phalanx Associates will give a complimentary supper to Lieut. Luke R. Tidd, of Woburn, and other returned soldiers, on Tuesday evening next, at the Central House.

The Promenade Concert, by the "Woburn Orchestral Society," on Tuesday evening, was well attended, notwithstanding the inclement weather, which kept many away. Those present had a pleasant time, and would like to have the pleasure of attending another Concert by the same popular performers.

A NEW BELL.—A heavy and fine toned bell was placed in the steeple of the new Unitarian Church on Thursday last. The house is approaching completion, and will be dedicated to the service of the Most High in a short time.

Officers elected at Town Meeting, in Stoneham, March 6, 1865:—
Moderator.—L. F. Lynde.
Clerk.—Silas Dean.

Selectmen.—John Hill, L. F. Lynde, Onslow Gilmore.

Assessors.—M. L. Morse, Sumner Richardson, 2d, Orin Hersam.

Overseers of Poor.—Reuben Richardson, Jeremiah Whitehouse, T. N. Bowen.

Treasurer.—Sumner Richardson, 2d.

Collector.—D. B. Gerry.

School Committee for 3 years.—Lyman Dike, R. R. Danforth.

Constables.—Orin Emerson, Otis Buckman, Eliphalet Cloutman, John S. Leavitt.

MONEY RAISED.

For Schooling,	\$4,200
" Highways,	1,500
" Town Library,	200
" Lindenwood Cemetery,	200
" other expenses,	11,500
Total,	\$17,600

The London Times devotes considerable space to the idea, which it says is entertained in the United States, of joining the armies of the North and South for a combined attack upon England; the question of union and separation being held in abeyance until the foreign war is concluded. The Times says, Secretary Seward has forewarned England, and it will be her own fault if she is not forearmed in season.

A farmer near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, boasts that he has raised the most extraordinary male sheep on the continent of America. He is a well formed animal, half Spanish and half Silesian, three years old, and has on him a fleece the fibres of which are eighteen inches in length and proportionately heavy.

At the instance of a gentleman in New York, who has devoted much attention to the subject of sword exercise, it is in contemplation to hold a grand national sword tournament at the headquarters of Grant's army at an early day, for the purpose of deciding who is the best swordsman in the armies of the United States. One competitor from each military department will be delegated to attend. A purse of \$1,000 is now being raised.

We are reliably informed that the old Falls Church, built prior to the Revolution, and in which General Washington was wont to worship, is in course of rapid demolition by reckless soldiers and others in that vicinity. The venerable tablet of Lord Fairfax has been removed; the church is said to be now used as a stable, and the tombstones in the inclosure have been mutilated, and in some instances destroyed.

The insurance companies of Massachusetts, one hundred and six in number, have received during the past year, for premiums in cash or notes, about seven and a half million dollars, and have paid losses on their policies amounting to a little more than seven and a half million dollars. During the past year the amount insured against fire was \$452,226,994, and the losses \$1,779,458,61, or \$3.93 on \$1,000. The marine risks were \$78,958,504.50, and the loss \$3,821,343.88, making a total loss of \$5,600,802.49.

Rev. S. F. SMITH, D.D., the author of those admirable odes, "My country, 'tis of thee,"

and "Yes, my native land, I love thee," will preach in the Baptist Church to-morrow, March 19th, at half past 10 and 2.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A telegram was received yesterday morning by T. A. Smith, from John Halpin, dated Donner Lake, stating that George Nichols, of this city, was buried by a snow-slide on the road between Donner Lake and Virginia City on the 17th inst. A similar telegram was received by Dr. Stone, and a second one by Mr. Smith, dated 4:30 P. M., stating that parties had been digging for Nichols the last seventy-two hours and without success. All further particulars learned of this sad accident are obtained from another telegram, which says "that Nichols was helping the roadman shovel out a small snow-slide, when another, one hundred yards wide, came from a half a mile above, burying him and the roadman twenty feet deep. John Halpin and several others have been since Friday afternoon, searching for them. The slide covers five or six acres twenty or thirty feet deep." This news was received here with universal regret by the numerous friends of the deceased. The deceased was well known and highly

esteemed for his honesty and upright-ness, and noted for great enterprise. For over a year past, till within a few months, the deceased has been running a freight express between this city and Brown's Valley. Latterly he has been teaming between this city and Virginia City, via the Henness Pass. Mr. Nichols being a member of the Masonic fraternity, a committee was appointed yesterday by the Order to proceed to the scene of the accident and prosecute the search and escort the body to this city. Mr. Nichols was about thirty-five years of age, and leaves a family in this city.—[Marysville (Cal.) Express.

HIGH WIND.—The heavy blow of Thursday night and Friday morning, toppled over several chimneys and prostrated some trees in Woburn and vicinity.

On reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that Judge Russell, of Boston, will address the citizens of Woburn, in behalf of the Freedmen. We anticipate a full house, to show him we can appreciate a man who is willing to devote such noble talent to the cause of this "down-trodden and oppressed race." The address will be under the auspices of the Freedmen's Aid Society of this town. This society has been in operation over a year, and has been successful. We are gratified to announce that so distinguished a person as Judge Russell has consented to assist them in the great and good cause for which they are laboring,—the benefit of the Freedmen.

Hyde, the New Haven detective, who has been on trial for murdering his wife, though he claimed he shot her accidentally, has been released, no evidence appearing to convict him.

The late Dr. Risk, of Dalsorf, being one of the moderators, did not satisfy, by his preaching, the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Wny, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor, "I never saw any ye had to renounce!"

By the returns of the Register-General of Ireland for the year 1864, it appears that 84,586 persons left the country up to the end of July, being an increase of 41,080 on the number for the previous year. Since the 1st of May, 1851, the total emigration has been 1,499,642 persons.

The United States owns upwards of 1,000,000,000 acres of public lands susceptible of cultivation. They own at least 2,000,000 acres of gold and silver bearing lands. The arable lands are worth at least \$1,200,000,000 and the mineral lands are worth at least \$8,000,000,000, making together a total of \$9,200,000,000.

An experiment has been made on the New York Central Railroad by using peat instead of coal. The result was highly satisfactory. The usual amount of fuel consumed by coal-burning engines is a ton to every twenty miles, but in this instance only half a ton was used.

The expenditures to be provided for by the financial committee of the Massachusetts Legislature are \$2,500,000 for State aid; \$1,000,000 for the militia; \$1,000,000 for interest and premium on gold; \$75,000 for a sinking fund, &c.

AN ITEM WHICH EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these "hints" as worthy of consideration:—

"Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature."

POPULARITY.—A great many people, at the present day, think more of obtaining a publicity and popularity, than of any other thing they could possibly be possessed of. But anxious as they may be to acquire the vain glory of the popular voice, none ever succeeded to so great an extent as that world renowned remedy, known as Cough Balsam. There is scarcely a family in the land but what considers a supply of this article as necessary to the household as their four provisions. Experience has taught the people that no other remedy has ever been put before the

public that will cure coughs, colds, croup, sore throat, and in fact all throat and lung complaints, as quickly and as effectively as any other remedy known. In the Eastern States, where it has been long known and tested, it is considered as the most reliable cough remedy extant, and no one, either rich or poor, thinks of being without it. We would suggest to all our readers the necessity of keeping on hand an article of this kind for immediate use. It costs but 50 cents per bottle, and is sold at all our drug stores, and is the cheapest and best remedy in the world.

BIRTH.—March 8th, 1865, a son to Joseph Mulholland.

Married
At Salem, 7th inst., by Rev. Mr. Wildes, Mr. James R. Phelps of Woburn, to Miss Lizzie H. Luscomb of Salem.

In Winchester, 10th inst., by Rev. Henry Hinckley, James M. Sanford of Winchester to Addie L. Brown of Webster, Mass.

In Boston, 9th inst., by Rev. Henry Hinckley, Henry E. G. Andrews of Winchester, to Angelina Atkinson of Macon, N. Scotia.

Died
In Woburn, Feb. 5, John Barry, aged 22 years, 6 months.

In Woburn, Feb. 11, Mr. James Fox, aged 59 years.

In Stoneham, Feb. 13, Charles R. Carr, aged 6 years, 15 days.

In Wilmington, Feb. 15, Sarah R. Flint, aged 70 years, 1 month, 6 days.

OBITUARY.
KILLED, in an engagement with the rebels, at Volusia, Florida, Feb. 5, Lieut. HENRY WHITNEY CHATFIELD, Adjutant of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers.

Lieut. Chatfield was formerly a member of the High School in this place. He was twenty-one years of age, and been in the service nearly three years. He was a noble youth, who entered the service from a sense of duty to his country, was in all respects a Christian hero, who was beloved by his comrades, and whose fall has created much heartfelt sorrow, not only in the regiment, but also among a large circle of friends in the North.

[Deaths are recorded gratuitously; but all obituary notices are chargeable at 5 cents a line.]

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
HEAD-QUARTERS, Boston, March 10, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 5.
I. The War Department has called for one Regiment of Infantry for one year's service, and for thirty Companies of Infantry to recruit our old regiments.

II. Colonel Ansel D. Wass, formerly of the 10th and late of the 60th Regiment, has been commissioned Colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel I. Harris Hooper, late of the 15th Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel of the new regiment, which has been designated the 62d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

III. The thirty unattached Companies will be assigned in Special Orders to commands in the fields for which they are raised. It is desired to appeal to the enthusiasm and esprit de corps of veteran soldiers, to the feelings of neighborhood and local attachment, and to every noble sentiment by which the soldiers of Massachusetts have been inspired in the past, and which have helped to gladden their record of glory.

IV. Enlistments may be made in these companies for one, two, or three years. Recruits will receive the bounties, now fixed by law, namely:—for one year's term, one hundred dollars in hand, or twenty dollars a month; two years' term, two hundred dollars in hand, or fifty dollars a month; and twenty dollars a month; three years' term, three hundred and twenty-five dollars in hand, or fifty dollars in hand and twenty dollars a month.

V. These bounties are in addition to the United States bounties; also in addition to the State aid which is allowed to families of all enlisted men credited to the quota of Massachusetts; also in addition to the local bounties paid by cities and towns.

VI. The 62d Regiment and the new companies will rendezvous at Camp Meigs, Readville. Recruits will be mustered in by the several District Provost-Marshal, and be forwarded by train to camp.

VII. Officers and soldiers who have been in service and honorably discharged, competent to receive commissions, and willing to return to the service of their country, will receive cordial welcome at these headquarters, and their applications to aid in forming organizations and receive commissions have full precedence.

VIII. These new organizations afford opportunities to our patriotic young men to enter the service in companies with their friends and acquaintances. They will know who are to be their companions in arms before they leave the Commonwealth,—with whom in after years they can cheer to each other the noble part they took in the great campaign which ended the Rebel's struggle at hand. The work is nearly done. By the fidelity and the zeal of the people it will be soon and surely done. The indifference or selfishness of to-day will be paid for by the shame and regret of a lifetime. The devoted soldier, who now to the task with the heart of a patriot and the energy of a man, will find his reward in the untold satisfaction of a glorious future and the gratitude of posterity forever.

IX. The governor earnestly invites the hearty co-operation in the effort to reinforce our numbers in the field by the presence of 4,000 recruits of Massachusetts men. The final struggle is at hand. The work is nearly done. By the fidelity and the zeal of the people it will be soon and surely done. The indifference or selfishness of to-day will be paid for by the shame and regret of a lifetime. The devoted soldier, who now to the task with the heart of a patriot and the energy of a man, will find his reward in the untold satisfaction of a glorious future and the gratitude of posterity forever.

By order of His Excellency JOHN A. ANSELM, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.
Wm. SCHOLEN, Adjutant-General.

HUNNEWELL'S TOLU ANODYNE.
The real necessity of this splendid preparation was two fold, and it is now known to all who have been tried. To have a true and natural Opium for all cases of Loss of Sleep, and Nervous Debility, and all the various forms of Rheumatism, Gout, Hysteria, Paralysis, and St. Vitus Dance, as an inward application, without producing any of the horrors, or bad effects of a lifetime. The devoted soldier, who now to the task with the heart of a patriot and the energy of a man, will find his reward in the untold satisfaction of a glorious future and the gratitude of posterity forever.

For Sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, and in Winchester, Geo. F. BROWN.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed,
IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN, State of Massachusetts, 18th day of Feb. 1865.

To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advised letters," give the name of the letter, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Len James Larley Lizzie M. Miss
tler Edward McCarthy Daniel
wile Eliza Mrs. Reilly John
thway J. Briggs Young Alonzo P.

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

FOR SALE.

WILL be sold cheap, the property formerly owned by John Henders, consisting of his home residence, with more than one and one-half acres of land, House, Shop and Stable, beautifully situated on Main street, adjoining the High School House lands. Also, House and land opposite the home residence, and two-thirds of a house and land on Salem street, known as the running pump or Field Estate.

For liberal Enquiries of J. B. WINS, Boston, No. 6 Pearl street, or of JOHN JOHNSON, Woburn, Woburn, March 18, 1865.

BANK NOTICE.
ON and after April 1st, 1865, the business of this Bank will be conducted under the name and title of the

First National Bank of Woburn.
Balances accruing on that date on account of the Woburn Bank, will be transferred to the First National Bank of Woburn, and drafts and checks should be drawn accordingly.

E. J. JENKS, Cashier.
Woburn, March 18, 1865.

SHOW CASE FOR SALE.
ONE of large size, for sale low for CASH. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

To the Friends of Soldiers.
NOTICE.
Mr. S. T. King, will leave in a few days (his fifth trip this season), to obtain the remains of Soldiers who have fallen on the battle-field, or died in hospitals, at Washington, D. C., Annapolis, Md., Fortress Monroe, City Point, Petersburg, Va., and vicinity. Mr. King can be consulted personally, or addressed at the office of W. HOBBS, J.R., Government Claim agent, No. 10 State street, Boston.

Aid for the Freedmen.
JUDGE RUSSELL, of the Superior Court, of Boston, will address the people of Woburn, in behalf of the FREEDMEN, on Wednesday evening, March 23d, at Lyceum Hall, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

WANTED.
ANY one having a convenient house to let, containing five or six rooms, without a cellar kitchen, may hear of a good tenant, by applying at this office.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
Two Houses and one Houselet, pleasantly located on Church Street—one House containing seven finished rooms in good repair, and a shed attached. The water is in the house and supplied by a spring. The other House contains four rooms with a small shed attached.

For further particulars inquire of C. H. BLAISDELL, on the premises, or of JACOB MUNROE, of Burlington.

FOR SALE.
EIGHT or TEN Houses in Woburn, ranging in price between \$500 and \$6,000. Also a fine building lot. Call at Room 7, 15 Marshall st., Boston.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
BY order of WM. A. RICHARDSON, Esq., Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Public Auction, on MONDAY, the third day of April, at 2 o'clock, P. M., one half of the two story dwelling house, and land under and adjoining the same, being the property of ARTHUR BURDITT, late of South Reading, deceased, situated near the station on the Georgetown and Newburyport railroad, at its junction with Lowell street. Said house is in good repair, and its immediate vicinity to schools, churches, and depot, render it a valuable place for a summer residence.

Also, two lots of Meadow and Wood Land, situated in Long Meadow, containing one acre each, easy of access.

Also, at the same time and place, two lots of Land, situated on Lowell street, near the school house, in east ward, and convenient to depot and churches, containing one and three-quarters, and four and a half acres, more or less, being the property of CHARLES F. BURDITT, late of South Reading, deceased.

Also, another lot of Land, containing 2 acres, adjoining one of the above lots, on the South side of Lowell street, the whole of this property would make a very desirable place for a man doing business in the city, or one seeking retirement from the busy scenes of active life.

Sale on the premises.
ISAAC OSGOOD, Administrator.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
Washington, January 24th, 1865.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, has been duly organized, and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3d, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act, required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act.

Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank of Woburn, in the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office this 24th day of January, 1865.

HUGH McCULLOCH,
Comptroller of the Currency.

Brown Linen & Embossed TABLE COVERS.
Swiss Muslins, Checked & Plain CAMBRICS.

at MRS. HALE'S.

HUNNEWELL'S Universal Cough Remedy.
There is, probably, no line of diseases which has been more grossly neglected than Cough and Lung Complaints.

There is also not a receipt written, nor a preparation made by the public for the above complaints, that does not contain Ipecac, Antimony, Lobelia, or Opium, in some form or other, which I claim to be entirely unnecessary in any form of such cases, as they produce nausea, cause the stomach to rebel, and allow disease to triumph over health, and require to keep up six months.

Again, these objectionable compounds cause doses to be placed so far apart that the irritation which causes the cough sets the upper hand, and the foundation of weak lungs or consumption is permanently laid.

A true Cough Remedy should not only be the pocket, bedside, or nursery companion of all, and to be used just as often as there is tickling in the throat, or disposition to cough, but to allow of its free use without the cough being checked, to clear away all remaining irritation, and make the cure perfect.

Cases of most violent Sore Throat, with all the symptoms of Diphtheria have been entirely cured by making a constant use of the Cough Remedy as a Gargle. For Hoarseness it is invaluable.

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor, Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.
These Notes are issued under date of August 16th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold-Bearing Bonds
These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from Nov., which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one, to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two cents " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " \$500 "
20 " " " \$1000 "
\$1 " " " \$5000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET
now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular loan of the People.
Less than \$200,000,000 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next 60 or 90 days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WOBURN.

feb25-2m

SOMETHING NEW.
HAVE you seen any of those beautiful Sets of PINS, EAR-RINGS and SLEEVE BUTTONS, made from Silver Coin, by DANIELS, the new Jeweler? If not, call right away! Next door to the Post Office.

P. S. The above work is made and engraved by himself, therefore it can be done cheaper here than in Boston.

HADLEY CO.
SIX CORD
SPOOL COTTON,
The best in the Market. Also,
Cowan's
Patent Cotton Frilling,
A new Article at
mch4

DR. POLANDS' WHITE PINE COMPOUND!
THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY
For Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough.

CURES GRAVEL AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.
There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by doctors.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1853, and then merely for one individual, who was afflicted with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1860, an individual who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, had the above compound, but also of a severe kidney complaint, of ten years endurance. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its stringency could be counteracted. If the other ingredients entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the medicine! The fortune has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, or recommend it for such cases.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor.
106 Hanover Street, Boston.

The cheapest and best preparation in the MARKET.
Price only 25 cents per bottle. HOLMAN'S RESTORATIVE has no equal as a remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Nervous Complaints, &c. It operates like a charm upon a diseased Liver, and is one of the best preparations known for worms in the human system. It is pleasant to take, and the demand for it is constantly increasing. It is a medicine which does not prostrate the physical system, and hence is invaluable to those who depend upon their labor for support.

Sold at the old price, 25 cents per bottle. Sole agent in Woburn, William C. Brigham.

feb11-1f



THE GREAT German Heilmittel,
WILL POSITIVELY CURE

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

AND THE FIRST STAGES OF

CONSUMPTION.
IT IS A SURE PREVENTATIVE FOR

DIPHTHERIA.
This remedy is prepared by a regular Physician of fifteen years' experience, and an extensive practice in diseases of the Pulmonary mucous membrane, prescribing constantly the Heilmittel with unfailing success, thus curing thousands who, in vain, have exhausted every other method to obtain relief. A few of the many certificates of cures in the possession of the Doctor are here annexed, which the reader is desired to peruse. They are not certificates of the dead, or names of those who never existed, but parties well known in Boston and vicinity.

To the Public.—My wife, having been afflicted with catarrh for years, attended latterly with a bad cough, having used many remedies and tried the treatment of several of our best medical men without success, I was induced by my friends to try the Great German Heilmittel. To my surprise, her cough ceased at once, her catarrh melted away, and now she is radically cured. With the cure of the catarrh, all the symptoms attending this disagreeable disease, such as discharges from the nose and dropping into the throat, hawking, etc., etc., etc., all disappeared. I would not be without this invaluable remedy, and advise every one afflicted with coughs, colds, or catarrh, to try it. J. H. SILSBY, Newton Corner, Mass., Jan. 1, 1865, formerly of the Winthrop House, Boston.

The great German Heilmittel has cured an obstinate cough with which my family and myself have been troubled, and, in spite of our efforts, could not get cured. The cure was effected in the remarkably short time of two days.

My neighbor, Mrs. Merrill, had a child who was suffering with a cough, and bleeding from the lungs, and to them, also, I gave part of a bottle. She reports a perfect cure of her child by this remarkable remedy, the Great German Heilmittel.

THEODORE COLLAFORE,
Cambridgeport, Jan. 1, 1865.

My little son was afflicted for a year or more with a bad cough. Having lost my husband with consumption, was consequently fearful of losing my child by the same disease. My friends and physicians who saw my child, pronounced it already consumption. Although I was discouraged by these counsels, I tried my best to save him, and I am happy to state that I was successful by the use of the German Heilmittel. My son's cough disappeared, his general health improved, and gained strength, and subsequently was radically cured, and has remained so for the last two years, not even having the cough return.

MRS. J. L. LANG,
No. 10 Bedford street, Boston, Mass.

I think I had not used the Great German Heilmittel, I should have certainly been dead long ago. All that ever cured my cough, saved me from consumption, I owe to this invaluable remedy.

ROBERT WRIGHT,
Hartford, Conn.

The great German Heilmittel has cured me of a severe cough which almost run me into consumption—thanks to the Heilmittel—I am now perfectly well.

WM. B. FISKE,
24th St. N. Y.

My wife has suffered with catarrh and bronchitis for years. About a year ago last winter, she was completely run down in strength, and my physician pronounced her case consumption. Being anxious to do all that could be done for her, I bought a bottle of the German Heilmittel. By the use of the very first bottle, my wife began to improve, and after using but six bottles of it, entirely recovered her health. I consider myself very fortunate in trying this remedy, and deem it my duty to recommend it to all who are suffering with even the slightest cold or cough.

EBEN S. NASH,
Wrentham, Mass.

Having used the great German Heilmittel in my family, and prescribed it in my practice, with the very best of success in the treatment of coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, I can but recommend it to the public as a safe and speedy cure for the above named diseases.

J. Q. A. FRENCH, M. D.,
Hillsboro, N. H.

I have used the German Heilmittel for a bad case of Catarrh, attended with a distressing cough, with perfect success, and can but recommend it to the public as the best remedy for the above mentioned complaint.

NEWELL TOWLE,
Riding Academy, 415 Washington St. Boston.

The Great German Heilmittel Is for Sale by all Druggists.

PRICE PER BOTTLE \$2.00.

WEEKS & POTTER,
No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

General Agents.
For sale in Woburn by

William C. Brigham,
—AND—
Elbridge Trull.

CHALLENGE!

Something New and Unrivalled!
COUNIHAN'S WATER PROOF COMPOSITION,
FOR BOOTS, SHOES, AND HARNESSES.

Rendering them perfectly impervious to the wet, either snow or salt water, restoring the life and durability of the leather, making it perfectly soft and pliable. The inventor is a practical Currier, and he challenges the world to produce its equal.

The attention of Horse Railroad Companies, Stable Keepers, Expressmen, Farmers, and others, is called to the fact, that the Composition is put up in cans for Harnesses, Carriage Tops, &c. A can will save at least \$50 in the durability and neatness of one Harness. To Boot Manufacturers we say, for Treeding Boots, it is unequalled. Pay no more.

Retail price 30 cents per box, to be had of the Agents, AUGUSTUS ROUNDEY, Woburn; C. H. MONTAGUE, Stoneham; WM. W. ALLEN & SON, 32 Faneuil Hall square; MELEND, STEWART & CO., Nos. 20 and 61 Congress street; J. W. BARNARD, 171 and 173 Hanover street, Boston.

Also for sale by E. H. Walton, No. Reading; E. Bassett, Reading.
Call for it in every shoe store, and take no other.

Agents Wanted in every City and Town in the U. States and Canadas.
Manufactured by **EDWARD COUNIHAN, Charlestown, Mass.**
feb25-5t

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.
The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the

ATTENTION
—OF—
PERSONS in WANT of CLOTHING
to the Stock he has bought of Newell Stiles.

THE STOCK OF Overcoats & Heavy Goods MUST BE SOLD!
and will be sold for CASH at

Less than Wholesale Prices!!
THE STOCK OF FURNISHING GOODS!
HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,
EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES, and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.

J. W. HAMMOND,
Lyceum Building, 3m
Woburn, Jan. 14th, '65.

"ANNO DOMINI," 1865.
THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE,
SPARROW HORTON, Proprietor.

Has constantly on hand, and for sale, a GOOD assortment of New and Standard BOOKS of Fact and Fiction, SCHOOL BOOKS of all kinds, BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, HYMN BOOKS, and

Sabbath School Books, Sets of Juvenile and Toy Books for young people, ALMANACS and DIARIES, and the various MAGAZINES and NEWSPAPERS that are published. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS in rich or plain binding for the table or pocket. TIN TYPE, AUTOGRAPH and LADIES' ALBUMS. SHEET MUSIC of Popular Songs and Tunes, ENGRAVINGS, LITHOGRAPHS and PHOTOGRAPHS.

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PICTURE FRAMES, Oval, Rustic and Square. (Pictures framed to order promptly.) and **PICTURE CORD, PORTFOLIOS and WRITING DESKS, BACKGAMMON and CHECKER BOARDS, PLAYING CARDS, and numerous GAMES.**

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A LARGE supply of STATIONERY, including ENVELOPES of all sizes, from Bill to Official. WRITING PAPER, from Bill to Foolscap and Bill Paper.

BLACK, RED & BLUE INK.
"A. MORTON'S" GOLD PENS, STEEL PENS and QUILLS, PENHOLDERS and PENCILS, in great variety, and many other articles, too numerous to mention. FANCY GOODS and TOYS in great variety. A good selection of PAPER HANGINGS, consisting of HOUSE PAPERS of latest patterns, BORDERS and WINDOW SHADES.

The above named Goods are all bought for CASH, and therefore will be sold LOW.

FOR CASH ONLY.
Persons in Woburn and vicinity are invited to call, examine and purchase.

Main street, Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1865.

PETROLEUM!!
COLL J. TURNER,
118 WATER STREET,
NEW YORK,

Has for Sale
STOCKS OF ALL THE RELIABLE

DIVIDEND PAYING PETROLEUM

OIL COMPANIES;
Parties desirous of making investments in

These Money-making Schemes,
may rely upon his knowledge of the various Companies, and for his integrity and business

tor of this paper, and to

MESSERS. BARNER & CARPENTER,
107 & 109 STATE STREET,
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HORACE COLLAFORE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.
OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
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FIRE & LIFE

"Insurance Agent."
PENSIONS, Bounty, Back Pay and other Claims on United States, obtained 100 apply.

Passage Tickets between Liverpool and Boston, per steamer or sailer, for sale. Also, Drafts for £1 Sterling and upwards, payable in ENGLAND, IRELAND or SCOTLAND.

Office at "WOBURN BOOKSTORE," Woburn, Feb. 15th, 1865.

A good assortment of
SCISSORS,
—AT—
F. B. DODGE'S,
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PERFUMERY.
LUBINS, JACQUES, WRIGHTS, PHALON'S, and EDOUARD'S Popular Extracts for the handkerchief. Thirty different odors. For sale by
sept 10 W. C. BRIGHAM.

A FORTUNE!
Employment for Everybody.

Agents wanted throughout the U. S. and Canadas.
300,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Sleeve Buttons, Silver Spoons and Forks, Cups, Cake Baskets, &c., worth Eight Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The entire Stock of a large Importing House, reflecting from business.

For the purpose of closing out the stock at the earliest possible date, the undersigned, have decided on a great distribution made as follows, EACH AND EVERY ARTICLE, NO MATTER HOW VALUABLE, BEING SOLD FOR \$1.

A Certificate of each article with its value printed upon

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Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIV : : No. 26.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Matty Esmaïne's Raffle.

"It's for the benefit of the sick soldiers, you know!"

Matty Esmaïne was sitting on a low cricket in the very middle of the room, surrounded by a perfect maelstrom of ribbon, and velvet, and winking steel beds and glimmering gold braid, a little Fairy Disorder, whose wand was a diminutive thimble, and whose magic ring was marked by rainbow scraps of silk and tangled masses of embroidery floss! She small and rosy, with liquid brown eyes, and cheeks tinted with the pinky pearl of the trailing arbutus you sometimes find hidden under the rustling layers of old leaves in scented spring woods. And her auburn hair—well, it was looped up with cherry-colored ribbon into what ladies call a 'waterfall,' and very pretty it looked in its chestnut shadows that changed to ripples of gold at every motion of the head.

Ellen Esmaïne, the sober, elder sister—who sat in the window seat, threading sprays of coral on silver-wire—was altogether different; not a bit pretty, but very fresh and plump and lovable; and the demure way in which she watched Matty's selfish movements, as a grown-up catting might tolerate a little kitten's freaks, was a sight to see! And Montague Rayner, sitting 'anchor' in a small clear space in the sea of frippery, was occupied in holding a skein of violet silk for the younger Miss Esmaïne to wind. Of course he was dreadfully clumsy about it, perpetually drooping the ends, and catching his great thumbs in the meshes, and committing every *fatale pas* that could be dreamed of in connection with a skein of violet silk; but then enjoyed it so intensely that Matty hadn't the heart to depose him from his position as swits, pro tem!

"For the sick soldiers, eh?" said Mr. Raymond. "And aren't the well soldiers to derive any emoluments therefrom?"

"Of course not; they don't need it." "Don't they? I tell you what Miss Matty—if you could be on picket-duty a night or two, or carry a knapsack up and down the muddy Fairfax hills ten or twelve hours, on a forced march, you might possibly alter your opinion on the subject of well soldiers being the most fortunate creatures in existence. Hallo! what's the matter?"

Matty had given a small deprecating shriek, as Montague snapped the strands of the violet silk in his enthusiasm.

"Nothing said Miss Esmaïne, dryly, taking the skein from him. Venus! what a sensation ran through him as the soft, rosy fingers touched his brown paws. "Only I prefer two chairs to finish this silk."

"Indeed, Miss Matty, I'm very sorry, said Montague, penitently. Just let me try once more; I'll promise to keep my hands as still as mice. I know I'm a clumsy blockhead; but—"

But Matty was inexorable, and the abashed defender of his country withdrew his batteries, and opened fire in a new spot.

"Suppose the girls and women are making heaps of gin-cracks for this fair, eh?"

"To be sure they are," said Matty, her eyes sparkling. "Such a lot of money as we shall make. There are to be seven different raffles, only think! Mrs. Vere gives a piano to be raffled for; and Kate Windham contributes a cashmere shawl, a love of a real Indian; and Major Hall has given us a silver dressing case; and, oh dear!" sighed Matty stopping in the very act of sewing spots of gold foil upon the blue velvet wings of a gorgeous butterfly that was to be put down in the catalogue as a "Pen-wiper, No. 18"—if I could only give them something better worth having than these ridiculous little gewgaws!"

"Well, then, why don't you?" said Raymond, twisting his mustache argumentatively.

"Why don't I?" flashed Matty; "what have I to give?" If I had a piano I'd sacrifice it in a minute. If I owned a sewing-machine I'd send it down to be raffled for to-morrow."

"Indeed!" said Private Rayner, arching his eyebrows satirically, "I'm surprised at the extent of Miss Esmaïne's patriotism. While we soldiers only contribute the vital stream of our heart's blood, or, it may be, a leg or an arm to the shrine of our country's need, Miss Matty Esmaïne is willing to give up her piano if she had one."

And he lightly humed the lines:
I'd like to aid the soldiers
If I could as well as not,
And I'm willing everybody else
Should give them all they've got!

Matty's cheek had crimsoned with an angry glow.

"Montague! how can you tease me so?" "Am I teasing you? Really I was not aware of it."

"To taunt me with papa's slender means, when you know I would give anything in the world to aid the noble fellows who have fallen maimed on our battle-fields, or make my sacrifice that lay within my power!"

"Then you really feel anxious to raise money for this fund?"

"I cannot tell you how anxious," said Matty Esmaïne, with passionate earnestness. "I have wished a thousand times that I were a man to shoulder the rifle my own self; but I am only a poor little woman that can but toil and pray for the great work in the quiet of her own home."

"I can give you an idea," said the young man, watching her with a half smile on his lips. "Did you know that you possessed a treasure worth a dozen pianos?"

"Now you are teasing me again," said Matty, with a quivering lip.

"No, I am not. If you will contribute it to be raffled for—as you ladies say in reference to your gented lotteries—I believe I may safely promise that you will sell fifty tickets at ten dollars a ticket!"

"Fifty?" repeated Matty, counting her fingers with girlish delight; "at ten dollars! Why, that would be five hundred dollars!"

"Of course it would."

"What on earth do you mean Montague Rayner?" said Ellen Esmaïne, suspending her silver-wire in mid-air.

"Just exactly what I say."

Matty dropped her work, while cheek and eye lighted up in bright unison. The next moment her countenance fell.

"Montague, you ought not to play on my credulity in this absurd sort of way."

"Shall I tell you what the treasure is?"

"Yes."

He leaned over and whispered a word or two in her ear. She blushed rosier than the ribbon that tied up the 'waterfall,' and then burst into a merry, musical laugh.

"I don't care," she said defiantly. "I will."

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly. Why not?"

"Then, said Mr. Montague Rayner, drawing a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, put me down as ticket-holder number one."

Miss Esmaïne deposited the bit of paper in a little wire cage that she called her purse, and made a business-like memorandum of the transaction on her tablets.

"Very well, Sir," she said quietly. "And now I depend on you for the other forty-nine subscribers."

"But, I should like to take a few more tickets myself," said Montague, rather sheepishly.

"No Sir!" said Miss Esmaïne, with an emphatic stamp of her little kid boot on the floor. "No one shall purchase more than one share! So now I dismiss you to your agency duties."

Montague was rather unwilling to take his departure on this unceremonious ticket of leave, but Matty was to be melted neither by supplications nor sulks, and he went.

Went muttering to himself as he lighted his cigar on the street corner.

"What a little, loving, fiery, tender, passionate creature it is! Well, if I can't marry Matty Esmaïne, I'll ram my head into the first wide-mouthed cannon Jeff Davis is considerate enough to plant in my way. And then it's likely she won't care! Heigh-ho! I'd give my first chance for a pair of shoulder straps to get a peep into Matty Esmaïne's heart! I wonder whether Eve aggravated Adam after this fashion."

Most probably she did, Private Rayner. We have no reason to suppose that human nature has been materially changed by the current even of six thousand years.

"Why, yes,—yes," said Mr. Josiah Carberry, vigorously rubbing the gold eyeglasses that assisted his fading vision, and giving his wig a sly jerk; "I've no objection to contributing my humble mite to so deserving a cause. I wish there weren't so many brothering women folks at the helm, though, Montague my boy. Of all things a managing woman in my abhorrence—I don't like to come in contact with 'em if I can help it. And I'm consistent too, Monty—ha, ha, ha! Do you know who darns my stockings and boils my coffee, eh? Why, Black Tom—and he's worth forty housekeepers with their petticoats and palaverings! Ain't that carrying out one's principles, hey? However, I've no objections to go through

this fair with you if you'll engage to stick by me, and keep all the old maids and widows away."

And Mr. Carberry walked solemnly under the canopy of stars and stripes that draped the entrance to the brilliantly-lighted rooms, now thronged with gay guests attracted thither by mingled motives of fashion, curiosity, and patriotism, arm in arm with Montague Rayner.

"Mont, my boy," he whispered, aghast, "there's a woman looking very hard at me. Do you suppose she means any thing? I wish I had staid away—it isn't—"

"Buy something, Sir," said a charming siren, in blue silk and swans-down, from behind a table glittering with crystalized sugar and colored confectionary. Mr. Carberry shrank close to Montague's side.

"Look here, Mont," he ejaculated, nervously, "you've got me into this scrape, and you must get me out of it. Tell that female, I don't want any thing!"

"But you'll buy something to help the Cause along!" laughed his companion.

"Any thing—every thing! Only Montague, you tell me how to invest, and do be quick about it! Somehow I can't breathe freely where there's so many women around!"

"Then suppose you buy a ticket for Miss Esmaïne's raffle. Come—I'm on the managing Committee, and there's just one left."

"What's it for? A harpsichord that I can't play on, or a jiggering bonnet I can't wear?"

"Nonsense, Carberry," returned Rayner, with great equanimity; "it's something beyond money and beyond price—a wonderful mystery. Invest, and you'll not regret it. Take share No. 50, old fellow—come!"

He had inscribed Carberry's on the list, and handed it to Helen Esmaïne before the astonished old bachelor could take the bank-bill from his portemonnaie.

"Now you've done it," was his despairing comment, as he looked after his friend's vanishing form. "Mind now, I'm not responsible; if it's a dog I won't have it, and if it's a piano or a wax doll I'll shy it out of the window!"

"Just as you please, Carberry," said Rayner, absently watching the busy swarm of people that eddied round Ellen Esmaïne's table. The old bachelor gave him a sudden nudge.

"Mont! Mont!" he whispered, in evident trepidation, "let's go away from here; that woman with the pink cap-ribbons has looked at me twice, and I can't imagine what her intentions are. She's coming this way, Mont; do make haste!"

"They are beginning to turn the wheel!" suddenly exclaimed Montague, who had paid no manner of attention to his friend's apasmotic whispers. "This way, quick! Good Heavens! if my mad freak should make her miserable for life!"

"Make who? What wheel? Who the deuce are you talking about?" ejaculated Carberry. But Rayner dragged him through the crowd, crinolines and all, to the spot where all his interests were centered—the slowly revolving wheel that was a destiny to him!

The gaslights seemed to whirl in mad circles around his head; the various exclamations of the surrounding crowd blended into one stream of vague, uncertain sound! The five minutes were like five ages to him!

There was a moment's breathless silence, and then the lucky name and number were pronounced.

"Carberry—Josiah Carberry—Share No. 50, has drawn the prize," said the spectacled secretary. "Walk in, Sir, and take possession."

"I—I don't want to—some other time! I'll call again to-morrow," stammered the confused recipient of Fortune's, but all in vain; he was pushed forward to the anteroom, expostulating all the way. "Mind now!" he gasped, as he was precipitated through the doorway, "if it is a dog or a parrot I'll—"

And the clanging hinges shut in the remainder of his speech.

It was a tiny room, with one chandelier pouring white tides of light down on a fair young girl, who stood laughing and coloring—in the middle of the apartment—Matty Esmaïne's dimpled, pretty self.

"Miss Esmaïne!" faltered the blushing bachelor, looking round to see if there was any crack in the floor wide enough to vanish through, and backing confusedly towards the door.

"Yes, Mr. Carberry," said Matty, demurely; catch a woman bating one jot of her advantages when she knows 'em. 'Tm the prize; won't you take me?"

"I'd sooner take—poison!" enunciated Josiah, breaking into a cold perspiration. "But you must!" said Miss Matty, decidedly.

"Don't, Miss Esmaïne," groaned Josiah. "I'm a poor, unprotected fellow, and you oughtn't to be so unmerciful! Hallo here! let me out."

"Not yet," said Montague Rayner, edging himself into the room greatly to Miss Matty's confusion. "You've drawn the prize, Mr. Carberry, and you're legally bound to take possession of it."

Josiah stared at him with distended eyes, and pale, quivering lips.

"Unless," went on the ruthless private, "you can get some friend considerate enough to take the responsibility off your hands, and—"

"Look here, Mont," exclaimed Josiah, seizing Rayner by the button-hole; "you're not the fellow to desert an old friend in such a strait as this. It was all your fault that I subscribed, and—and—Come now, you take her. There's a good fellow. Do."

"You legally transfer the prize to me?"

"Yes; any thing—only let me get out of this confounded place, and if ever I go near a Ladies' Fair again I wish I may be hanged or married, I don't much care which."

And Josiah darted from the room in a species of semi-desperation. Private Rayner turned quietly to Miss Esmaïne: "A truce to these absurd jests! Oh! Matty, if you knew what I have suffered during the last hour!"

"I knew you would take care of me," said Matty, mischievously. "Wasn't Mr. Carberry frightened though?"

"Do you sanction the transfer, Matty?" pleaded the young soldier. "Oh, my dearest, tell me, have I won you for life? Don't trifle with me. Tell me, now and forever, have you courage to be a soldier's wife?"

One moment she looked on him with saucy defiance in her eye and smile, the next she burst into a shower of jewel-bright tears.

"Oh Montague, it is a wild, wryworn heart, not worth your love—not worth a tithe of your noble affection, but it is all, all yours."

And this was the auspicious termination of Matty Esmaïne's raffle.

A week subsequently the young lady sent off a check for five hundred dollars to the hospitals, and a seven-sheet-long epistle to a certain young soldier who had joined his regiment at Chattanooga, in which was the following gauntlet of defiance:

"Don't suppose I'm going to waste any admiration on your patriotism, Sir, if you are to be my lord and master some day. No, indeed. Didn't I give myself for my country's benefit, I'd like to know? And have not I given something dearer yet—my love? Oh, Montague, if Heaven sends you safely back to me, I shall never be unhappy again."

For Matty Esmaïne's heart was full of the vague, happy fearlessness that broods above the heart of every woman whose dear ones are standing on the battle-heights of Union.

The British Consul at New-chwang has written an interesting letter to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce regarding the silk produced in the neighborhood of that port, and the probability of foreigners deriving profits from its exportation. The worms there feed on oak leaves instead of the stereotyped mulberry, and naturally produce a much coarser thread; but the Chinese utilize it to a considerable extent. It is intermixed with cotton, and used for fabricating silk cloth of a rough texture. Dealers come up from the south in junks about the end of March, go into the interior and advance money to the farmers. Two crops are produced—the latter of which is taken to the coast in the early part of November, shortly before the navigation is closed by ice. Of the quantity produced, Mr. Meadows has not been able to gain accurate information, but it is evidently considerable. He says:—"My principal informant tells me that from one valley, which is, however, one of the most productive, about 80 cartloads are taken away annually. Each cart carries 10 baskets, which, from his description, must each contain about 15 cubic feet. That would give about 12,000 cubic feet of loosely-piled cocoons from that one valley. What I myself know is that the production in the whole region could be quadrupled in a few years if the entering of foreigners into the trade should give sufficient inducement to the cultivators."

There are six men at New York now under sentence of death for murder.

WATCH AND THE MINISTER.

A student from Darmouth spent the long winter vacation in teaching upon Cape Cod. The minister kindly furnished him with board, and as he had a charming wife, and a cosy nest of a home, our school-teacher declared that he had but one trial, and that was his position upon the Sabbath.

The minister's pew was a large square one, very near the pulpit, and exposed to a raking fire of eyes. Of course, the minister's wife and the *master* were quite as attractive to a certain class of church-goers as the minister and the sermon, and the student professed, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, to be very modest.

Mr. Tyler, the minister, owned a large dog named Watch, and Watch was bent upon going to church with Mrs. Tyler. She, in her turn, was much opposed to his going, fearing that he might excite the mirth of roguish children, who are only too glad of an excuse for laughing when they ought not to laugh.

Every Sunday a series of manoeuvres took place between the two, in which Watch often proved himself the keenest. Sometimes he slipped away very early, and Mrs. Tyler, after having searched for him to shut him up, would go to church and find Watch seated in the family pew, looking very grave and decorous, but evidently aware that it was too late now to turn him out.

Sometimes he would hide himself until the family had all started for church, and would then follow the footsteps of the tardy worshipper who always tiptoed in during prayers with creaking boots, and then didn't Watch know that Mrs. Tyler would open the pew-door in haste, to prevent his whining for admission?

When Mr. Tyler became most earnest in his appeals, he often repeated the same word with a ringing emphasis and a blow on the desk-cushion that startled the sleepers in the pews into the most erect and attentive position that they could assume.

One day he thus shouted out, quoting the well-known text, "Watch! Watch! Watch, I say!" When rustle, rustle, bounce! came his big dog into his very arms.

You may be sure the boys all took this occasion to relieve their pent-up restlessness by one uproarious laugh, before their astonished parents had time to frown them into silence.

Honest Watch has been sitting with his eye fixed, as usual, upon the minister. At the first mention of his name up went his ears, and his eyes kindled; at the second he was still more deeply moved; at the third he obeyed, and flew completely over pewrail and pulpit-door in a leap that did equal honor to his muscular powers and his desire to obey. After such a strict interpretation of the letter, rather than the spirit, Watch was effectually forbidden church-going.—[Youth's Companion.

The exports of Rome are of a peculiar description. The following is a summary of the principal merchandise sent abroad in 1864:

	Scudi.
Ancient pictures,	8,874 70
Modern do	118,815 00
Ancient sculptures,	1,684 50
Modern do	324,692 80
Total,	454,067 00

Equal to about a million dollars in greenbacks. A correspondent of the London Star says of these works of art, and of Roman art products generally:

"The great mass of these works, it is to be supposed, were copies, in which a very profitable trade is driven here, and the buyers of which, supposing the copies to be good, are amongst the luckiest of all the art patrons whose investments make up the above total. Lumping the Italian artists proper together, we may say that there are a number of faithful copyists, but of original painters not so many as there are suns in the solar system, and of sculptors as many more. Two or three of the latter have attained eminence as successful imitators of the antique and multipliers of pretty *poses plastiques*, but as to original thought their studios are a dreary waste of marble. Lots of them know all about anatomy, and proportions, and chisel work, and all that, and when they have not the capital to set up studios of their own, make *formatori* and finishers for artists who have not time to execute the whole of their own works, and sometimes for those who have not knowledge enough, and with these Rome abounds, making sculpture very easy here. You see you have only to study modelling to be able

to set up a little clay figure, 'some how' so fashion,' so as to express (ever so incorrectly) your idea, and one of these dexterous *formatori* catches the notion and puts it into clay of any size you like, and in correct proportion, giving it any degree of finish you like up to the approximation to completeness, when the originator is supposed to take up the work again and finish; but in case of this proving too difficult, you call in another class of workers who will give the clay all the manipulation it requires previous to being put in plaster, after which, of course, the stone-cutters do all the rest. In fact, it is only necessary to have ideas to make a sculpture of oneself in Rome, and we all have plenty of ideas, and that's why there are so many sculptors in Rome."

The yield of maple sugar and maple molasses in the Northern States is 31,000,000 million gallons annually. Great preparations are being made by the farmers in the different parts of the States to make maple sugar and syrup on an extensive scale the coming season.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



HEAD-QUARTERS, Boston, March 16, 1865.
GENERAL ORDER, No. 5.

I. The War Department has called for one Regiment of Infantry for one year's service, and for thirty Companies of Infantry to recruit our old regiments.

II. Colonel Ansel D. Wass, formerly of the 19th and late of the 60th Regiment, has been commissioned Colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel I. Harris Hooper, late of the 15th Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel of the new regiment, which has been designated the 62d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

III. The thirty unattached Companies will be assigned in Special Orders to commands in the field for which they are raised. It is desired to appeal to the enthusiasm and esprit du corps of veteran soldiers, to the feelings of neighborhood and local attachment, and to every noble sentiment by which the soldiers of Massachusetts have been inspired in the past, and which have helped to gild their record of glory.

IV. Enlistments can be made in these companies for one, two, or three years. Recruits will receive the bounties now fixed by law, namely:—for one year's men, one hundred dollars in hand, or twenty dollars a month; two year's men, two hundred dollars in hand, or fifty dollars in hand and twenty dollars a month; three year's men, three hundred and twenty-five dollars in hand, or fifty dollars in hand and twenty dollars a month.

V. These bounties are in addition to the United States bounties; also in addition to the State aid which is allowed to families of all enlisted men enlisted to the quota of Massachusetts; also in addition to the local bounties paid by cities and towns.

VI. The 62d Regiment and the new companies will rendezvous at Camp Meigs, Readville. Recruits will be mustered in by the several District Provost-Marshal, and be forwarded by them to camp.

VII. Officers and soldiers who have been in service and honorably discharged, competent to receive commands, and desiring to return to the service of their country, will receive cordial welcome at these headquarters, and their applications to aid in forming organizations and receive commissions have full precedence.

VIII. These new organizations afford opportunities to our patriotic young men to enter the service in companies with their friends and acquaintances. They will know how to be their companions in arms before they leave the Commonwealth,—with whom in after years they can rehearse to each other the noble part they took in the great campaign which ended the Rebellion, conquered peace, and restored liberty and union to the nation and the people.

IX. The governor earnestly invites the hearty co-operation in the effort to reinforce our brothers in the field by the prompt enlistment of Massachusetts men. The final struggle is at hand. The work is nearly done. By the fidelity and the zeal of the people it will be soon and surely done. The indifference or selfishness of to-day will be paid for by the shame and regret of a lifetime. The devoted soldier, who comes now to the task with the heart of a patriot and the energy of a man, will find his reward in the untold satisfaction of a glorious future and the gratitude of posterity forever.

By order of His Excellency JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor and Commander-in-Chief
Wm. Schottler, Adjutant-General.
March 18—31

HUNNEWELL'S TOLU AND-DYNE.

The real necessity of this splendid preparation was two-fold, and well has it proved how this necessity has been met. To have a true and natural Opiate for all cases of Loss of Sleep, and Nervous Debility, and Anti-spasmodic for all Neuralgic, Rheumatic, Gout, Hysteria, Paralytic, and St. Vitus Dance cases as an inward application, without producing any of the horrors, or bad effects of Opium, or preparations of Opium, but a preparation that should fail of reaching the complaint would leave no stain of debility behind. For Tooth and Earache, for Nervous or common Sick Headache, for the suffering in Monthly Menstruation, Distress after eating, it is almost infallible. It is the production of a celebrated herb from India, perfectly natural in its color, uniform in action, and by confidence to test it, will be found the greatest necessity in Every Family. This preparation has the most unqualified confidence of large numbers of Physicians, and is contraindicated by a thorough knowledge of medicine, and it is the wish of the proprietor that it may be accepted with perfect confidence by all, as free from every species of quackery, and based on most perfect laws in Materia Medica.

By Asthma, and Diphtheria are successfully cured by the Anodyne and among its greatest points JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor.
Practical Chemist, Boston, Mass.
For Sale by all dealers in Medicine. Sold in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM, and in Winchester by GEO. P. BROWN.
March 18—19

HORACE COLLAMORE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.
OFFICE—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre.

WOBBURN:
SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

E. MARCHANT, Proprietor.

From the "Harris Guard."

CAMP IN THE FIELD,
March 18, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Some one has asked me why I do not write to the *Journal and Townsman*, and my reply was—"I do," and referred him to the next number of the paper for proof. As we are about entering upon an active campaign, when news from the "Harris Guard" will be interesting, I may "do it some more," should this prove sufficiently interesting to secure a place in your columns.

The same reliable gentleman who propounded the above inquiry informs me that some of our Woburn friends still cherish the belief that our company has not yet left the peaceful haunts of Gallop Island, and to set all parties right, we will begin, if you please, where these ingenious friends left us and go over the history of the company to the present time. The recruits from Woburn and Andover were organized as a company Oct. 18, 1864, and left Gallop Island in the Steamer "America," on the 31st of the same month, arriving at City Point, Va., on the evening of Nov. 3d. Rested that night on the wharf, and next day took the cars on "Grant's Military R.R." for the front, and the camp of the 11th Mass. Vols., which place we reached, and were soon encamped as Co. B, of that organization. Next night, a portion of the company, with both Lieutenants, went on picket and participated in a fight with the rebels for the occupancy of a part of our front line. Our camps at that time were just in rear of the picket line, and we were constantly under fire until Nov. 29, when the 2d Corps was relieved by the 9th, and we marched to the left and encamped near the Vaughan Road.

On the 7th of December we went on the raid to the Weldon Railroad, assisted in the tearing up of that road, and got safely back to camp after an absence of six days. Here we remained in peace and quietness until the 5th of February, when we marched out towards Hatcher's Run, and took part in the fight at Rowanty Creek, on the evening of the 5th. Here we have made camp, on the very ground for the occupancy of which the rebels dispute so stubbornly. We are a short distance from Hatcher's Run, near the Vaughan Road, nineteen miles from City Point, thirty south of Richmond, and ten south of Petersburg. The rebels being but a short distance in our front, guard duty is performed with great vigilance, and every night, in addition to the picket in front, one-tenth of the command is kept upon the line of breastworks at the camps. Drills are held daily, and reviews and brigade dress parade are of frequent occurrence, all of which indicate active operations at no distant day.

As it may be interesting to know of the individuals comprising the company, we will insert a personal paragraph. Capt. Bennett is in command of the company, and is the senior Captain in the Battalion; we are proud to record that he not only possesses the affection of his men but the respect and esteem of his brother officers. 1st Lieut. J. L. Chapin (of Andover), was promoted Captain Jan. 5th and assigned to the command of Co. C. 2d Lieut. J. L. Parker, was promoted 1st Lieut. at the same time, and assigned back to duty with the Harris Guard, he having been for the six weeks previous to that time, in command of Co. A, of the 11th. He continued with the company until Feb. 9 when he was appointed Acting Adjutant of the Battalion, and served in this capacity until the 18th, when he was appointed Acting Aide-de-Camp on the staff of Gen. McAllister, commanding 3d Brigade 3d Division 2d Corps. Orderly Serg. C. A. McDonald, was promoted 2d Lieut. of Co. B, on the 5th of January. He acted as Adjutant from the 20th to the 27th. His place as orderly Sergeant is now filled by Sergt. H. N. Hastings.

The non-commissioned officers are:—Sergeants H. N. Hastings, Alexander Chalmers, Thomas Glynn, Alexander Murdock, William H. Childs. Corporals John B. Jenks, Duncan R. McIntosh, Josiah F. Starkweather, John S. LeBaron, James F. Rogers, John McCormack, George Vant, and Thomas A. Conway. Private Thomas J. Hamilton, is detailed at Corps Headquarters, Robert J. Thompson at Brigade Commissary, Hugh L. Currier at Brigade Quartermaster Department, John Ingalls in Division Pioneer Corps, John H. Merrill in Brigade Pioneer Corps, James F. Chase, as attendant in City Point Hospital, Chas. T. Wood in Regimental Hospital Department.

Private Preston W. Penpres, died in Division Hospital, Jan. 3d, after a short illness. He was a young man of good parts, and had the esteem of all his comrades. Private John Kak, died Jan. 30, at City Point Hospital, where he had been sent sick. He was a man somewhat advanced in years, a foreigner, able to speak but little English, and having been swindled out of his bounty by sharpers, took it so much to heart as to

sink under it, and he died. While constructing works in front of our present position, Private Thomas Dever, cut his foot severely with an axe, and was sent to hospital Feb. 11th. On the 14th a tree fell on Private John W. Follansbee, injuring his foot so as to necessitate the sending of him to the hospital. Private Amos Hudson has been missing since we went on the Weldon raid, and it is feared he was killed by Guerrillas.

Capt. Bennett with a detail from the Regiment went this week to the grave of Sergt. Benj. S. Cutter, for the purpose of removing the body to Woburn, but found it in a state that would render it impossible, and he was forced reluctantly to abandon the enterprise. They found that the grave of Sergt. John Moore, who they also designed removing, was so much under the fire of the rebels as to make it unsafe to attempt the removal.

The 32d and 39th Mass. Regts., are very near us, and we receive frequent visits from the Woburn boys in those organizations. Sergt. McFeeley and Corp. Dennett looked in upon us this afternoon, and report their comrades in good condition.

The boys of the Harris Guard are healthy and contented, and quite ready for any duty that may be assigned them. Let you might think my letter too long I will close this somewhat biographical epistle, with the promise that, should you desire it, the doings of the Guard during the remainder of its term of service shall be transmitted to you for the information of his Woburn friends by a

TOWNSMAN.

[From our Correspondent.]

BOSTON, March 21, 1865.

We have had some first class scientific lectures connected with the Lowell Institute this season. Professor Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., chemical Prof. of Harvard University, commenced Jan. 17, a course of twelve lectures, "On the Sunbeam; its Nature and its Power," illustrated with diagrams. The Professor had been two years preparing these lectures, and received \$1700 for them. The Sun is just now undergoing a critical investigation, and well repays the labor bestowed upon it. New and surprising facts and deductions were furnished in these lectures, and some very beautiful and brilliant exhibitions of the solar rays. Prof. Cooke has lately published a book, entitled *Chemistry and Religion*, valuable as a theological work, to prove the character and existence of God. He is rapidly rising into notice. Following him has been Professor Agassiz, lecturing on Glaciers, to large and appreciative audiences in the Lowell Institute Hall. Diagrams of the mountains with the glaciers on their tops and sides, and sections of the Alps, were used to illustrate the discoveries and theories of the professor. His course was brought to a sudden interruption, or rather to a more rapid conclusion, lecturing four nights in succession, by the opportunity afforded to the Professor, by the liberality of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, to sail to South America, for the purpose of testing the glacial theory suggested by him. Mr. Thayer, who is the son of the late Rev. Mr. Thayer, of Lancaster, has shown himself on this occasion, as at former times, possessed of a noble disposition in the cause of science and learning. He proposes to pay all the bills for Prof. A., and six or eight young men his assistants, which will amount probably to \$20,000. They are expected to be absent about six months, and will bring back valuable specimens of the natural history of tropical climates. Prof. Agassiz in narrating the kindness of Mr. Thayer, highly complimented the liberality of Bostonians on so many occasions, and appeared exceedingly happy at the prospect of his voyage to a tropical climate to complete his glacial investigations. He is a very interesting lecturer, so easy, simple, familiar, and earnest, and is accomplishing very much in this country, in the department of natural history, having already at his Museum at Cambridge, in some departments, in value and extent, a superiority to those of the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, and the British Museum.

The Irish made a great display here on St. Patrick's day. Fortunately the sky became clear after the cloudy morning, and we had one of the most brilliant days of the season. The green banner of Erin, and the Stars and Stripes of America, were borne side by side, in the long procession, and eight or ten fine bands of music made the air alive with sweet harmonies, among which the tune of St. Patrick predominated. There were many very beautiful painted banners, belonging to the societies represented in this brilliant pageant. The badges and scarfs worn by the officers and men made a fine show. Green was the predominant color in the bands and caps and flags. The neighboring towns turned out and swelled the crowd in the streets along the course of the procession, and also furnished a very considerable part of the societies represented. In looking at the Irishmen and Irishwomen who were in the lines of spectators, we were about as much astonished at the big representation of Erin there, as we were to see march by in rapid step the long train, every man bearing the well known and peculiar physiognomy of the natives of the Emerald Isle. It was a very orderly and grave procession, and we could not but

think of its elevating effect upon a race so long trodden down by England and subjected to a life of penury and obscurity. We do not like, of course, any thing like clannishness in keeping up a distinct Irish nationality in a country like ours, made up of all nations, who ought to unite together as one people, but we should pardon the Irish for a little while in this exercise of this national feeling and it may be necessary to raise them to the proper dignity of manhood, thus to associate together and cherish the love of their native land.

Business is very much at a stand with us. People purchase sparingly and are afraid of having large stocks on hand, while goods are growing lower every day.

The prospect of quelling the rebellion in the success of our arms, and the depreciation of gold, causes our merchants and traders to be apprehensive of the future. Undoubtedly the return of peace and the restoration of specie currency, will produce a good deal of disturbance in business circles, but we must meet it as we best can.

WINCHESTER, March 21, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Last evening about ten o'clock, my peace and comfort for the remainder of the evening, and in fact for the whole night, was destroyed by the following occurrence:

I heard a peculiar noise, sounding like the lash of a whip, the shout of a teamster, and a most startling groan. My wife said, "I think it must be that teamster, who passes here from Woburn, and shamefully abuses his horses, and I wish you would go out and see him." I lighted my lantern and went out, and I will describe to you, as near as I can, what I saw—although the cruelty cannot be fully realized unless seen. At the top of the hill above my house, towards Woburn, I found a team of three horses, in a good sized wagon, loaded with a reasonable load for a strong team—but for the poor, weak horses attached to the wagon, an enormous load. They had just been stuck in the mud near the top of the hill, and the driver had whipped them out. I found the right hand wheel horse trembling and panting, scarcely able to stand, with his tongue run partly out of his mouth and *dropping blood*, caused by being beaten on the head by his driver, or by the exertion he had made to extricate the load; and it was the breathing of this horse that had occasioned the peculiar groan I had heard when in my house. The left hand wheel horse was equally exhausted, and one of his fore feet was so painful by the reason of a rotten hoof sore, that he could not keep still a moment, but was constantly moving his foot, and holding it up. The lead horse was so strained and sore that he also could not keep still; his hind feet so used up by reason of the loss of a shoe and bad shoeing, (so the teamster said), that he could not stand upon them quietly, but kept straining and moving about—all three horses were completely used up, and so poor that you could count all of their ribs. The teamster, who said his name was —, from Woburn—beat and pounded them most cruelly, and when he started for his home seated himself on the foot-board of his wagon, so he could more easily pound and whip his horses, and follow some other business, where he cannot have access to horses. Hoping these few lines may awaken attention to this abuse, I remain,

Yours truly,
O. R. CLARK.

READ THE C-O-D Man's advertisement in another column. His indomitable pluck and perseverance in exposing the knavery of the *Shoddy* Boot and Shoe Manufacturers and Retailers in his own City and State, commend him to your confidence. You can encourage him by bringing before the retailers you patronize, the fact, that you would like to try some of his warranted shoes. It is to be presumed that most retailers will not need much prompting, to *refuse* them to buy and sell such safe goods, both for themselves and customers. Read his appeal.

The news from China is that every part of the vast empire is more or less distracted by insurrection, brigandage, and discontent. Even the distant western provinces, far away from us and our traffic, have each their little rebellion; and the rich Sz'chen, where every Chinaman is said to be well fed and well dressed, has an immigration of the old Taping locusts feeding on its fustice.

PARISH MEETING.—The First Cong. Parish, held its Annual Meeting on Monday afternoon, March 13th. The meeting was very harmonious and interesting. The following members were chosen officers to serve the Parish the ensuing year:

Parish Committee and Assessors—Dea. Thomas Richardson, Jotham Hill, J. G. Pollard.

Clerk, Treasurer and Collector—L. L. Whitney.

The alarm of fire on Monday night last proceeded from a currier shop near the railroad depot. It was extinguished before much damage had been done.

MILITARY ITEMS.

Private Charles T. Blaisdell, of Woburn, Co. C, 17th Mass. Vols., whom we mentioned last week as being wounded, died on the 14th inst., at the Foster Gen'l Hospital, Newbern, N. C.

The following paroled prisoners have arrived home on a furlough of 30 days:—Aaron Butler, Co. I, 2d Mass. Regt., captured at Waynesboro', S. C., Feb. 20, 1865.

Thomas Foley, Co. F, 11th Mass. Regt., captured at Hatcher's Run, Va., Oct. 27, 1864.

J. Leonard Smith, Co. K, 19th Mass. Regt., captured at Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864.

Richard Lombard, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1864.

Timothy Mahoney, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1864.

Edward O'Donald, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1864.

John H. Sheehan, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1864.

Albert H. Richardson, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1864.

Private William H. Jones, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1864; Private Miah B. Baldwin, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1864.

Corporal Richardson, and Private Kingsbury, of Co. K, 39th Regt., are still at Annapolis, Md.

The following official letter, confirming the rumor of the death of Mr. Charles T. Blaisdell, of Woburn, was received by his father a few days since:—

FOSTER GEN. HOSPITAL,

Newbern, N. C., March 14th.

MR. C. H. BLAISDELL—Dear Sir:—It is made my painful duty to inform you of the death of your son, Chas. T. Blaisdell, Co. C, 17th Mass. Vols. He was mortally wounded in the battle at Kingston, on Wednesday, the 13th. He will be buried to-day by me, with suitable religious services, in the Soldier's Cemetery in this City.

Assuring you of my deep sympathy in your affliction, I remain,
Yours, very truly,

J. HILL ROUSE,
— Chaplain U. S. A.

SUPPER AT THE CENTRAL HOUSE.

The complimentary supper given by the Phalanx Associates to Lieutenant Luke R. Tidd, and other returned soldiers of Woburn and vicinity, came off at the Central House, on Tuesday evening last. Capt. Walter Wyman, the President of the Associates, presided on the occasion, and after the company, numbering about 75 persons, had sat down to the repast, he made some very interesting and appropriate remarks, welcoming Lieutenant Tidd and the soldiers present, to the hospitalities of the occasion. He closed by introducing Lieut. Tidd, who responded in some well timed and neat remarks, in which he took occasion to give an account of his capture and imprisonment, and detailed some of the sufferings and hardships endured by him and his companions while in a rebel prison.

A. E. Thompson, Esq., the toast master of the evening, was then introduced, and gave the first regular toast, as follows:—

The President of the United States. Responded to by Nathan Wyman, Esq. Postmaster of Woburn, who paid an eloquent and deserved tribute to the President, and closed with the sentiment—"Our guests to-night—They have fought a good fight and kept the faith; the country will honor them forever."

Second Regular Toast—The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Responded to by Joseph G. Pollard, Esq., Representative for Woburn in the General Court. He passed a glowing eulogium on the old Commonwealth, which had been first and foremost among the states in endeavors to put down the rebellion. The speech was well conceived and delivered with much effect. He closed with a sentiment.

Third Regular Toast—The town of Woburn.

Responded to by E. E. Thompson, one of the Selectmen. He welcomed the soldiers present, in behalf of his associates and the town, and on closing gave the sentiment—"The heroes of the past and present revolution—the first fought to establish liberty and equal rights, the present are fighting to maintain and perpetuate them."

Fourth Regular Toast—The Army of the United States.

Major Kingsley, of the 39th responded, and introduced Lieut. Hanson, who was captured and suffered much in prison. He thought the confederacy about the poorest concern in existence, and about to collapse.

Fifth Regular Toast—The 32d Mass. Regt. Volunteers.

Lieut. John E. Tidd, responded.

Sixth Regular Toast—The 39th Reg. Mass. Volunteers.

Sergeant Major Eames, who responded, gave some of his experience in Salisbury prison. The suffering there was intolerable. Two hundred men of the 39th went into that prison, of whom 75 died there, and several have deceased since their release.

Lieut. Hosea was then introduced, and made some humorous remarks in regard to the way they passed the time while in

prison, their bill of fare, &c. He called up Capt. Hutchins, who spoke briefly.

A. E. Thompson, Esq., then gave the following volunteer toast—The man who sends the boxes to the Woburn Soldiers.

Gavin R. Gage, Town Treasurer, being called upon, responded. He had sent out a host of boxes, well filled, by the ladies of Woburn, to whom he gave all credit for their noble efforts in behalf of the soldier. He paid a high compliment to the Woburn soldiers, for sending home so much money to bless their families. They were willing to endure every hardship, and brave every peril, for the dear ones at home. [The total amount of money sent home by the Woburn soldiers during the past year, through the allotment alone, is rising \$21,000,—probably a larger sum than has been received, from the same source, in any town of its size in the Commonwealth.]

Seventh Regular Toast—The 22d Reg. Mass. Volunteers.

Capt. John P. Crane responded in a few patriotic remarks.

Ninth Regular Toast—The medical corps of the Army.

Responded to by Surgeon Samuel W. Abbott.

Tenth Regular Toast—The Ladies of the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission.

George M. Champney, Esq., rose in response. The women of Woburn had done much to encourage the soldier, as well as all loyal hearts at home. Their work was not finished, nor did they enquire as to the end, but worked steadily on, trusting in God to bring about results in his own good time.

Twelfth Regular Toast—The 5th Reg. Mass. Militia.

Adjutant E. F. Wier responded.

Thirteenth Regular Toast—The past members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.

This called up Major Wm. T. Grammer, who said that more than 300 of the men attached to the Phalanx had served in the field since the war commenced, among them upwards of 40 officers, all of whom had done their duty, and from whom no evil report had ever reached his ears. His remarks were felicitous and interesting. In closing, he gave the sentiment—"The name of Tidd. Among the records of Woburn no name stands higher—the present generation proves that the blood has not degenerated."

Thirteenth Regular Toast—Co. G, 5th Reg. Mass. Volunteer Militia.

Capt. C. S. Converse, being called upon, made remarks in response—which were well received.

Volunteer Toast—By A. E. Thompson.

Our fellow-Associate, William Winn, Esq., of Burlington.

Mr. Winn was absent, having retired previous to the call. Much regret was expressed in consequence.

Capt. Nelson, of the 39th Mass., then spoke briefly.

Major Grammer called up Capt. Trull, of the 39th, who was happy to be present, but declined making a speech.

George H. Conn, Esq., was called upon, and made a few remarks. He was followed by Major Grammer, who introduced Corporal Wyman of the 59th. He spoke briefly.

Joseph G. Pollard, Esq., alluded to the late gallant Colonel of the 59th—J. P. Gould. A more noble man never gave his life for his country. Mr. P. called up an officer of the 59th, whose name we did not learn, who said no regiment had suffered more than the 59th; they had lost nearly all their officers and most of their men.

Mr. Marchant, of the *Journal*, having been called upon, made some remarks.

Capt. Converse called for three cheers for the country we expect to have. They were given with a will.

Mr. Marchant, at the close of the entertainment, alluded to the bountiful repast which had been furnished by Mr. Norris of the Central House, and took occasion to pay that gentleman a deserved compliment for the admirable manner in which he conducts his house, which is second to no hotel in these parts, for order, comfort, and good living. He suggested that Mr. Norris should hereafter be known as Major Norris. The suggestion was received with much favor, and, on motion of Capt. Wyman, three rousing cheers were given for the Major.

The repast was rich and ample; the tables set with taste and skill; the attendants polite, and quick in their movements; and, on the whole, we can truly say, that no supper was ever more enjoyed than that at the Central.

CAMP 11TH MASS. VOLS.,

March 19th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—The *ennui* of our camp life was yesterday relieved by one of the most pleasant of incidents, manifesting as it did a degree of kind feeling between an officer and men under his command, which is always so pleasant to witness. Capt. J. F. Mansfield, commanding Co. "E," of this Battalion, was presented with an elegant gold hunter watch, (price \$165.00) "Waltham Watch Co's" manufacture. The presentation speech was made by 1st Sergt. A. K. Worth, the company, and a large number of "outsiders," being assembled in front of Capt. M's quarters. At occasions of this kind, it is always customary, you are aware, Mr. Editor, for the recipient to be "taken by surprise," etc.; on this occasion, all who witnessed

the emotion of Capt. M. as he received the elegant gift in his hand, could but know that such a token of esteem and respect was entirely unlooked for. In the few responsive remarks, Capt. M. made to the company, he spoke of the happy relations which in the past have existed between them, and gave them the assurance "that though the campaign just opening before us may be fraught with hardships, trials, and dangers, they would never be called upon to perform any duty in which he did not bear his full share of the burden." It seems his men have known this, and judging of him for the future by his deeds in the past, they had had the cap of the watch engraved as follows:—

Presented to Capt. J. F. Mansfield, by the members of Co. "E," 11th Battalion Mass. Volunteers.

"You have stood by us, and we will stand by you to the last."

Underneath the inscription is the badge of the Corps.

Capt. Mansfield entered the service in 1861, as a private in the 16th Mass. Regt. He served in that regiment with honor, rising gradually, as a reward for meritorious conduct to the rank of Lieutenant, until the expiration of the term of that regiment, when he with the other re-inlisted men and officers were transferred to this Battalion. Soon after the consolidation he was promoted captain. The fact of his having risen to his present position among the men who now compose his company, in all the difficult stations commanding and receiving the honor and respect of those under him, shows what reason the members of Co. "E," have for being proud of him as their commanding officer. Yours,
C. S. P.

READING.

It was my privilege last week to visit the State Alms House at Tewksbury. I saw there many things very pleasant to witness and not a few quite the opposite. I first took a look at the live stock, consisting in part of some thirty cows, most of which were in excellent condition. They looked as though they had been fed on something beside stubble. Leaving the cows in charge of competent hands, I next was shown into a room where were a large number of crazy women, all of them looking the very picture of misery. I have seen many of this class in years past in other States, but to me this was the darkest picture I ever saw. Going into another department, I saw women not a few, who had babies in charge, apparently quite happy; one among the lot said she had been a soldier a year and a half, and that her sex was never found out; that there were many women in the Army, the women knowing each other, but the men did not know them. This woman had an arm as large as a small man's leg, and a babe fast growing to compete with its mother. Another department, where old women were congregated, looked every way comfortable, and they appeared to be well cared for. Next I went into the hospital department, where many may be seen in all its forms, which I shall not attempt to describe. Some of these persons were the merest skeletons I ever beheld alive. In another room a considerable number of little children, with sore eyes, met my view, a sad sight, indeed. Passing from these unpleasant scenes, I passed into the school rooms, and there found a large number of girls and boys making as rapid advancement probably as in any schools in the Commonwealth, and when they filed out of the school room they went in pairs, arm in arm, which made a fine appearance. Many of these attend school in the forenoon, and in the afternoon the boys work on shoes, and the girls at trailing bonnets, knitting stockings, &c., thus fitting them for usefulness when they shall go out into the world. When those children filed into the dining room they came in good military style, not a word being said, and when the bell rang they at once afforded the most conclusive evidence that no improvement in their appetite was needed. They ate like veterans just escaped from rebel prisons. I should say that nearly two thirds of those at the table were boys, which fact I was at a loss to account for. But I must hasten to a close of my narrative, omitting many things by the way. It requires not a little to feed all the inmates in this institution: for instance, five barrels of flour and 12 bushels of potatoes are consumed daily, and when bean day arrives, a barrel and a half is required to give them a dinner. The rooms of the main building are warmed by steam, supplied by a 60 horse power engine, which also pumps the water into a tank from which it is drawn as desired. I am under many obligations to the officers of the Institution for much personal attention and kindness during the day, and return them my most cordial thanks. LENO.

WINCHESTER.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Last Friday as Henry, son of Mr. H. A. S. D. Payne, was out gunning on Hedge Pond, a rifle ball fired by him at a muskrat, missed its mark and skipped over the ice, striking Christopher Broder, a boy of ten years of age, who was on another side of the pond engaged in picking up sticks, in the knee.

The boy was taken to the hospital and the ball was extracted from the knee, in the bone of which it was found firmly imbedded. After the operation, he was removed to his home, and the surrounding parts are so highly inflamed, that it is thought amputation will be necessary—at the last accounts the amputation had not been performed, and the leg was in a very dangerous condition. This should serve as a warning to those boys who have of late frequented the ponds and other places, for the purpose of shooting muskrats and other animals, the skins of which find a ready sale in the market.

Many of these youths are inexperienced in the use of fire arms, and too great care

cannot be exercised in relation to them, lest other serious results should ensue through their careless use.

REMOVAL.—William A. Stone, the former Principal of the Woburn High School, but more recently engaged in business in the city, and an esteemed citizen of this town, is about to take up his residence again in Woburn, and resume the profession of school teaching as Principal of the Warren Academy in that town, at a salary of \$2,000 per year. While we regret the valuable services of our worthy friend upon the School Committee here, and his counsel and advice as a fellow townsman, we congratulate our neighboring town on having Mr. Stone back among them to occupy so important and responsible a position, for which he is so well fitted by his long experience in similar situations.

The suit against the town, brought by the Lowell Savings Bank, having been decided, it became the duty of the Board of Selectmen to proceed against the Bondsman of the late Treasurer, N. A. Richardson, to recover the deficiencies in his account—and having examined the bonds and find that but one bond, and that for the year 1881-2 is still in force—and the deficiency existing which would be covered by this would be \$2,900. The sureties on the bond are Harrison Parker, Salem T. Ward, and John H. Richardson. And the Board after investigating the matter, recommend that the town give authority to the incoming Board of Selectmen to conclude a settlement with the bondsman in any way they may think proper for the interest of the town.

TOWN MEETING.—The Annual Town Meeting comes off next Monday afternoon, commencing at 2-12 o'clock. The only articles in the Warrant out of the usual course are in relation to buying a new Hears, and the erection of a new High School House.

EXCELSIOR.

We shall always be most happy to hear from the ex-editor of the "Townsman."

Married

In Reading, Mar. 8, Edward Fowler of Woburn, to Mrs. Nancy Harwood of Mt. Vernon, N. H.

Died

In Woburn, Mar. 18, Ursula A. Day, aged 1 year, 5 months, 21 days.
In Woburn, Mar. 18, Michael Matthews, aged 26 years, 7 months, 11 days.
In Woburn, Mar. 21, Relief C. Cobbet, aged 68 years.
In Woburn, Mar. 19, Mary Conney, aged 32 years.

In Wilmington, Mar. 21, James Leavitt, died 60 years, 7 months.
In Oshkosh, Wisconsin, March 16th, Mr. Seth Wyman, formerly of Woburn, aged 56 years, of inflammation of the lungs.

In Omaha City, Nebraska, 28th of February, in hope of a blessed immortality, Mrs. JULIA S. beloved wife of S. R. Nichols, and daughter of G. W. and Emma Homan, in the twenty-first year of her age, formerly of Winchester.

The deceased, with her parents, came to our city at an early day, and from childhood has grown up among us, making by her amiable and gentle spirit many sincere and strong friends. On the evening of the 18th of August last, she was led to the bridal altar, with a prospect, to all human appearances, of a long, bright and happy life. But, alas! how uncertain is life! On Friday last, she came to her father's, suffering from what was supposed a severe cold. Very soon, however, symptoms of an alarming nature appeared. The best medical aid was sought, but the archer had lodged the darts too surely in her system, and all that could be done, was done, but failed to render relief. The friends have a sweet source of comfort in the resignation of the deceased to the Divine will, and the strong faith she professed in the atonement, which enabled her to ask and receive the promise of her young and afflicted husband, to meet her in Heaven; also to her mother she said: "Send word to Fanny and Emma (her sisters.) I die happy."

Such was our Julia's parting hours; So peacefully she sunk to rest; While Faith ended from Heaven with power, Sustained and cheered her languid breast. [Nebraska Republican.]

[Deaths are recorded gratuitously; but all obituary poetry and notices are chargeable at 5 cents a line.]

POPULARITY.—A great many people, at the present day, think more of obtaining a publicity and popularity, than of any other thing they may possibly be possessed of. But, anxious as they may be to acquire the vain glory of the popular voice, none ever succeeded to so great an extent as that world renowned remedy, known as Cough's Cough Balm. There is scarcely a family in the land but what considers a supply of this article as necessary to the household as flour or provisions. Experience has taught the people that no other remedy has ever been put before the public that will cure coughs, colds, croup, sore throat, and in fact all lung complaints, as quickly and as effectually as Cough's Cough Balm. In the Eastern States, where it has been long known and tested, it is considered as the most reliable cough remedy extant, and no one, either rich or poor, thinks of being without it. We would suggest to all our readers the necessity of keeping on hand an article of this kind for immediate use. It costs but 40 cents per bottle, and is sold at all our drug stores, and is the cheapest and best remedy in the world. Mar 18-1m

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

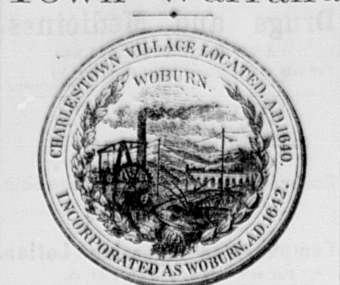
BY virtue of a license of the Probate Court, in and for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at Public Auction, on the premises, on MONDAY, the seventeenth day of April next, at three o'clock, in the afternoon, so much of the following described Real Estate of Joseph Armstrong, late of Woburn, deceased, as will raise the sum of twenty-nine hundred and sixty-seven dollars and two cents, viz:—
A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated in Woburn, in said County, on Academy Hill, called, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning on Wye's Court, at land of George Wye, the line runs Northwesterly on said Court fifty two feet and eight-tenths of a foot, to land of the heirs of James M. Randall; thence Easterly by said land, one hundred and sixty-eight feet and six-tenths of a foot, to land of Lemuel G. Richardson; thence Southerly by said Richardson's land sixty six feet and eight-tenths of a foot, to land of Artemus Mead; thence Easterly by said Mead's land sixty six feet and eight-tenths of a foot, to land of Wye's land; thence Northerly by said Wye's land, thirty and nine-tenths feet to a corner; thence Easterly by said Wye's land, one hundred and six-tenths feet, to the point of beginning.
JOHN CUMMINGS, Jr., Adm'r.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of HORACE R. PEARSONS, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are requested to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
SARAH R. PEARSONS, Adm'r.
Burlington, March 14th, 1865.

NOTICE.

My Son, J. K. ELLIS, being desirous to act for himself, I have given him his time from this date. I shall not claim any of his earnings, or be responsible for his liabilities.
J. S. ELLIS.
March 13, 1865.

Town Warrant.



Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in said County,
Greeting:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in Town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on Monday, the third day of April next, at ten o'clock, A. M., to act on the following articles, viz:
Art. 1st. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.
Art. 2d. To choose all necessary Town Officers to serve the Town the ensuing year.
Art. 3d. To hear and act on the Reports of the Auditor of Accounts, of the Selectmen, of the Town Clerk, of the Superintendent School Committee, and of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, for the year ending March 31st, 1865.
Art. 4th. To hear and act on the report of the Committee on Town Taxes, and to cause any other business in relation to said Library that may be deemed expedient.
Art. 5th. To determine what the town will do in relation to killing birds and taking pickers.
Art. 6th. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to raise money, under the direction of the Selectmen, in anticipation of taxes.
Art. 7th. To see what sum of money the Town will raise for the support of the Poor, and how the same shall be appropriated.
Art. 8th. To determine what amount of money the Town will raise for the support of the Poor, and how the same shall be appropriated.
Art. 9th. To see if the Town will take any measures to check the spread of Canker Worms in Town, or do any thing in relation to the same.
Art. 10th. To see what measures the Town will adopt to protect its inhabitants from the unlawful traffic in intoxicating liquors and the evil consequences resulting therefrom.
Art. 11th. To see if the Town will grant leave to the Children's Association to place a Flag Staff near the Centre of the Common, or do any thing relating thereto.
Art. 12th. To see if the Town will take any measures to settle the law case now pending between Wm. T. Spiller and the Town of Woburn, or do any thing in relation to the same.
Art. 13th. To see if the Town will take any measures in relation to the order, rules, and regulations of the Fire Department, or do any thing in relation to the same.
Art. 14th. To see if the Town will adopt any measures to improve the condition, and the system of labor upon the highways, or do any thing in relation to the same.
Art. 15th. To see if the Town will build an additional School House, to be located at North Woburn, or do any thing in relation to the same.
Art. 16th. To see if the Town will instruct the Selectmen to take charge of the School Houses and Grounds the ensuing year.
Art. 17th. To see if the Town will accept the Report of the Selectmen on the widening and straightening of the road leading from Robert Ames' to Middlesex Street, as proposed by Joseph L. Phillips and others, or do any thing in relation to the same.
And you are directed to serve this Warrant, by posting up attested copies thereof in the public meeting-houses in said Woburn, and causing the same to be published in the Middlesex Journal, at least at ten days before the time herein before for holding said meeting.
Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your obiding thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.
Given under our hands, and the Seal of the Town, at Woburn, this twenty-first day of March, A. D., 1865.

ELBRIDGE TRULL,
A. E. THOMPSON,
WALTER WYMAN,
E. E. THOMPSON,
S. O. POLLARD,
L. G. RICHARDSON,
W. W. FORTMAN,
WILLIAM B. HARRIS,
MOSES A. TYLER,
Selectmen of Woburn.
A true copy. Attest:
EDWARD SIMONDS,
Constable of Woburn.

Excelsior.

We shall always be most happy to hear from the ex-editor of the "Townsman."

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Excelsior.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the **SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.**

These Notes are issued under date of August 15th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold-Bearing Bonds

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from Nov., which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one, to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to
One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two cents " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " \$500 "
20 " " " \$1000 "
\$1 " " " \$5000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next 60 or 90 days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, Philadelphia.
SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WOBURN.

feb 25-2m

Manhood: how lost, how Restored.

JUST published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the Radical Cause (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHOEA, or seminal weakness, involuntary Seminal Losses, ERECTILE, Mental and Physical Impairment, Impotency to Marriage, etc., also, CONSUMPTION, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance.

"Price, in sealed envelope, only six cents. The celebrated author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine, or the application of the knife—pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

"This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land."
Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps.
CHAS. J. K. KLINE & Co.,
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 456.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed.

IN THE POST-OFFICE at WOBURN.
State of Massachusetts, 25th day of March, 1865.
To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertisers' letters," give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Barney George T. Foss, James A. Heeneey John
McCur Term
Richardson Julia A. Miss
Smith Daniel Mrs
Nathaniel Wyman, P. M.

A CARD.—The undersigned expresses to the members of the Gen. Worth Engine Co. of Stoneham, his thanks for the prompt and energetic manner in which these men rallied to the rescue of any buildings from the fire on Sunday evening, March 19th. It was evident from the first that the barn would go, and many feared the house would share the same fate; but, for hours of hard labor at the brakes saved the house unharmed and a portion of the building between the house and the barn. I desire also to express here my obligations to those citizens who carried water and mounted guard upon the roof. Behold, how excellent a thing it is to have good neighbors.
H. L. MORSE.
Stoneham, March 24th, 1865.

SOMETHING NEW.

HAVE you seen any of those beautiful SETS of PINS, EAR-RINGS and SLEEVE BUTTONS, made from Silver Coin, by DANIELS, the new Jeweler? If not, call right away! Next door to the Post Office.

Pins made from a Quarter of a Dollar, 75 cts. Ear-rings from five-cent-pieces, 75 a pair. Sleeve Buttons \$1 per pair.
P. S. The above work is made and engraved by himself; therefore it can be done cheaper here than in Boston.

Next Door to the Post Office.
mch 11-3t

HADLEY CO.

SIX CORD

The best in the Market. Also,

Cowan's

Patent Cambrie Fritting.

A new Article at

much

A good assortment of

SCISSORS,

—AT—

F. B. DODGE'S.

feb 4-1f

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street.



THE GREAT

German Heilmittel,

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

CATARRH,

BRONCHITIS,

COUGHS,

COLDS,

AND THE FIRST STAGES OF

CONSUMPTION.

IT IS A SURE PREVENTATIVE FOR

DIPHTHERIA.

This remedy is prepared by a regular Physician of fifteen years' experience, and an extensive practice in diseases of the Pulmonary mucous membrane, prescribing constantly the Heilmittel with unfailing success, thus curing thousands who, in vain, have exhausted every other means to obtain relief. A few of the many certificates of cures in the possession of the Doctor are here annexed, which the reader is desired to peruse. They are not certificates of the dead, or names of those who never existed, but parties well known in Boston and vicinity.

To the Public.—My wife, having been afflicted with catarrh for years, attended last winter with a bad cough, having used many remedies and tried the treatment of several of our best medical men without success. I was induced by my friends to try the Great German Heilmittel. To my surprise, her cough ceased at once, her catarrh melted away, and now she is radically cured. With the cure of the catarrh, all the symptoms attending this disagreeable disease, such as discharges from the nose and dropping into the throat, hawking, etc., etc., all disappeared. I would not be without this invaluable remedy, and advise every one afflicted with coughs, colds, or catarrh, to try it. They will certainly find it a sure cure.
J. H. SILSBY.
Newton Corner, Mass., Jan. 1, 1865, formerly of the Winthrop House, Boston.

The Great German Heilmittel has cured an obstinate cough with which my family and myself have been troubled, and, in spite of our efforts, could not get cured. The cure was effected in the remarkably short time of two days.
My neighbor, Mrs. Merrill, had a child who was suffering with a cough, and bleeding from the lungs, and to them, also, I gave part of a bottle. She reports a perfect cure of her child by this remarkable remedy, the Great German Heilmittel.
THEODORE COLLA MORE.
Cambridgeport Jan. 1, 1865.

My little son was afflicted for a year or more with a bad cough. Having lost my husband with consumption, was consequently fearful of losing my child by the same disease. My friends and physicians who saw my child, pronounced it already consumption. Although somewhat discouraged by these counsels, I tried my best to save him, and I am happy to state that I was successful by the use of the German Heilmittel. My son's cough disappeared, his general health improved, and gained strength, and subsequently was radically cured, and has remained so for a last two years, not even having the cough return.
MRS. J. L. LANG,
No. 10 Bedford street, Boston, Mass.

I think if I had not used the Great German Heilmittel, I should have certainly been dead long ago. All that ever cured my catarrh and saved me from consumption, I owe to this invaluable remedy.
ROBERT WRIGHT.
Hartford, Conn.

The Great German Heilmittel has cured me of a severe cough which almost ruined me into consumption—thanks to the Heilmittel—I am now perfectly well.
WM. B. FISKE,
24th St. N. Y.

My wife has suffered with catarrh and bronchitis for years. About a year ago last winter, she was completely run down in strength, and my physician pronounced her case consumption. Being anxious to do all that could be done for her, I bought a bottle of the German Heilmittel. By the use of the very first bottle, my wife began to improve, and after using but six bottles of it, entirely recovered her health. I consider myself very fortunate in trying this remedy, and deem it my duty to recommend it to all who are suffering with even the slightest cold or cough.
ERNEST NASH,
Wrentham, Mass.

Having used the great German Heilmittel in my family, and prescribed it in my practice, with the very best of success in the treatment of coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, I can but recommend it to the public as a safe and speedy cure for the above named diseases.
J. Q. A. FRENCH, M. D.,
Hillsboro, N. H.

I have used the German Heilmittel for a bad case of Catarrh, attended with a distressing cough, with perfect success, and can but recommend it to the public as the best remedy for the above mentioned complaint.
NEWELL TOWLE,
Riding Academy, 416 Washington St. Boston.

The Great German Heilmittel

Is for Sale by all Druggists.

PRICE PER BOTTLE

\$2.00.

WEEKS & POTTER,

No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

General Agents.

For sale in Woburn by

William C. Brigham,

—AND—

Elbridge Trull.

CHALLENGE!

Something New and Unrivalled!

COUNIHAN'S

WATER PROOF COMPOSITION,

FOR BOOTS, SHOES, AND HARNESES.

By rendering them perfectly impervious to the wet, either snow or salt water, restoring the life and durability of the leather, making it perfectly soft and pliable. The inventor is a practical Carrier, and he challenges the world to produce its equal.

The attention of Horse Railroad Companies, Stable Keepers, Expressmen, Farmers, and others, is called to the fact, that the Composition is put up in cans for Harnesses, Carriage Tops, &c. A can will save at least \$20 in the durability and neatness of one Harness. To Boot Manufacturers we say, for Treating Boots it is unequalled. Try it.

Retail price 30 cents per box, to be had of the Agents, AUGUSTUS BOWEN, Woburn; C. H. MONTAGUE, Stoneham; WM. W. ALLEN & SON, 32 Faneuil Hall square; MELROSE, STEWART & CO., New, 59 and 61 Congress street; J. W. BARNARD, 171 and 173 Hanover street, Boston.

Also for sale by E. H. Wadsworth, Reading; E. Bassett, Reading.
Call for it in every shoe store, and take no other.

Agents Wanted in every City and Town in the U. States and Canada.
Manufactured by EDWARD COUNIHAN, Charlestown, Mass.
feb 25-51*

PARTICULAR ATTENTION.

The undersigned, grateful for past favors, would solicit the

ATTENTION

— OF —

PERSONS in WANT of CLOTHING

to the Stock he has bought of Newell

Stiles.

THE STOCK OF

Overcoats Heavy Goods

MUST BE SOLD!

and will be sold for CASH at

Less than Wholesale Prices!!

THE STOCK OF

FURNISHING GOODS!

HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,

EMBRACES THE LATEST STYLES,

and is worthy of the attention of the most fastidious.

